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LIFE IN SPAIN.

"No country is less known (than Spain) to the rest of Europe. . . . There is a great deal of Spain which has not been perambulated. I would have you go thither."—*Dr. Johnson (to Baretti and Boswell).*

LIFE IN SPAIN:

BY

WALTER THORNBURY.

VOL. I.

AA f 31

LONDON,
SMITH, ELDER, & CO:

LIFE IN SPAIN:

PAST AND PRESENT.

38049
c.c

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF

"EVERY MAN HIS OWN TRUMPETER," "ART AND NATURE,"
"SONGS OF THE CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS," ETC.

When you have said "Spain," you have said "everything."
Spanish Proverb.

"A boat, a boat to cross the ferry,
For we'll go over and be merry,
And laugh, and quaff, and drink good sherry."
Old English Glee.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

WITH EIGHT TINTED ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME I.

AA 31

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1859.

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PREFACE.

PHOTOGRAPHY is gradually forcing painters to greater care in drawing and more loving attention to detail. It is also, I think, making travellers more accurate and painstaking.

Whether the new art has had any effect on me, I know not: but I hope so; for I tried on the spot for local colour and vividness, where vividness could be given without hazarding truth. To throw indigo into the sea, or to smear a cheek with carmine, never gave me pleasure, if I merely imagined the colours and had not seen them. It is the same with feeling as with colour.

These notes were taken (I assure you, dear reader) on cigarette paper, and written with ink made of orange juice and Spanish liquorice. I

only trust that no feebleness of my pen may prevent these humble memoranda appearing as truthful as they really are.

(It is right to say that the bulk of these papers, relating chiefly to Moorish or Southern Spain, appeared in the *Household Words*, but they have since been revised, enlarged, and arranged.)

WALTER THORNBURY.

Furnival's Inn,
August, 1859.

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LIFE IN SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

GOING OUT.—OLD BLOWHARD'S YARN.

"Spain, the land of fan-leafed chesnuts,
Spain, the land of oil and wine."

I WENT out to the Mediterranean in the *Negus*. I came home in the *Oporto*. They were both steamers of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

Nothing could be more distinct than the *Negus* and *Oporto* captains. One was a dandy captain; the other an old salt captain. BLOW-HARD I found the sailors called the latter; because he liked rough weather, and was always in highest spirits when the wind was highest. If a hurricane rose and grappled with the ship like a wrestling devil with a praying Puritan, then he was calm, sturdy, and unflinching: ready for anything. Risen from a common sailor, Jolly (*alias*) Blowhard had been pitching and tossing

all over the world. His complexion was chocolate-colour, and the whites of his eyes were coffee-colour. What, in other men, looked like wet white porcelain, was, in him, of a rich brown; partly owing to repeated yellow fevers; partly owing to malaria attacks on the coast of Africa. But, in spite of his eyes, and short squat figure, Captain Jolly was a real honest sailor; punctiliously cautious of his ship's safety, and sparing no pains nor anxiety to ensure us a quick voyage. In all weathers he was upon the paddle-box bridge, glass in hand, looking out for pilots, or the mouths of rivers, or shore, or something; never down to dinner with us, if the navigation was at all risky.

Of the dandy captain of the *Negus* I cannot say so much. He was too smart in his dress for rough weather, too bright and unimpeachable in his shining French-polished boots; always wearing tight kid gloves; always tripping about like a dancing-master and flirting with the ladies, old or young; much too dapper, spruce, and *débonnaire* for real use and honest rough weather; too cultivated of taste and voice and manner to be much trusted in danger; more fit, I thought, for sunshine than storm. I never could fancy the dandy captain on a raft, or handling nasty tarred ropes, or raising blisters on his white hands by cutting away a broken mast, or surrendering his white cambric to tie it up aloft for a signal, or sweating at an oar, or pulling at anything, or hauling

anything. He was much too clean and gentlemanlike, was the dandy captain. But I may have done him wrong, and he may rise to his real stature, and swell out to a perfect Neptune in a storm. Still, I must confess, I would rather face a gale with old Blowhard of the *Oporto*, than with Trippet, the dandy captain of the *Negus*.

Well, with one I saw Cape Finisterre, through a glass darkly, and with the other the memorable Cape Trafalgar, in the broad, open, blessed sunlight that capped its undulating brown cliff, as we steamed on over the dead hosts that lie below the waves. It was as we steered thoughtfully past that glorious Cape, that Blowhard told me how, off Tarifa, he had helped to lower David Wilkie, the painter, into his deep blue undug grave. From this time I began to look with veneration on Blowhard as an historical personage.

It was not, however, till one night that we were lying off Vigo, dreading quarantine, and waiting for the mail-boat to come off, that I really understood Blowhard. We were there—half a dozen of us—on the quarter-deck, waiting for the boat that was to start from shore at five minutes to gun-fire; it then wanted half an hour or more to that explosion. We were not particularly cheerful; for the yellow fever was in Vigo, and we associated it in some way or other with that gaudy yellow Spanish flag flying from the ship of war up towards the quarantine

harbour. The green Welsh-looking hill shores looked mournful again and disconsolate to our discouraged eyes. The great rocks that stood like petrified ships away at the mouth of the bay loomed threatening, as if they were drawn up to bar our escape. The only sound that came to us from shore was the heavy toll of a convent funeral bell, that told of another victim to the disease some West Indian ship had brought to this quiet Gallician bay, where Admiral Vernon once broke the boom and swept in as a conqueror.

A lively man told us that the Vigo fever was peculiarly infectious: carried off a man in an hour; cramps and convulsions; doctors useless; death-bell always going; buried without coffins, and other pleasing and exhilarating intelligence calculated to rouse the spirits and quicken the pulse. Then some one volunteered a story about the Welsh legend of the corpse lights. Another person told a story, horrible enough for Mrs. Crowe, about second-sight, which our comic man declared, if it meant seeing double, he had known sometimes come on after dinner. All this time the mournful wind kept bringing us wails of the death-bell from the shore, telling us that another soul had been launched from Vigo into the dark uncharted sea. The green hills looked bare and doleful. No one cared to be told that those green-mantled slopes were vineyards, and those lined plateaus olivè-gardens. The land wind seemed to

breathe yellow fever, and we longed to get away. We all got dull; and, very soon, only five of us were left on the long green garden-seat that was placed near the cabin stairs. The rest had turned in, after much of that sham peripateticism that the old traveller affects on board ship. We—a little man in a snuff-coloured coat, whom we looked upon as a great authority because he had been wrecked once off Cape Saint Vincent, where he lost his own wife and saved somebody else's; the thin egg merchant from Corunna; a blustering Portuguese captain; Blowhard, and myself—were all that were left. As for the steward, he was busy seeing some cases hauled up from the hold, and some green orange trees for England duly lowered without damage into the same cockroach-haunted vault; where the ship's cat, and some Spanish sailors, who played at cards night and day, were the only inmates, lurking about under boxes and bales, like proscribed Royalists or Chouans flying the guillotine.

Blowhard—jovial, calm, and imperturbable—having let off his steam by a destructive battery of oaths against the city of Vigo, its laws and regulations, ordered cigars and hot glasses of grog round; which every one submitted to with a remonstrating look, as if grog was not their nightly custom.

I thought old Blowhard was coming out with a yarn when I saw him look at us all, then stretch out his legs, button up his blue frock-coat very tight,

stir round his grog, and stare up at the toothed top of the funnel. Sure enough out it came:

"Gentlemen," he said (and I leave out his sea jargon, telling the story my own way), and all our eyes turned on him—"gentlemen, as your jawing-tackle does not seem in running order, I suppose I shan't offend any of you much by telling you over our grog a disagreeable little thing that happened to me once, when I commanded the Dancing Jinny, bound from Bristol to Mangrove River near Old Calabar, to trade and barter with the natives, muskets and gunpowder against palm-oil and ivory. A very disagreeable thing it was—a 'nation disagreeable thing; but I got well out of it, or you would not see me here.

"Now, I may as well go back, and say that I am the son of a Gloucestershire parson; and that ever since I knew a frigate from a felucca I had determined to go to sea: yes, ever since I could gnaw a biscuit, I had resolved to be a second Captain Cook or Lord Nelson, I did not especially care which. I had been bitten somehow by my nurse's stories about a certain uncle of mine who had died in Jamaica of yellow fever. I could listen all day to those stories about his pigtail and flute playing; the ships he drew in our nursery-books I could still see, and admire; and I was often shown, on state occasions, the ingenious quill necklace he had made when a prisoner in the Isle of France. In vain my father used to

take me to an old one-legged Greenwich pensioner in the neighbourhood, who had been bribed to tell me horrible stories of shipwrecks and sea-fights. These only made me more anxious than before to see blue water. In vain old Liddy, our nurse, told me that she had foretold my Uncle Charles's death, by the death smell that came from his clothes which hung in the nursery cupboard the night he died at Kingstown. I always ran off to climb the mainmast of a poplar in the orchard, or to scramble about the roof of the pigeon-house. I tried all sorts of ways of hardening myself —slept on the bedroom floor, fancying it a hammock; and, one night, roosted up in the yew-tree in the churchyard to see how I could bear a high wind and a dog-watch. My favourite amusement was to load an old horse pistol with powder, and in some safe field get up an imaginary single combat between myself and Will Watch the bold smuggler, or Blackbeard the pirate, in which I always got the better of it; punctuating the *coup-de-grace* by a bang of my weapon which alarmed the whole village, and frightened my father nearly into fits just as he was putting the crowning wind-up to his Easter sermon.

"I reproach myself for it now: but I suppose it is the same with every one who has once got that roving spoonful of salt in his blood. I cared for nothing. The old rectory with the apricot tree under the bedroom windows, the swallows' nests, the rats so racingly tumultuous at night, the garden, the bee-

hives, the trout stream, the ferreting—all grew flat and wearisome to me. I cared for nothing but punting about the mill-pond, swimming, cruising in a tub, and aping in any way a seafaring life.

"Now, I dare say at that time, if I had been shown as through a window some of the awful scenes I've witnessed at sea—those heavy blue metal waves that seem ready to wash down the stars and drown the world, vessels smashing on to the beak of a reef, and such-like, I should have been a bit cowed; but then I had never swung in a hammock, or knocked a weevil out of a biscuit: however, I had a stout heart, and I don't think Robinson Crusoe himself could have kept the longing quiet more than a day or two.

"I remember as well as if it was yesterday, the night my father, tired out at last, settled I should go to sea. He had set me to learn Gray's Elegy for swinging myself from one poplar-tree to another by a rope, and then fighting Bogy Griffin the bully of the village for saying I was not fit even for a powder-monkey on board the Lord Mayor's barge. I had been reading a book of voyages, and gone to bed so full of them, that I lay awake fancying I heard, in every bough that shook at the window, a sheet snap or a mast go by the board. I was still awake when my poor father came up, as he always did the last thing, to put by his papers for the night. I heard him go into his study, stop a few minutes,

then come out as usual, composedly lock the door, walk twenty yards down the corridor, then go back—unlock the room, look in nervously to see there was no fire, again relock it—and go downstairs. This time, to my astonishment, however, he had not descended three steps before he came back towards my room;—his hand was on the lock—he was in. I can see now his grave, formal face, keeping down all rebellious emotions as he came through the slant moonbeams, and stood by my bed. 'Tom,' says he, gravely, 'you have always been longing to go to sea. Now you're going. I left your mother all in tears, packing your things down-stairs. You go to-morrow by the Stroud coach, that will be at the Burnt Ash Turnpike at ten o'clock. May my poor prayers avert the evil that sometimes falls on disobedient children. Good night. God bless you.'

"He was gone. I put my head under the sheet, and blubbered like a young whale that is cutting his wisdom teeth. I fell asleep just as the sky was getting grey, awoke with a shiver two hours after, dressed, and went down-stairs. I gulped down a mouthful or two of breakfast, and was ready to take my father's hand to walk to the turnpike a full hour before there was any occasion. The weather looked dirty behind me as I left mother and sisters in tears and tried to look like a man, but I comforted myself with my new navy jacket, blue and glossy and smelling of the wool. Presently, the Stroud coach

came flashing in sight. My father—'sir' I always called him—pressed my hand, whispered in my ear, as advice for my behaviour at Bristol, where I was to join my ship, 'Take care of crimps and ring-droppers,' said he, as he drew me to him, and gently pushed me off. Away we went. Sober John the coachman kept up his steady and safe pace of four miles an hour, to the great derision of some wild young bloods who passed us, bound for the covert. My father's foreboding about a disobedient son made me cry for a night or two, but I soon forgot it.

"Not anything happened to me at Bristol worth recording; for I was all day in the counting-house, making out lists of sugar-casks and rum puncheons—the cargo of a West Indian vessel, that the merchant to whom my ship belonged had just received from Saint Kitt's; and which work he kept me at, kindly to prevent my being taken by a press-gang, or getting into any other mischief. It was one day that I was walking round Queen-square—whose deserted splendour impressed me, and where I got the sailors, for small treats of grog, to tell me all the horrors of the late riot: how they had seen men floating about screaming in the molten tanks of lead on the top of the porticoes; and how they had seen dragoons slice off a thief's head at a single back cut—I was idling along one of the quays, looking at the ruined and tumbled down houses, when an old negro woman, frightfully ugly, and scrunched

up in a heap between two sugar-casks, fixed her eye on me, and asked for alms:—'Gib hum someting for de lub of de Lord,' she mumbled, holding out her black cup of a hand. I looked at her, whistling and making fun of the old wretch. She was a butt of the river-side taverns. I asked her if she could give me change for a five-pound note. I saw her mouth twitch and her eyes work. I had heard she was epileptic; and, before I could speak, she fumbled in the ragged bosom of her gown and pulled out what looked like the white skull of a snake, with dry grass wrapped round it. 'Do you see dat?' she said. 'That is my fetish—fever fetish; has been in this busun forty year, ever since I left Brass River. You have been and broken your fader's heart, and now you will pay for it, my little piccaninny: burn and rot you!' I moved on whistling "Up with the Jolly Roger," and thought no more of it till I got to Mangrove River. Then I began to remember what she had said.

"We had a pleasant voyage out. Went first to Bonny River for oil; then to Old Calabar for ivory. Everything went well. The captain was stern, but kind. The first mate made a pet of me and turned schoolmaster; keeping me at quadrant and observation making, so that I got on, to the astonishment of the ship. The first week out, I had learnt by name every rope and spar in the vessel; and, as for climbing pranks to the cross-trees, I cared no

more for the masthead than a squirrel for a high bough. Everything went well. We had made a quick passage out — fair wind, and good weather. The cash came in. We sold half our powder, all our beads and muskets; and had already stowed away enough oil and tusks to pay a handsome profit on the voyage. We had seen nothing of pirates or slavers, and were as snug and healthy as if we had been lying in the Bristol Docks, or at Portishead waiting for a wind. We arrived at Mangrove River the day before we had expected, to lay in some hard wood, just to fill up the hold. I was proud of my ship, and happy as a king. I bought a red and grey parrot at Cape Coast, for my sister Kate; and I now began to think of dear Gloucestershire and home.

"One or two of us, however, had a sort of feverish cold, which the captain laughed at, and called 'a seasoning;' and, except rubbing the decks now and then with dry sand, we laughed at all the croaking stories of our supercargo about the African climate. The cook, who had once lived on the Nun River, said with a sort of grumbling regret at his prophecies not coming true, that even Africa wasn't what it used to be. I really believe that he would have liked to have seen just one or two of us with a shot tied to our heels, to prove he knew more about fever than we did. The doctor, who was writing a book on 'sun-stroke,' was unfortunately, while

making an experiment on himself, knocked down by the sun (who did not like being set at defiance by even a doctor), grew delirious, and was obliged to be lashed in his hammock. This was the only drawback on the universal good temper of every one on board. The cook sulked a little, and used to go about looking at the sky, and muttering; but as his moodiness only showed itself in getting out on the bowsprit in royal solitude and scouring a favourite stewpan, he offended no one. The captain was in a dancing state of delight, and swore, if the old vessel ever was broken up in his lifetime, he would buy her figure-head to put it in his garden at Lower Easton. I used to go on shore to shoot parrots, or get a cut at a hippopotamus; and, what with that and the flute, and learning all the sail-makers' knots and my trigonometry, I was pretty well occupied.

"How well I remember that river, turning the sea to a slab soup colour at its mouth, and narrowing to mangrove creeks and jungly ditches, as it mudded the bright, blue, crisp water that I had learned to love as so safe and sure a sign of the deep sea! 'Twas up this fatal river—not green and transparent yellow, but brown and sewer-like—that we lay, some way from the bar where there was always a trembling line of froth; near the ruins of an old Portuguese fort, which some husky dwarf palms, dry and bloodless, crowed over, and some three miles from the negro village

where we got our hard-wood cutters from. The heat was that of a furnace door, when you throw it open suddenly and shut your eyes as the great tongues of fire lick out savagely and blindingly. The low morass banks were without a hut, and covered with thick jungle of palm and mangrove. No sound came from them but the mournful shriek or bellow of some unknown amphibious bird or beast. The wild reeds on the banks, too, had a way of tossing and heaving, apparently without a cause; but—except for four hours in the evening, when the negro king came to us for rum, or the workmen brought us wood—we saw no living creature; so that we got dull and satiated with incessant steaming sleep, and eager as children for a holiday to get home.

"One day the negro king, a magnificent potentate, with a fish-strainer for a breastplate and a triple tiara of old hat, came in state, followed by a retinue of greasy rascals with spears, to warn us of the hot season that would begin in a few days. The captain winked at us, and said that if it rained brimstone he was not going to trip anchor till he had got all his hard wood on board. He knew all their tricks. They had got all the presents out of us, and now they wanted to save their trouble with the wood, and get us off. Words ensued between the king and the captain, ending with the captain kicking the king into his boat, and one of our men getting wounded in the hip with a spear—rather a troublesome thing; for the wound wanted

probing, and, when we went to the doctor he only raved and wallowed about, and said 'we were all doomed.' He indeed kept shouting throughout the night, 'All doomed!'

"The next day no negro came near us, and we got anxious; but the captain said the voyage had been a good one; there was no hurry, and he should wait if it was three weeks, hot season, or no hot season, for he wasn't going to be cheated by a set of niggers. That was Tuesday. Wednesday, when I got up an hour before daylight for my watch, I found a hot steaming fog choking up the river, fog that made you cough involuntarily. I felt as sick as I was in my first gale of wind; and, to my surprise, when I looked round, I saw the cook holding his nose, and pulling a longer face than usual.

"'What churchyard are you last from?' I said.

"Said he, 'I think I could tell you better what churchyard I am going to—and some more of us.'

"Upon this we fell to words, and I declared I would report him to the captain; for, in those young days, like all youngsters, I stood very much on my dignity: having nothing else to stand upon, in fact.

"'Pipe away,' says he; 'but Cap'en has just turned in.'

"'Not well?' said I.

"'*Not well,*' echoed the sulky fellow, looking at me from under his eyes with, I thought, more pity than vexation.

"'We are all doomed!' roared the doctor from his hammock.

"'And that's about it,' said the cook, grumbling off to get on the bowsprit to scour his stewpan.

"Every day came that mist, passing into a warm dropping dew as the sun broke out like a swift, red-hot twenty-four pounder through the winks of fading stars. Then followed the long, long, burning, dull day; then night, and the low creeping death-mist and its warm strangling vapour over again. The doctor got worse and worse, and when I went one morning to see if I could get from him some advice about the captain's fever, I found him, with clenched teeth, trying still feebly to repeat the words, 'All—doomed.' A short interval of feeble sanity came on; he managed to raise himself in bed, and point to a certain drawer in his medicine chest. I touched the two first nobs, and he shook his head. I touched the third, and he smiled, gasped out something, fell back, and died.

"When I opened the drawer I found a paper labelled Peruvian Bark; a great antidote for such fevers as were now smouldering through the ship; but, unluckily, the rats and cockroaches had got at it, and not more than two table-spoonfuls were left. I, whom they all looked up to because I had some book learning, divided this amongst the men; for the captain refused to take any, and said I wanted to poison him and to sell the ship to the nigger king. His mind

wandered through weakness, and he seldom came on deck; sleeping much, and I am afraid drinking—no one daring to stop him.

"There was no doubt now that we had the fever. Five were down. The cook first fell ill; then the boatswain, who died positively of sheer fright. Still we dared not turn the ship homeward while the lading was unfinished. The work went on very languidly; for now seven of the best hands were ill, and the negroes sent us fewer men than before. The sailors were sulky, frightened, and quarrelsome; and I think, if the fever had not spread like a devouring fire, every morning claiming some fresh victim, that they would have either broken into the spirit-room, or seized the ship and steered home. One day the negroes took alarm. I thought they would. They wormed the fever-secret out of a drunken sailor by giving him some gold-dust. One of them raised his paddle as a signal, and, suddenly dropping their burdens, the rest leaped into their canoes and paddled away up the river. They never came near us again; and the drunken sailor firing a pistol after them, did not improve matters. That night the captain was found dead in his cabin, his arm resting on a letter beginning, 'Officers and men, I implore——'

"But how can I bear to recal that horrible time? One by one every man sickened. Some, while aloft, fell down pale and trembling. Others while at table;

others while on watch; others at the galley fire; others were taken in their hammocks: all the same symptoms,—fever, cramp, convulsions, and death. The cook died. Then I thought of my father's words and the old negro-woman. Some died grappling and screaming, as if death was a real visible being that could be threatened and driven away; others went as to a sleep, with prayer and moan: one, a boy, talking of green fields and primrose meadows; others with allusions to crime and sin. One by one they passed away, till the horrid conviction came over me that I should be left alone there in the ship to die of the fever, unpitied and alone. I was, however, still just strong enough to drag the last poor fellow to the side, and push him overboard in the clothes that he had died in.

"Oh! how horrible the loneliness of that first night, as the shadows of the palms stretched across the vessel, like the black feelers of some devilish creature groping for its prey! The fire of sunset died out over the swamps and jungles, and the vessel grew dark. Mosquitoes spread in clouds, as if they had been bred from the dead bodies. The bar sounded louder. The beasts on shore howled as if impatient at lingering life. The long white vapours stole towards me like ghostly snakes. Heaven knows how my brain escaped! but, I suppose, the hope of life saved my reason. I went to all the berths where the men had died that I might catch the disease. I handled

the spokes of the wheel. I climbed aloft. I threw myself into a hammock. I put on the doctor's clothes. I threw myself into the captain's chair. I fell on my knees in the lonely cabin and prayed for forgiveness, for disobeying my father and insulting the wretchedness of the aged and miserable negro-woman. I also prayed passionately for death.

"I passed a week thus—such a week as a sane man unjustly confined in a madhouse may spend. I used to go and sit aloft, looking up the river for the negro boat. Sometimes my reason seemed to wander, and I fancied the dead men were thrusting their heads up round the ship and cursing me as the bringer of evil to the ship. Sometimes I fancied I heard voices in the cabins, or could see shadows pacing at the watch or turning the wheel. Sometimes I fancied the vessel locked in a sea of corpses; though I had by tremendous efforts set every stitch of sail, in hopes that it might serve as signals and be seen by some wandering hunter of the hippopotamus from the shore. Then the planks would appear covered with the doctor's words, "all doomed;" and thousands of black beggar-women's hands would be held before my eyes, ready for that alms I had refused. I must have been on the very verge of madness—yet between madness and death—and stood unharmed.

"I remember as if it was yesterday how weak I became with this dreadful struggle of fear and hope,

superstition and repentance. One day, a vulture, attracted by the smell of death, after hovering round the vessel for nearly an hour, alighted on the mast—a grim omen of death and doom. At any other time I should have been startled at so ghastly a proof of the silence and desolation of my vessel; but now, I spread food on the deck, in half insane hopes to tame and win this grisly pursuer of corruption; and when at last the filthy bird stretched out its sluggish wings and slowly staggered to the shore, I fell on my face and wept that every living thing should desert me. Yet all this time, though muskets and powder were in the ship, thank God I kept some hope and never once thought of suicide.

"If there had been one living thing to rest my heart on, this dreadful suspense had been more tolerable. I used to spend many hours a day listlessly angling over the ship's side, just to while away the hours, and yet keep a bright look-out up the river and over the bar. One day I caught a large mud-fish—a sort of pig-fish—that was so heavy I could hardly draw it up; but I did at last, taking care not to tear his mouth in getting the hook out. I turned it into a huge tub, which I filled with the brackish water, and at once decided to make a pet of him. I grew as fond of this monster in two days as if it had been a brother; and I really used to think those fat glazed eyes grew brighter when I came towards the tub the first thing in the morning with

food. But everything but myself seemed cursed; for on the Thursday (the last man died on Monday), when I got up and ran to play with my favourite, I found it dead and swollen, floating on the top of the water. Oh! those weary hours I waited, watching that hot mist burn away to a fiery-quivering horizon, hemmed in with bloodless palms and jungle.

"But I had forgot the most horrid sight—it was to see the alligators round the vessel, the third day when some of the bodies I had thrown overboard began to float, fighting for them, and tearing them to shreds with their huge, saw-like teeth; and their glaring eyes, that I fancied turned up mockingly at me. There was something so devilish and horribly ferocious in their snapping and gnashing fight, their tiger rush and their plunging races as every fragment disappeared; and though it lasted but a few minutes —for the river was dark with them; you could have walked on shore on their backs—it drove me nearly mad: had it lasted longer I think it would have killed me. But," continued Blowhard, perhaps to relieve the agony which came over him again even in telling the story, "I see a shore-boat coming with the mail-bags, so I must cut my tale short. Suffice it to say that the negro king at last sent down a boat to me to propose peace; gained courage at finding me still alive; and, after much diplomacy, threats, entreaties, and presents, put a negro crew on board to take the vessel to Baragoon, where I got assist-

ance from the consul. I reached England, and was at once promoted. You may be sure I asked for that fetish woman when I got back to Bristol; and, curiously enough (you will call it a sailor's superstition), I was told she died the very day our first man was taken ill in Mangrove River. We of this age are deuced clever, but I don't think, in spite of 'The Times' and the Electric Telegraph, that we have yet got to the bottom of everything.

"I was going to end with a yarn about a monkey coming on board to steal a fowl that I had killed and hung in the rigging; and how, when I chased him, he took a ship's musket, fired into the powder magazine, and blew me and the ship's papers high and dry on shore; but I thought that was pulling it rather too strong."

"Thank you, captain, for your story," we all sang out in chorus.

"Mail-boat!" cried a voice from under our quarter.

CHAPTER II.

AT LISBON.

I FELL asleep last night at twenty minutes past eleven, somewhere off the coast of Portugal, which was then a mere blue-rimmed line on our right—or shall I say starboard; the sea running by us in rolling hills of blue liquid metal, ghastly and livid. This morning, at half-past seven, I awake, look out of my square bedroom porthole, and see, beating up against our black ship's side, a merry, sunny sea, of the exact colour of a soda-water bottle, with a light playful effervescing froth feathering about its fluent curves.

"Halloa, steward!" Why, the great brass-valved heart of the steam-engine, that has been all night pulsing, and thumping, and jolting us on with untiring spirit power, — gasping, — stops. "Are we going down?"

No: we are snug in the Tagus, and have stopped off the famous Belem watch-tower, that Don Manuel, surnamed the Fortunate, built. We are waiting for the adouaneros, or custom-house officers, to come on

board, and for the sanidad, or health-officers, to give us pratique, and pronounce our bill of health clean; for we have been visiting Vigo, where the yellow fever is raging, and have been threatened and worried with flag-signals at Oporto, and we may be put in quarantine,—fifteen days' imprisonment, with not even hard labour to amuse ourselves with: which God forbid!

There is a great putting off of boats, great locking and strapping of bags and portmanteaus, for we are near Lisbon and are going to land. The lady with the celestial and terrestrial globes, and the two parrots that she is so anxious about, is hard at work with the two spheres, packing them safe for transport; the puling little usher going out to the Catholic college at Lisbon at last tries to drag himself out of his little tray of a berth, in which he has for seven days kept immovably; the Newcastle lawyer, who fancies every place like Constantinople and contradicts you about everything out of Murray, bustles about his boxes, which are being hauled out of the hold. A splashing under our bow—a strong voice hails us. It is the quarantine boat, manned by eight stout Portuguese, with straw hats, and red sashes round their waists. The officer, holding official papers in his hand, stands up and directs the men to pull in under our quarters, that he may come on board. Among the men are two handsome, stalwart blacks, with bare arms swollen with banded

ropes of straining muscles. I feel directly that I am in a country connected with the Brazils, and that the old slave element in the population has not yet died out.

Now we have got our sanitary passport, and though one or two brown-coated officials remain on our decks to go with us to Lisbon, we drop down the Tagus towards Lisbon; we drop past Belem, that little filagree match-pot of a tower, with its enriched windows of Moorish origin, its twisted cable cornices and pierced balconies; we pass the convent built to celebrate Vasco de Gama's Indian discovery; we drop along the grand river past the sloping hills of olives, the white, dusty-looking hills covered with flocks of windmills, the arms Greek crosses, not plain Saint Andrew's, as in England. We pass, on the other hand, curious earth-cliff banks, and small villages that seem to have come down to the great river-side to drink. Far away behind us we leave Belem guarding the entrance of the green and frothy river, the distant Torres Vedras lines, the Saint Julian fort that Wellington strengthened, and the Bougie Tower beyond the bar where the surf runs threateningly.

Now we pass more houses and convents, yellow and blue and rose-coloured buildings; and the great sloping-terraced city of Lisbon runs down the hill-side to meet us. We have reached the great red egg-shaped buoy of the Peninsula and Oriental Com-

pany's steamers, opposite the Black Horse Square, where a mounted bronze statue, like that of the Commandante in Don Juan, stands on guard. A flock of dragon-fly boats surround us, the crews jabber out the names of rival hotels. "Let go the anchor!" says the captain with the yellow whites to his eyes and the signal-gun voice. The chain runs out with a clattering, shaking jolt; over goes the anchor in a headlong suicidal way, striking up a white flood of water like a dying whale. We are anchored. The mail-agent has gone ashore with his great brown leather saddlebags of letters. We may land. Lisbon is all before us, where to choose.

I land, not at Black Horse Square, haunted by boatmen, but am paddled by John Fish, a young Massaniello of Lisbon, to the wet steps of the Praça dos Romulares, a pretty little tropical square quite to the left near the great Arsenal, where the Portuguese seamen of a war fleet which exists only on paper are trained. There are spiked aloes, and orange and pimento trees about it, in tubs and oil-jars; and in the middle of the square, which is paved with black and white pebbles in mosaic, so as to resemble the dial face of a compass (the rays being some thirty feet long), in the centre (I say) is the marble pillar with the sun clock, where merchants sit and smoke cigarettes, or rough sea captains, real Captain Cuttles, stand discussing the rig of their ships in the Tagus bay, not a boat's length off, the

water of it lashing up on the stone steps below. All round this square are lodging-houses, hotels and country houses, where men sit poring over books, cigar in mouth and pen in hand; and high over all is, not the citadel of Saint George, but the great Bragança Hotel, with its square tall block of building rose-coloured against the burning blue of a dazzling sky. We mount from this mosaic-paved square, its flowers and chattering smoking groups, up the steep Rua di Aligrima, which rises straight into the sloping city. We meet jolting oxen, leaning against each other, and drawling along with a cart which is nothing but a heavy wooden slab; we see graduses of cafés, shops, and dwelling-houses, intersected here and there by cross traverses, or alleys,—the river still ever hot and blue in sight behind us. On our right hand the wall goes up by steps till it stretches in a broad unbroken expanse of some fifty feet high, broad as a fortress, with no chink even for a quick-eyed lizard to hide in. At the top are some black-spiked cypresses and a square bower trellis, green-roofed with vines; and higher up still, in this place, where one might expect to see some Don Quixote duchess, is a grating that shows one it is the convent of the Heart of Jesus. As I stand at the corner of the Rou de San Domingos, reading the placard of a bull-fight at Saint Anna, or rather Vilafranca, which is a good fifteen miles off by railway, and am now, having sifted this, wandering off to an illus-

trated placard representing the Dutch giant standing in full evening costume with his legs in a tub; together with an English sailor, rather caricatured, making a seal (called in the bills Sea Monster) dance upon its tail in a manner that is a caution to mermaids, I look back from these appeals to the senses, which some ugly Portuguese in black hats tasselled with black puffs are intently reading, towards the great broad bay and the crowd of boats, with their barber-pole masts tufted and striped red and yellow. Crescent swallows skim round us, and reconnoitre for flies. That house beyond the convent, which seems crusted with slabs of blue china, is all but breast-plated with blue-figured tiles, in a way worthy of Nankin or Chingfou. Some negroes — their black faces bound up with yellow handkerchiefs—pass us; all of a sudden they cross themselves and look up, as through the grating, like a perfume, glides some hymn of the church, sung as by imprisoned angels, with such simple purity, so uncadenzaed and unrouladed, that it might be the song of angel children, so full of rapture is its every breath.

We stand entranced and petrified with expectancy —all ear. We are all but swept away by the storming Badajoz diligence, which, regardless of our being an Englishman—one of that nation that had once something to do with that Badajoz—tore pompously and overbearingly round the corner, and nearly made an omelette of me, the votary of church music, just as

I was thinking what a capital way of making signals to a nun you were in love with it would be to toss up an orange through that black grating. The immense hearse of a 'bus — I mean the Badajoz diligence — is steered by a post-boy, a little fellow in immense jack-boots which seem to be slowly swallowing him up, and a large white hairy hat that quite extinguishes his face, but for fierce tossings back, as he rows on with his booted elephantiasis legs.

I go up a side street, where the ground floors of the gentlemen's houses seem all stables: you can nose them as you pass, and hear the horses dragging at their chains, or pounding with restless feet at the straw. At one door there is a heavy, patient-looking bullock being shod, surrounded by an anxious, idle set of sympathizing friends of the smith, who, with his leathern apron on, looks at the crescent-split hoof with the serious air with which a dentist looks for flaws in your teeth, hoping to find them, or determined to invent them. Those men standing in a row, with small barrels on their shoulders, at the long manger-like fountain under the wall, are the honest and industrious Gallegos, or Gallicians, the serfs and Gibeonites of the Lisbonese: the drudges who hew their wood and draw their water, and all to get back to the green hills of Vigo, with some money to marry with. Ask a Portuguese to carry your carpet-bag to the boat at the Black Horse Square, and he will

say, "I am not a Gallego." "God made the Portuguese first," runs the proverb, "and then made the Gallegos to wait upon them." You see them in the steep side-streets of a morning, going off to supply their family with water. They are like the Caudies in Edinburgh, or what the Swiss used to be in Paris. They are simple-hearted, quiet, brave-working fellows, worth a dozen lazy Portuguese. There are more than three thousand of them in Lisbon, and they do all the porters' and water-carriers' work.

I passed some doors where tough, dry, knotty olive-roots are for sale as firewood, and pass a barefooted, sturdy country boy, who carries at either end of a long slender pole, balanced on the shoulder of his pink shirt, a shallow, broad basket of dusty velvet peaches, and transparent ambery grapes. Some English sailors in canvas shoes, fresh from the wine-shop, their collars far back on their broad shoulders, their black silk handkerchiefs carefully tied with white cord—they are Spitfires, you see, by the gold-lettered bands on their cap—gather round the grinning boy, and empty his store, flinging the soppy peach-skins at the pariah street-dogs, lean and wandering, with which Lisbon abounds quite as much as it does with tropical flowers and loathsome smells, that seem to wait to knock you down at street corners. Now some—what are they—six nuns?—pass; grave-looking peasant-women, but not nuns, with white starched linen head-cloths pinned over

the forehead, and stretching out behind in long peaks. They wear, hot as it is now, long-caped dark cloaks, such as the Irishwomen use, and, indeed, in face and manner look not unlike them. No touch of rose colour about them; grave, still as mutes; and so ugly and soulless, that I think no country but Portugal, with its mean, half-Jewish race, could match them. As for the Portuguese men, they have none of the Spanish fire, none of the Andalucian kingly spirit and independence. Monks I see not, for they are abolished, and the priests are only distinguished by wearing pantaloons and Hessian boots. The mantilla is a modified one, and the fatal French bonnet is creeping in, to the destruction of the national black veil and the fan parasol.

I am bound for the post-office, which lies up a quiet side-street, at one end of which there are great gates as of some grandee's mansion. I enter the office by a court, a sort of hall, with folding-doors and rooms on either side. The place is pigeon-holed all round, and I read over two of the boxes "Teneriffe and Pernambuco," which reminds me where I am. Our Admiralty agent, in gold-laced cap and blue uniform, enters as I leave with the prize of a letter; he is followed by his coxswain and another sailor in blue jerseys, toiling up the steep street with our leather bags on their backs.

I toil up still higher to Saint Roque, and pushing by the flapping red curtain, enter the church, where

beggar-women and ladies kneel side by side—crutch and gilt fan alternating on the pavement—before a glittering side chapel that seems dug out of solid gold: a metal cave, indeed, ponderously rich. The reckless street-dogs run and sniff in and out of the church, vulgarly careless and restless, among the worshippers, whose eyes turn from the altar to the door whenever any one enters. The ceiling is of mere painted linen, and a tawdry green orchestra blocks up one end of the building, where perhaps poor dying Fielding once strolled and wondered. There was the great novelist's grave on the hill of the Estrella, where the dark cypresses we saw peering stood like black marks of admiration.

I observe the special charm of Lisbon, apart from its orange-trees, public gardens, and rows of red coral-berried pimentos, is its eastern, almost Chinese character. Apart from the crowd of black faces, sunburnt with red yellow, that you see, there is a tropical glow of colour all about the city. The roofs are tiled with a curious ridge-and-furrow tile that is quaint of outline. The roofs go up into pagoda-like crescents, and have figured curving finials that are Chinese and fantastic. The shop walls, too, facing the street, are frequently panelled with blue porcelain tiles, which seem just fresh from Canton. Indeed the Portuguese were the first to import Chinese dragon jars, china punch-bowls, and teacups. Sometimes private houses, big as palaces, shine with these

rude blue mailings; and as for green and gilt balconies, they hang out everywhere, and ten to one but on the third or fourth tier of them there is a row of large red oil-jars, forming the base to a thicket of oleanders, gorgeous with a wealth of purple bloom. Twenty to one but half-way up, in a gilt cage, hangs a Brazilian parrot, green and red, or grey and scarlet, chattering, listening, or thoughtful. Sometimes the yellow straw mats or green blinds are trailed over the balcony ledge, so as to form a sort of porch or tent to the shaded room, where the donnas and some portly priest, with a head smooth and yellow as a billiard-ball, sit and gossip; the parrot catching part of their discourse and coming out with it by snatches, as if he was learning a lesson.

The shops have a curious country-town look, generally uniting several trades in one, like an American store. The pastry shops sell port wine, which seems quite a liqueur, and the grocers fire-wood and such trifles. The wine-shops are quite open to the air, and are full of negro sailors and English mariners, talking very loud, to make the English easier to the "d— furriners, who could understand if they would —don't you tell me, Jack." These are the rough jokers who have been known to charge across the Black Horse Square, disarm the sentinels, drive back the relief guard, and force a way to their boat, pushing off with three cheers; their faces beaming

with a sense of having properly and creditably done what England expects every man (and woman) to do. You meet them everywhere, arm-in-arm in brandy-shops with red, coppery, pirate-looking negro sailors, or carrying to their boat fish wrapped up in red handkerchiefs, their clasp-knives hung by a neat white knotted cord round their necks, their broad blue collars lying far back on their sunburnt shoulders; small gold rings, perhaps in their ears, their shoes small and dandyish; their walk a rolling stagger, as if they were stepping on waves, and did not find dry land as firm as it was generally reported to be. There they go, boatswain, coxswain, quarter-master, and able-bodied seamen; staring in at churches, full of scented smoke, as if something or other was cooking perpetually in the side chapel, pacing round the centre statues in sea-side squares; ogling up at servants watering the oleanders, or feeding the parrots in the balcony; or chaffing with the king's farrier, who keeps an hotel near the sea water-side, and is as intense a John Bull, with as buxom a rosy wife, as ever England bred.

But let us go into the Don Pedro square. The immense plaça is paved with wavy bands of black and white stones as with a great oil-cloth, giving it a strange Rio Janeiro sort of look. It is one of the largest squares in the world, quite a Champ de Mars, surrounded by shops, dilligence offices and counting-houses. At one end, near a large glass-windowed

café, where officers read papers and sip ices, and are so multiplied by the mirrors on the walls that they seem like a whole regiment reading papers and sipping ices by word of command, stands the theatre of Donna Maria, a handsome building, with wide, tall portico, but with an unfortunate reverberating zinc roof that in rainy weather renders the actors inaudible.

I go in one night, attracted by the crowds that are flowing to the doors, like steel-filings flying to the arches of a magnet. The interior is rich with hangings of topaz-coloured satin, banded here and there with purple. The seats in the pit are all of cane; there is every provision for airiness and lightness. There are, of course, some English middies and sailors in the pit, who talk very loud, and have a defiant, contemptuous manner peculiarly national. The only thing I can decipher out of the snuffling, nasal Jew Spanish which is called Portuguese, is, that a certain Don Jose Herriero de los Santos, who is dressed like Lord Nelson, and who nearly kills me every time he enters by his absurd bows and grimaces, has come in the disguise of a poor artist to a family, with whom he is about to enter into alliance. The father, a little, prosy Keely sort of man, with a dry drollery of his own, suspects him to be a swindler, a suspicion that leads to various complications, at last legitimately removed, when the Don appears in all his lustre and claims his bride, at which the little diplomatic-man takes snuff,

and rubs his hands as if he had seen through it all. The drollest thing was, that at the end of each act, every human being in the pit rose with one accord, without smiling, tied handkerchiefs to the backs of their cane seats, and retired to the lobby to hastily smoke a cigarette and eat stewed pears, which were in active sale at the buffet. The phlegm, dulness, and ugliness of the Lisbon race, exceeds anything I could have expected. I do not think there was one woman in the pit; indeed, in some Spanish theatres, the women all sit huddled in a sort of omnibus-box by themselves. Now, that the men with the yellow teeth, sallow full faces, and scorched forefingers, have untied their handkerchiefs, and are waiting for Lord Nelson in the white satin knee-breeches, with intense expectation, I look up at the boxes, beating the covert for a beautiful face. What, not one! Only Jewish, fat and sensual faces, all run to nose, as if by perpetually smelling at greasy dinners, crisp, wiry, animal negro hair, full brown red lips, mean chins, and foreheads villanously low. Bands and ropes of black shiny hair looped up with strings of pearls, gold bobs, and strings of coral,—go to, not one beauty! Yes, one, with fire-fly eyes and soft brown cheeks, deepening to a peachy red, who, with rounded white arms, leans forward, hanging upon the lips of Lord Nelson in the court suit, tail-coat, and white satin breeches.

Tired of this, and the perpetual running in and out to smoke cigarettes and eat stewed pears in the lobby,

I leave just as the scene opens with the little Keely-man dressed as a cobbler, singing comic Portuguese songs, much to the indignation of Lord Nelson, who is now bolstered out as a despotic rich man, who lives in a sort of palace near the cobbler's stall. I hasten up and down streets, which seem alternately hills and valleys, to the public gardens, which lie in the centre of the city, to the left of the square of Don Pedro, dropping in first at the Bragança to see a friend, and finding the bore who compares everything to Constantinople reading Napier's Peninsular War, and then running out on the balcony to point out Galata, Tophana, and the Golden Horn.

I hasten out again as *de re infecta*, and push for the public gardens. Suddenly, at the door of a small theatre, a dirty touter runs out, and catches me by the arm: "Come in," he says, "gentleman, and see Monsieur Robinson play the fool. Oh, he play the fool vary well—Robinson!" Resisting this pathetic appeal, I push on to the gardens, and after some zigzagging, get there. It is a large, square, enclosed garden, walled in by iron palisading, against which the wistful, dull, apathetic crowd flatten their large noses. You do not pay as you go in, but as you go out. I enter a long garden walk, with flower-borders on either side, thorny with aloes, and pass down between rows of feeble Vauxhall-looking lamps and lines of flaccid-looking pimento trees, studded with innumerable berries, that look like pale red coral; at

the end there are some tent booths, as dull as a wet Greenwich fair used to be, and beyond this a sort of summer-house stage, with four foot-lights, and a band playing underneath to a dozen rows of very patient and untenanted chairs. On the stage sat two painted singers, who talk across the lamps, twiddle their fans, laugh, and play graceful little tricks as the company begin to assemble — grave city-looking men, pompous, dull officers, and a few ladies, who seem to feel no interest in anything, and none of whom ever laughed even at the comic songs. The performance commences. It consists of tinselly French ballads, full of *l'amour, la gloire,* and *l'honneur;* and ends with a caricature representation of an English traveller in Paris, which made me rather clench my fists, and drove a commercial traveller who sat next to me to declare that he should certainly come the night following with Smith of Birmingham, and Brown of Sheffield, and a few other travelling gentlemen, representatives of highly respectable wholesale houses, storm the orchestra, and thrash the buffoon — a patriotic resolve which I, most anxious for his discomfiture, warmly encourage. The fun of this representation consisted entirely in the mime's keeping his arms rigidly close to his side, wearing immense shirt-collars, rolling his eyes, and answering to everything "Yaase, yaase." The Englishman eventually volunteers a dance at the Mabile, and exits with a flabby hornpipe, entirely misunder-

stood, and turned it into a mere *ballet pas seul.* I must say, in justice to the Portuguese, that nobody laughed, but then I do not think their common people ever laugh. I afterwards met with young Portuguese of a high class, who gambolled, grimaced, and chattered like monkeys—loud, impudent, and ceaselessly; but I have no reason to hope that the mere street Portuguese ever laughs on any provocation whatever.

Lisbon, allowing for the dulness of its amusements, and the phlegm of its people, is full of pictures, whichever way you look at it; whether far away from the great unfinished palace of the Necessidades; or from the long chain of stilted aqueducts, that near the Windmill Hill give quite a Roman character to the environs in the direction of Cintra, green amid a brown, scorched-up desert; or from the fortified hills opposite, where you look across the blue field of the bay, at the great archbishop's water-side palace, and the yellow dome of the Estrella. Beyond the hill of Buenos Ayres, higher up the bay, is a region of wild myrtle heaths, olive-fields, and vineyards. The yellow arsenal and the citadel are before you. This is the city of Vasco di Gama, Cabral, the discoverer of Brazil, Don Sebastian, and Albuquerque. From hence sallied, past Belem, the fleet that discovered the Azores, and first rounded the dreaded Cape. The shade of Camoens paces by the Tagus side, Saint Vincent sleeps soundly in that hill church, where

so many hearers have since slept soundly too. This is the city of that dreadful earthquake that in seventeen hundred and fifty-five, in our quiet Horace Walpole days, swallowed at one gulp forty thousand people, and I don't know how many millions of treasure. Since the beginning of time, Death, the insatiable, had never such a sudden rich sop thrown into his black jaws, and that neither by battle, massacre, nor conflagration. Let us pace up and down by these trees that face the Custom-house, which, daubed with yellow ochre, is tapestried with oriental-looking flowers, not caring to stop opposite that hard, handsome-looking official, surrounded by military boatmen, who is white with rage at the French gentleman, who will tear up a whole box of cigars, and, rather than pay duty on them, crush them to dust with his feet: or rather—for there is a fuss here of landing travellers, and we shall be disturbed—let us cross Black Horse Square, where Don Jose the First, the patron of the terrible iron-handed Pombal, the enemy of the nobles, rides and dominates in bronze, and get to the quieter Largo di Pelerhinos, or square by the arsenal, where the curious corporation pillar is, that is made of twisted strands of marble that look like a cable. Where that skeleton armillary sphere now stands on the top of that open-work column, was once a garotte-scaffold, with rings and chains, where criminal noblemen were strangled. Just a little lower there, in the Praça dos Romulares,

in the time of Dom Miguel, five traitors were burnt and their ashes thrown into the Tagus.

Look up here, too, below the Black Horse Square, now tenanted by boatmen waiting for hire, sentinels, and booted hackney-coachmen, just above where the three streets, Santa Anna, Augusta, and Prata, meet, you see the arches and tottering ruins of the Carmo, one of the relics of that dreadful earthquake that one quiet frosty morning—in fact, on November the first, seventeen hundred and fifty-five, at forty-five minutes after nine, A.M.—suddenly shook down the great slave-trade city, and devoured it with one snap of its jaws.

Lisbon had had several previous shocks, but, being uninspired, forgot them, and did not consider them to be warnings or even threats. Science had not reduced the actions of earthquakes to any certain terms, and considered them inconsistent sequences; they were then, as they still are, mysteries. There was at first an undulating tremble of two minutes, which many laughing, feasting people, thought was caused by a waggon rumbling underneath the windows. Then another in a few minutes, worse and unmistakeable, so that houses split and rent, and a dust arose that hid the sun. Then another interval of dreadful silence, and the city fell to pieces like a card-house—palace, hut and cabin, church, casino, gambling-house, and thieves' kitchen, amid a dusty fog as of an eclipse; through which dreadful apocalyptic darkness arose

groans, screams, and shrieks of the dying and the immured. An eye-witness, in a ship lying in the Tagus, said, "He saw the whole city suddenly heave like a wave. Lisbon had disappeared." Another man wrote a day afterwards, "There is not a house to rest one's head in." At the same time, to swell the horror, the sea rose as if torn up by the roots, and threatened to bury even the ruins. 'This ten minutes' spasm of the earth was felt not merely on the volcanic line; it spread like a storm even through Loch Lomond, it tossed ships in the Atlantic, it was seen at the Orkneys, it turned the springs at the Clifton Hot Wells dark as ink; the very intelligence of it came like a thunder-clap on men's minds. The Last Day was prophesied louder than ever by the men who live by frightening people sillier than themselves with such prophecies. It drove men mad, it increased atheism, it hurried men to convents, it turned prodigals pious in a single day; High Tories who, never could see any cause for the French Revolution, even declared that this earthquake was one of the motive causes that led to that great moral convulsion that split thrones, swallowed up dynasties, and devoured effete and rotten institutions that cumbered the ground. It was taken, on the other hand, by free-thinking writers and encyclopedists as a proof of God's disregard of his creatures, and of the non-existence of a special Providence.

It is difficult to realize the punishment of Corah and

his company in this bright city, now hung with flowers, and canopied with a roof of such blue and fiery brightness. Yet all these furrows that are now streets, all these sudden slopes that drive you down alleys like well-shafts, all these cliff-heights such as the public gardens in the place are terraced on, are the results of this great reformer and unbuilder. The brute power of the earthquake shook the city into rubbish heaps in ten minutes, and the most terrible feature of its cruelty happened in this very Black Horse Square I now carelessly walk over, whistling as I go, and looking at the red-funneled steamer waiting for me in the offing. It was to this broad space in front of the palace that, when the first shock subsided, and the roofs had ceased to split, and the floors to gape open for a few minutes, that thousands of the Lisbon people rushed with children, caskets, or whatever they deemed most precious, to fall on their knees and pray to the God whom they expected every moment to see bursting from the clouds — his voice the thunder, in his hand the lightnings — in the great fury of his anger appearing to reap the guilty world. That moment, as in huddled, frightened, half-naked groups, the boldest lay trembling, entranced, palsied, or screaming—the square opened in the midst, and into that yawning grave they all sank, and the earth closed over them. At the same moment a great convulsion swallowed up the quays, and the waves closed over every boat and vessel anchored

there, not a fragment of them ever appearing again. Now, when I hail John Fish, and call for a boat, I little think of the dead lying under that churchyard square; and so far are the lounging English sailors from having any very clear tradition about it, that when I ask one of them, he tells me that the old city was on the opposite side of the bay, not knowing that he now stands on the burial-place of thousands.

Since that, I have met with travellers who have felt earthquakes at sea, and seen them on land; I have clear notions now about the horizontal and the upward motion, and I find out it was neither one nor the other destroyed Lisbon, but a sort of clash and conflict of the two, as if two cross veins of earthquake had met and disagreed. I am told it brings on a sort of sickness; and that it is one of the most terrible things in the world to see an earthquake come up a Mexican valley like an advancing wave, shaking trees, and making houses and hills nod to each other. It drives brave men to prayer, and cowards it frightens into a sort of drunken courage. If it is dangerous and repeated, as in Lima and the Caraccas, its tendency is to démoralize society, drive men to reckless pleasure and crime, as in Lisbon, at the time of which I speak, when great fires swept through the city, and when the smoking ruins were for fifteen days haunted by bands of robbers, till the stern Pombal hung three hundred of them, and so staunched the moral wound.

That night, looking from the Bragança window at

the weltering bay, which seemed turned to silver dross, over which highway of angels I could see away to Belem, the guarded mouth of the Tagus, I looked on the tranquil terraced roofs below, quiet in the moonlight—for the wilful Mohammedan moon was in her crescent, and I could almost imagine myself in the old Moorish city. As I looked I fell into a revery in my chair in the Bragança balcony, and Napier's Peninsular War dropping from my hand, I imagined myself, that November morning, on that safe roof-top watching the tranquil city. Suddenly the houses all around me began to roll and tremble like a stormy sea. Through an eclipse dimness I saw the buildings round my feet, and far away on every side, gape and split; while the floors fell with the shake of cannons. The groans and cries of a great battle were round me. I could hear the sea dashing on the quays, and rising to swallow what the earthquake had left. Through the air, dark with falling walls and beams, amid showers of stones red with the billows of fire from sudden conflagrations, I see the cloudy streets strewn with the dead and dying and screaming crowds, running thickly, hither and thither, like sheep when the doors of the red slaughter-house are closed. Suddenly a voice in my ears cries in bad Portuguese: "I thought you rang for coffee, sir."

It was the waiter. I was saved!

CHAPTER III.

CADIZ STREET SCENES.

I SIT in my murky London chambers one of these tawny foggy days, when the sky keeps changing colours like a great sickly chamelion, and I turn over the red-edged leaves of my Spanish note-book to rub up my memory.

I find amongst other notes:

"1. GRANADA, Monday, August —, 1858.—The string of apish-browed galley slaves in yellow jackets, who clink in chains, sprinkling water up and down the parade on the river side, trying maliciously to splash the passers-by."

Let that go.

"2. THE MADHOUSE AT CARTHAGENA.—The silent officer who had not spoken for three days, and the moaning woman with the frightened staring eyes and black dishevelled hair, who had but the night before murdered her two children."

That won't do.

"3. MURILLO'S PICTURE, at the Seville Museo.—The Saint holding his own heart, red as a pincushion, and with a sort of valentine dart stuck through it."

I shall deal with Murillo another day.

"4. The first glimpse of that great sapphire mountain of a whale that we sighted off Cape Saint Vincent, and which sent up a water-rocket as a signal to us, then touched his hat, bowed, and disappeared. A phenomenon followed by a neck-and-neck somersault-race of porpoises all round our vessel, and a huge ugly drift of a shark that we fired at, spotted with blood, but could not capture."

No; I must look at my Cadiz pages, for those are what I want just now. Here they are:

"CADIZ.—The perpetual dimpling of the hotel fountain pool, and the blowing in and out, light and dark, of that luminous sail in the boat I took to cross the bay. N.B.—The water near the shore of the pleasant colour of lemonade with the sun on it."

Ah! now I remember. Yes; it was after days of stormy vicissitude and Odyssean coasting of cape and promontory, rock, monastery, and hill, that a certain bright ten o'clock of an August morning (almost the very morning that Columbus in a fishing-smack pushed out of the harbour at Palos) certain voices on the quarter-deck called out that they saw land. Somewhere under the light there was certainly something, as I said to Parker, who was looking quite in the wrong direction—indeed, staring hard at a salmon-coloured and irrelevant cloud. It was more like a small luminous fog-bank, or a low bar of golden-breathed vapour, than land. Gradually it grew and grew, faster than the magic bean-plant in the fairy story—grew, grew, from a shapeless blurred line, like so much cancelled sunshine, to solid gold dross; then this purified to a finer ore; and, lastly,

when we poured up like a party of boarders, hot from a tea-and-toast breakfast, singing snatches of naval songs, and looking up at the rigging to appear nautical, we saw the gold veil filtering off, and a real bullion pyramid of houses, in fact a CITY, lying at the water's edge waiting for our arrival. It was Cadiz, the merchant city, the sister of Havannah, the city English guns have often vomited fire at through stormy whirlwinds of crimson and sulphurous smoke. It is the wine city, the city at whose capture Elizabeth stamped her foot and cried, "Marry! well done." The yellow glazed domes like teacups turned over by a giant to preserve some special specimen of the bigot or fanatic homunculus, belong to the cathedral; those brown square walls are forts. These are the palm-trees. See how the batteries run surging into the sea like so many sharks' snouts. Those white walls are Government store-houses. That great yellow building is a barrack or an hospital. How graciously the city grows and grows, sending up tower and terrace and dome in cluster after cluster, till, forgetting that it is we who are in motion, we fancy we see some great procession advancing and widening towards us.

An artist who had studied at Madrid told me, as an instance of the gravity and dignity of the Castilian, that he once saw in a public square in that city an itinerant dentist mounted on a horse, to whom a patient, in the shape of a pain-stricken

muleteer, came griping at his jaw for advice. The grave quack did not dismount, hardly stooped in his saddle, but with one experienced, far-sighted, keen glance at the cavernous tooth, drew a long Toledo rapier with a curious twisted steel hilt that hung by his side, slipped the point under the muleteer's black fang, and scooped it out with a single twitch. With military precision he then wiped his sword, slipped it back into its sheath, held out his hand for the twopenny fee, touched his sombrero, and rode gravely off. I certainly never saw anything quite equal to this deed of surgery, though I did once see a quack at Florence stop his chaise in the great Castle Square, and take out a man's tooth in the front seat of the vehicle, surrounded by an admiring crowd. I have indeed, too, seen odd sights; for instance, a Spanish beggar on horseback, and heard a Sicilian mendicant plead that he was a marchese; but I never saw anything quite so gallant, gay, and chivalrous as the agile man in black who sprang up the vessel's side. As we let the anchor go over the side with a crashing froth and a chinking run and jolt of the chain cable, several bright-coloured boats, whose red oars cast red reflections in the water as from flamingo's wings, approach; but first of all, like a conqueror, leaped on board this brown-faced fencing-master man, who might, for shrewd daring and gallant mien, have been a younger brother of the Don Quixote, or even third cousin twice removed

of the Cid himself. He bowed to us all, and double bowed and pirouetted to the ladies; who, at these moments of approaching shore, turn out especially gay, cheerful, and unruffled, though but yesterday wallowing victims of the sea malady.

"Good evening, sar. How you, sar? all right, sar? Love England, sar; vary big country, sar; vary good peoples, Inglis, sar. I speak Inglis vary well, sar. I half past two yar in Inglis, sar," says the young Don to our fat captain with the coffee-coloured eyes, who stands serene and indifferent at the gangway, waiting for the Custom-house officer.

I stood watching this the first native I had seen, admiring his nimble, dancing motion, the perch-back ruffle of his shirt-front, his light cassock waistcoat, his serge paletôt, and his white leghorn planter's hat, with the black ribbon and sable lining. Suddenly the fat captain makes a side spring at me, puts the back of his hand to his mouth as a wall to talk behind, and, in a speaking-trumpet whisper, says confidentially,

"That is the biggest thief in all Cadiz!"

"What, Higginos?" says the first mate, "the good man, 'who carried away his funnel' when captain of an Australian steamer!"—"The dirtiest rascal in all Spain."

"What's he up to now, Simmons?"

"Why, touting for the Fonda Europa — the.

filthy little inn by the bull-ring in Hamilcar Street."

"I should like to throw him overboard: he once swindled me out of five shillings."

I might have heard further revelations; but just at this moment a bare-legged boy, clinging round the mast-head, has some difficulty in reeving the P. and O. flag which is to intimate our arrival. The boy scrambles about as if he was bird-nesting, but the red whip will not fling out its yard or two of scarlet thread.

"Let a MAN go out!" cries the captain, shouting himself into a crimson apoplexy, laying the sort of contemptuous emphasis on the word "man" that Queen Elizabeth did when she said, "My father loved a *man!*" Out goes a man, and out goes the flag; and at this moment Higginos—Don Antonio Higginos—seeing the angry stare of the first officer at him, hastily dealt out a pack of lying hotel cards, and dropped, like a ripe or rotten fruit, precipitately into his boat which lay alongside. And seeing his sudden retreat, and almost fall over, a lady near me started, and as she started I started, and dropped myself and trunk into Higginos's boat. He was counting some shillings with a chuckle; when he had done it, he arranged his blue-caped cloak on his left shoulder, looked up at the mate's red face, which hung over the vessel's side like a full-blown rose over a black wall, and smiled depre-

catingly and innocently. He now stands up, and cries to him:

"You want any cigars, sar? Best Havannahs, sar!"

"You be ——!" cries the first officer, shaking his fist at the Don in a perfect monsoon of impotent rage.

I will not more than epitomize my first impression on landing of a lovely Spanish face seen through the black convent-netting of a mantilla, or of the crowds of leather-greaved and bobbed and tasselled men I passed through on my way to my hotel in the grand square. I will not stop at the reed-thatched and walled quay-stalls, formed of maize-stalks tied together, where hot yellow tomatoes were for sale, or where half-naked fishermen, with brass charms hanging by dirty wet strings from their brown lean necks, sat before heaps of some rough fishes that looked like purple chesnuts in the husks. The great matted bullock-carts, with the solid wooden wheels, cumbrous and slow, shall not stop me; nor the chinking and jangle of the perpetual mule-bells; nor the crews of lateen-rigged boats lying off the harbour, with their curved and sweeping sails white in the intense sunlight. The heaps of chick peas on the quays, and the dry black kidney-bean pods of the carob-trees, keep me for a moment; but I push on through a crowd of lounging porters, who seem all armed with pink slices of melon and brown-ring crab-shaped loaves of bread, each stamped with a sort of talisman seal. Every-

where sounds the bullying, angry cry of the water-sellers, which has an oriental savour, and makes you feel thirsty whether you will or no.

As for my hotel, all I need say of it is, that it looked out on a public walk; was next to a nobleman's house on the one side, and on the other to a blacksmith's shop, where, through the black frame of the door, I saw all day, and half the night, the red sparks flow upward, and the great orange-coloured flame throb up and down like a living thing eager to devour, quivering ever in a forked and breathing pyramid. Not far off was a nunnery, and nearer me were some suspicious, thievish-looking houses, where faces were always watching you as you passed, from behind the striped mat that was flung out, tent-wise, over the strip of projecting balcony.

But I will begin with next morning; when, before breakfast—as the brown chocolate was frothing up and leaving brown high-water lines in the bright tin pot—I sallied out down a side-street leading from the outer walks on the wall, into the small trellised square where the post-office stands, and where the houses have all those curious little badges of the figure of the Virgin that may be insurance records or religious memorials, I forgot to ask which. How curiously the different classes still nestle together—noble and blacksmith, merchant and barber, nuns and I do not know what—I have already mentioned. The same odd sort of country town of the seventeenth century,

mingle-mangle, characterizes the appearance of the streets this blessed pure early morning, when the soft sea air fans through the streets of Cadiz. In this narrow passage, where no one particularly seems stirring, there are heaps of white unslaked lime lying just as the mules have shook it down from their panniers—perhaps that very obstinate wretch of a mule whom I saw yesterday, when he was struck, lie down on his back and kick with all his four feet at once, like a sulky, bad-tempered boy. As for the gutter that runs down the centre of the street, it is heaped with melon-rinds, cigar-stumps, and dusty refuse swept out of the houses. Ah! here come the street-sweepers, with a dusty smoke, which almost hides them, heralding their approach; they bear up, a lazy, bustling string, with a smoky dust before them as of a file of skirmishers. God bless them! I see they move the dust, but I much doubt if they remove it. I gaze up the bright pleasant little street at the doors, which have neat bronze pendent hands, beautifully modelled, for knockers, and look up at the green cased-in projecting windows, which are so eastern and attractive. I think that dandily-dressed young citizen behind me—and looking up, too, just as a white hand on the third story opens and shuts a lattice —has come here to pay his morning devoirs; for he now kisses the tips of his fingers, a sunshine breaks out in his face, and he walks away with a quick, joyous step, "his bosom's lord" evidently "sitting lightly on his throne," and no day-mare waiting at his door for him to

mount. Talk of the night-mare! What is she to that day-mare that hides the sun from us, often neighs at our window, and will keep beating its feet impatiently upon our heart till we throw it out some sugared sop of consolation?

Now, just as I cross into the square, I cut in two a religious procession filing down the street. They are two and two, some brotherhood, in yellow and white dresses, carrying candles (to help the sun, I suppose); then one miserable, drawling man, who represents the band, alone, with a blunderbuss of a bassoon tucked under his arm; and, almost last, a lounging priest, in a three-pointed black cap and in a cloth-of-gold robe, carrying the Host under a portable canopy. Everyone bows and takes off his hat as the procession rambles carelessly by. The square I enter now is trellised round with half-dead, dusty vines, sapless and juiceless, the fruit shrivelled and withered for want of moisture. Even at this hour, in the soft growing heat, there are gossiping loungers on the benches round the square, talking over the paper or the last bull-fight at Seville. There are no listening, analysing sparrows about, and I hear no crush or roll of vehicles. I see none, and hear none. The city is as quiet as the country, but more cheerful and sociable. The waiter-looking servants, in the light jean jackets, exchange civilities, proverbs, and repartees, as they brush about in a playful, careless, Spanish way, at their masters' doors. Even now, early as it is, if you

were to go into the quiet shut-in cafés, you would find burgesses at dominoes; and as you sat at your coffee, would be pestered by the pedlars, who come in with their wares, and tease the habitués. You must observe, as you get into the bright street, the Calle Ancha (Broad Street), the pleasant light emerald-green used on the balconies and window-frames, and the general shine and glitter of gilding about the trellises, which seem as rich as bullion. At some of the doors are huge lions' heads, with gold rings in their mouths; though the place is but a packet-station, it was once the exchange; the court-yard is paved with marble; other doors are bossed with long coffin-nail bosses, and over some thresholds are strongly-cut helmets and deep bitten-in coats-of-arms. High up, too, cutting against the sky, are the celebrated miradores—flat-topped towers, which the Cadiz merchants build for various purposes—partly to catch the air, to smoke and read in, and chiefly as observatories to look seawards for their home-returning argosies.

But here come two Spanish ladies, going to early mass, with the inevitable old duenna—close, watchful and important as the nurse in Romeo and Juliet—at their heels; for this is a country where hearts are tinder, and sparks are always at hand. They look, as all Spanish ladies do to English eyes, full-dressed; so that a street full of Spanish ladies at the fashionable shopping-hour looks very much like an open-air ball-room. Their hair is glossy as a blackbird's wing;

soft, I dare say, to the lover's hand as a mole's fur. The mantilla gathers round on their shoulders in a cascade of blackness; and their black fans work and winnow in that enchanting manner which, it is said, takes seven years to learn. The Cadiz foot is a proverb—the Cadiz beauty is famous—the Spanish walk is an institution. These ladies float along; walking, as Juno does, on clouds; there is no stalking tramp here, no tremendous, vigorous exertion of muscles. No: there is only a gliding, a divine passage, not to be accounted for by vulgar mechanical laws. Just behind these comes a mule laden with twin altars of split firewood securely corded on his panniers, and followed by an old patriarchal muleteer, who gives one the impression of Abraham going up the mountain to sacrifice Isaac. The mule (the leader of a string of others) bears an immense bell, large as a coffee-pot, underneath its neck; its mane is cut into a pattern; it is branded in large letters with the owner's name on the left flank; it wears red bunches and turfs over its blinkers, and a great red-and-yellow tassel over its bent forehead. No wonder, with all these badges of distinction, that it leads somewhat proudly the train of mean and servile followers. After these comes a dust-cart, with a jolting bell stuck in its front; and after this a blind fellow playing a guitar, led by a Murillo-like child, who always contrives to pitch for the time near a fruit-stall, where a beggar-sort of vendor

peels prickly pears as quick as a fishmonger opens oysters.

The Cadiz Spaniards cling very much to their Carthaginian ancestors, to judge by the names of the Cadiz streets, which are, as in Seville, labelled Hamilcar, Hanno, Hasdrubal, just as we call our great London streets after our own great men—Bacon, Newton, Shakspeare, Cowper, Johnson—and not after our mere earthworm builders or unfortunate rich men. The Spanish street names are always sonorous or sacerdotal, ringing out with a processional majesty and stamp of empire about them, as the street of Manuel Henriquez, or the Rua de Villalobos; sometimes they have a mediæval solemnity and quaintness about them, as the Street of the Five Wounds, the Street of the Seven Sorrows, the Plaza Jesus-Nazaren, the Street of Saint Elmo (the sailor's saint), the Five Towers, the Rosary, the Pirates, the Doubloons, the Wine-Skins—all characteristic and suggestive names.

I even bought a little cobweb-map of the ham-shaped city, and jotted down the most picturesque and national names, as a warning to the nation that calls its streets King Street, and William Street, and Cannon Street, and such insipid names. I noted the streets of Consolation, of the Three Men, of the Cross, of Saint Dimas (the penitent thief), of God's Blessing, of Calvary, of the Capucins, of the Emperor, of the Flemings, of Saint Gines, of the Apple, of Hercules (founder of Cadiz), of Saint Ines.

But, then, these are not a whit more picturesque than those of old Paris, where there was the Street of the Armed Man; or of Naples, that has its Street of the Marble Foot; or of Rome, that has its Street of Madame Lucretia and the Three Robbers; or a certain old dirty brick Babylon, that, with all its Jones Terraces and Laburnum Villas, has still certain old-world nooks, fragrant with the names of Bleeding Heart Yard and Lillypot Lane, and certainly fragrant with nothing else. Cadiz, then, has besides these older streets its bran new squares, where the bands triumph and dominate, of summer evenings, on a green-shelved scaffold, under the light of golden-flowered lamps that scorn the sharp-rayed stars cutting the blue darkness above them. This is the square of San Antonio, with low stone seats all round it—low iron-backed seats, where you sit and tip off the white column of ash from your cigar against the end of your boot, and try and look as if you saw nothing as Pedro's cheek comes so very near the brown-redness of Juanna's, that you really wonder the fat, comfortable old burgess of a father, who is talking patriotism with the thin neighbour on the next seat, does not make some remark.

This is the square where, in sixteen hundred and forty-eight (there is no doubt in Cadiz about it), the figure of the saint came down from its pedestal (in a high wind) to succour and heal some poor stricken water-carriers. Nobody can disbelieve it, for there is

the clearest possible evidence (much more clear than about the Commandant's statue in Don Juan) that the saint was seen getting down from his pedestal and getting up again. Ask at any of those fizzling fried-fish shops, that flame purgatorially at night, and they will tell you, with any number of oaths you may require, that greater miracles have been done here than anywhere in Spain. Why, there was one local saint who was not quite sure if it was right to attempt to perform a miracle, and save a mason who was falling from a scaffold in the Franciscan church; so he went home and prayed to the Virgin, and the answer came that it was right. So off he posted back to the church, expecting to find the man dead, and intending to rub him all over with the great Arab doctor Ben Hollowaway's ointment. To his wonder and delight, he found the man, by the Virgin's aid, suspended in mid-air; and he stretched out his hand, and drew him back on the scaffold. But this is nothing; for Saint Vincent once swam down a river on a millstone, to which the Moors had tied him; which is the more wonderful, because the legend says, at the time he had in the pocket of his friar's frock a copy of the pseudo-religious poems of Don Martino Tuppeero. And even this is a trifle to the miracle of Father Joseph, of the Convent of the Bleeding Heart, at Seville; for he, one burning day in July, having forgotten the dinner-hour in the refectory, went out in the olive garden of the convent, and holding a raw beefsteak in his hand, held it to

the sun, which, focussing instantly upon it, cooked it in exactly three minutes. His absurd calumniators, indeed, hating and fearing truth, and materialists to a man, go so far as shamelessly to impugn the splendour of this miracle, and to assert that the saint took the steak out with him ready cooked—an assertion as impudent, we need scarcely say, as it is illogical and unphilosophical. But even this great proof of the triumph of our faith pales before the great and crowning proof of Christian charity, given us by Brother Lorenzo, of the Minorite Convent at Bilbao, who one day going into a vineyard to eat grapes and meditate alone (Nanita, of the neighbouring posada of Villa Dolces, is the witness of this miracle), held out his hand, as men do, to see if it rained: at that moment, a thrush from a neighbouring pomegranate-tree flew down and laid an egg in the cup of his hand, then accidentally hollowed into the shape of a nest. The holy man, praying for aid with divine patience, actually waited till the whole five eggs were laid and hatched; and the grateful bird, in the presence of Nanita and thousands of peasants, flew to the nearest fig-tree, changed itself into an angel, and sung the Nunc Dimittis, or Song of Simeon.

Now we stop to listen to the blatant outburst of the Verdi military music, which makes up by marrow-bone-and-cleaver violence in noise for what it wants in thought, tenderness, or genius, which includes all these requisites. And while I think over these

things, and compare San Antonio to Cockspur Street King George, who never does anything like that, I am suddenly found out as an Englishman by a picaroon boy, who lets out chairs and sells fusees. Having found this out, he sees no reason why I should pass unnoticed and ungreeted (he has only one shoe, and carries a tin pot for his money). He comes round to the back of my bench, grins at me, and says:

"Inglis, G— dam. I Inglis! How you do, sar? Very well thank you. All right: good night—you give me? Tank you—how you do—all right. Good-bye, sar."

Before I get well rid of this little human flea, I am accosted by a neatly-dressed fellow, in white trousers and black serge frock-coat. He begins by following me close, slowly creeping to my left side, then ostentatiously allowing me to pass; then watching my eyes, that turn to a list of voters pasted up at the post-office door; then as if I had asked him something, saying in good broken English, nodding and showing his teeth, as I turn round:—

"*I* know—I am Inglis. Born at Geeberalter, sar. Very good man, father, sar. Had ten children, sar. O very good Christian man, sar. He die, sar; mother die, sar; leave me all children to subsist on. Have saretificate, sar, here. You kind charitè full of; very full of, sar. Give me money, I go back to Geeberalter, sar—per l'amor de Dios—for Goddes sake. I spit blood, sar" (here coughs violently,

which is partly accounted for by a van of street sweepers, with broad cane brooms, approaching us, veiled in clouds of dust).

I look at the certificate, and find that it declares that Balthazar di Barbate "has suffered very much, has by ill events quite lost his respectability, and is now very ill-conditioned, with a pulmonary chest." I think the fellow has deserved something for following me through six streets, and, to my great subsequent regret—as I am immediately after warned against him—I give him a quarter-dollar.

But Cadiz has other scenes than its fine central street of green and gilt balconies, merchants' look-out towers, pierced doors, and pillared courts, where the silver of the fountain seems always trying to leap itself up into the semblance of twenty pounds' worth of change, and its gardens square, broad, and spacious, and fit for mantilla'd ladies, armed with black fans, and eyes that stab you through and through. There are long defiles of pleasant streets, where open-air store-shops try to attract you with rusty carbines old as the age of Cortes, dinted powder-horns, rows of scallop-shell castanets, tinsel fans, broad bead combs, golden-brown strings of dried flakey fish, old shoes, necklaces, relics, and rosaries. Here the seamen drink aniseed and fire-water, and utter their vehement beliefs, and here country girls stop and barter and gossip. I venture through Carthaginian-named passes, where no carts

go and mules seem never to trot, and chink and clatter to wide wastes, out by the ramparts, where the sea moans and complains because it cannot swallow the earth, as it wants to, and is only allowed to gnaw and nibble at the cliff and shore.

Perhaps I break out by some stranded-looking storehouse or deserted barracks, and come to the bull-ring, which the sea has undermined, and which will never more be safe. See the great brown Windsor stone heaps, the piles of rubbish in the crumbling amphitheatre, where bulls and men have often bled within sound of the great suffering moan of the sea, that has always, be it storm or calm, that great settled sorrow at its big heart, that dreadful dream of the Deluge, that complaint of its imprisoned genii.

It is in these seaward parts of the city, where the black lava-like Mediterranean dust which forms the road lies in great sifted heaps up against the stone heaps of the deserted bull-ring, inside the circus, no longer crimson with bull's blood or the gore of bronze-faced men, that you come to dreadful Spanish rookeries, where ghastly bearded ruffians, smoking in half-naked sprawling groups, scowl at you from the open doors, and where hideous leering women, in puffing white dresses, their black horsehair-looking tresses folded and looped with gold and pearl, greet you with horrid siren-kissing whispers from under the shadowy twilight of the tent-like matting that trails over the balcony,

or from the interstice of some coloured curtain that sweeps down over a mysterious window. It is in the "slums" and the behind-the-scene world of Cadiz—under these whispering windows, which seem innumerable, and beside these ruffian guarded thieves'-dens—that the strange motley masquerade of Spanish low life meets the Englishman's astonished eye. It is not on the four miles of sea ramparts, with the fire-tipped light-houses and fire-breathing forts, with their portly priests, tinsel soldiers, fantastic dandies, and ladies who seem to float on air or walk on clouds—that the traveller is to obtain his true notion of Spanish life. No; it is the rows of naked-legged fishers for red mullets, who balance all day with their long cane rods, with their backs to the fashionable promenaders, with a patience which has become proverbial, and who mutter prayers and talismanic adjurations to lure their dinner from the great, full-blooded, teeming sea: it is in the blind guitar-player, whom that sweet-eyed child leads every morning to the door of the Academia de Nobles Artes—where Spanish art starves in the old suppressed Capucin convent—where Essex (who had then his head very tight on) had his victorious quarters, and where much Canary was drunk, and many hearty English oaths sworn.

It is in the Plaza de Mina, once the garden convent, where monks once tended their little grave-plots of flowers between the buttresses, where the great dra-

gon-trees and the celebrated palm-grove once stood, and where now the Murillo children gnaw at melons, and wrestle and gamble with buttons, using religious curses and saints' names for abjurations. It is in the hospital, where those seven men who were stabbed the week I was there, turn groaning on their pallets, and renew their quarrels from bed to bed, till a bandage strains and breaks, and, with a gush of blood, the wailing thief, a curse on his pale lips, falls back and dies: an occasion seized by that stalwart black curly-headed wretch, with no nose and ulcerous lips, to utter the appropriate proverb of his country, "When one door is shut, another is open;" by which he means, that the next birth in Cadiz will make up for the last death. Is not that hard rattle-snake laugh hideous, that runs down the line of sick men's beds?

"Have you always this great number of knife cases?" I said, to the hard-faced doctor, who paced with me up the long hospital corridor, down which the soft sea air of Cadiz seemed to flow like an invisible and subtle liquid.

"Hombre. No, but last week the Solano wind was blowing: that sent up the mercury ball in a white thread Caramba, six degrees in one night. The cursed dry heat poisoned the city, and drove the hot-bloods mad. I was up all last night, looking at knife-cuts. Hombre. You should have seen some of them. You know the first slice in a shoulder of

mutton? Very well, then. By-the-by, have you eaten yet any of our famous gilt red-fish, with tomato sauce? It is a meal fit for the Pope."

If you really want to see and feel the extreme animal misery and poverty of Spanish low life, go to the great yellow-ochre Doric Casa de Misericordia, where one thousand beggars noddle their beards daily over their messes of smoking soup. There you will see every note in the long gamut and keyboard of poverty, from the robust fisherman, who seems hammered out of steel, to the little old man shrivelled and burnt up by the sun till he looks like an Indian idol hewn out of a black-red mahogany log. There, too, are those special Spanish children, with ape-foreheads, and claws for arms, with a vacant idiot knavery twinkling in their black beads of eyes. Spain once had its paladins and champions—once, its choppers-off of Moorish heads, and cleavers of Moorish hearts; but now it is peopled by padded, white-livered officers, intriguing in miserable little plots to subvert viler men than themselves; and atheistic priests, who sneer behind the altar at the dolls they play and juggle with. Unhappy indeed the country, where the nobles are in mind and body fit only for the nation's scavengers, and the scavengers in bearing and body are palpably Nature's nobles.

CHAPTER IV.

SHERRY.

"TIME flies," says the epicurean Idler of Cadiz, who is fond of proverbs; "meanwhile, take a boat."

I obeyed the proverb; and till the Xeres, or rather Port Saint Mary, steamer was ready (it was now puffing as if to test the strength of its lungs), I took a latteen-sailed boat, and skimmed over the luminous green water, which washed and rolled like so much tinted sunlight in the Bay of Cadiz, through which the red mullet steered and caracolled, like enchanted fish, laughing to scorn all those bare-legged fisher-boys, who (as I have described), with cane rods at least fourteen feet long, bob for them all day from the quay-ledges.

I was tired and burnt up with lounging about among the men in buff-coloured jackets and black and red scarves round their waists; with reading the lists of voters on the post-office wall; with cheapening green figs, the dew still on them; with talking to a Moor who sat on his counter grave as a Cadi, in rhubarb-coloured slippers; with watching the lazy

warehousemen on the quays throwing up golden red maize into dry pyramid heaps; and with looking at the rows of street-songs, all about guerillas and bull-fighters. So now, abroad on the delicious light-green water, in the trusty boat known as *La Bella Gaditana*, I lay on a seat, and paddled about my brown hands in the lukewarm waves that glittered and frothed about the boat.

There lies Cadiz, that new-built Venice, with its yellow and rose-coloured palaces, its tall miradores (watch-towers), where anxious Antonios sit waiting for the first sight of their Indian argosies; the flat eastern roofs, where the dons repose and smoke, and the donnas chat and sing; the yellow porcelain domes, so like mosques; the long dark batteries, like sharks' jaws, which are teethed with cannon; the barracks, and the hospitals. There they all are, crowding to the sea shore, as if to welcome some conqueror. It is a new and brighter Venice, trooping down to the strand to welcome some new Columbus who comes not yet. It is the city that our Essex sacked; in fact, the city of sack; that old admirals of ours, long since laid in pickle in the great salt sea in their laced waistcoats and cocked hats, have fired and frowned at a thousand times.

We must return. Friend Pepe puts me on board the Saint Mary steamer, that is now snorting angrily at delaying passengers; and snorting like a war-horse thirsting for the charge. I humour the mon-

ster, and go on board, Pepe saying "Ombre," I have paid him too little; but he laughs as he says it, and lights a cigarette, which he takes from the hollow rim of his black montero cap.

The boat is full of little cane cages of emerald-necked pigeons; frails of grapes, covered with vine-boughs, already drooping with the intense sun-heat; protuberant melons, the white netting over one of which I spend some time in trying to decipher; being quite sure it was a congeries of old Asiatic inscriptions, now unreadable except by afrites.

The deck is crowded with people: neat, thin, rather short men, in light summery jackets, and canvas shoes. One I observe in a yellow nankeen jacket, with black spots. All have the red faja (sash), and the round turban-cap. The richer, who wear white linen jackets, and leghorn hats lined with black, sit on their portmanteaus smoking, and are easy and courteous in their manner. There are a few real Andalucian dandies, with puce-coloured and chesnut-coloured jackets, the sleeves and edgings covered with figured velvet, their gaiters hung with leather fringes, like Indian mocassins, knives in their bright red sashes, and their leggings embroidered like those the Albanian wears. Of course there are frolicking brown children, that skim about like birds, and mothers and sweethearts by the dozen. The women have no bonnets, nothing but the graceful nun-like mantilla, drawn jealously over the face, or streaming

A FIGARO AND A ZULEIKA.

over the neck; long black rays (which the world calls eyelashes), darting from their passionate eyes, and black fans that never are still. Look at that Zuleika who sits on the low camp-stool, with her back to those immense oleanders planted in olive-oil jars which are going to Don Sanchez Montilla, the very wine-merchant of Xeres to whom I have letters of introduction in the ambuscade of my left-hand pocket. How beautiful she is!—not beautiful with the rose-blood of English beauty; but beautiful with a pale, spiritual light in her colourless brown face. Her black hair, profuse as Cleopatra's, is braided in loops round her ears, which are pink as sea-shells. A great gold pin, below her high comb of pierced tortoise-shell, fastens up her back hair. She has not those dangerous little side-curls gummed over the temple which the Spaniards call picardias (rogueries). There are blood-red cloves in her hair, and she trifles back the lace folds of her mantilla with her fan to prevent their being ruffled. She talks playfully with an old Figaro, who has a heavy club of a stick, with a brass lion couchant as a handle. Is she going to play at work: to net, to sew? No. She unfastens a bundle which she takes from her reticule: a luncheon of those famed Cadiz dainties, the "bocas de la Isla,"—small pink and white claws, torn from the living crabs that frequent the marshes of San Fernando. How she sucks and cracks them; caring no more about the maimed

creatures stumping about the marshes like so many armless Chelsea pensioners, than I do for the men who fell at Agincourt.

We touch the shore and hurry to the railway station, with one backward glance at the vessels laden with fragrant empty wine-casks; now soulless and disenchanted—no longer caskets of hope and love, joy, death, and madness, but mere hollow hooped-up barrels, yellow or red, lined with a dry crust of tartarous-looking dregs. The carriages are comfortable, and filled with wine-merchants and their clerks, returning from bathing at this port. We are now at Saint Mary's; which is the shipping port of the wine district of Cadiz. A demon scream, a champ as of a thousand horses, and we are away on the wings of the wind to the region of your nutty, full-flavoured, unbrandied Amontillado sherry—the golden juice I have so often held up to the light with ridiculous affectation of knowingness; the stuff, to use Binn's the wine merchant's affectionate phrase, "that Falstaff grew witty and racy on, and called his sherris sack—by which he meant the seco, dry wine of Xeres or Cheres." The guttural X rather teases an Englishman.

But Lord! to see, as Pepys would say, the dusty barrenness of the country! Why, it is mere white sun-baked turnpike road turned into fields; sprinkled here and there with patches of melons and tufts of the Indian corn just in tassel. The hedges are lines

of cactuses and prickly pears growing in a dry, bloodless, eccentric manner, and looking like spiky fish turned into vegetables; or — especially the prickly pear—like a collection of green hairbrushes that have stuck together at all sorts of odd angles, and so taken root.

But what are those hills of stony shifting chalk that look like railway embankments, and are studded with stunted green gooseberry-bushes? Those are the real sherry vines. One small shed of a station, and we are at Xeres.

I—disdaining a certain mild stupor and desire of sleep, which, even just after breakfast, will sometimes come over you in Spain—push past the expectant omnibus and a mosquito swarm of hungry boys who want to act as guides and show me the cellars (the bodegas), and toil up the city's long, hot streets, past clanging cooperages, blue-domed collegiatas, and long barrack wine-stores; past the flame-shaped battlements of the old Moorish citadel, now whitewashed. At last I reach the house of Don Sanchez Montilla, the great sherry wine-merchant —a house gay with gilt balconies and shaded windows.

A ring at the hall bell. A few words of Spanish, and I am at home with my kind friend, who, I find, is of Irish descent. He is a grave caballero; chivalrous in manner, a great smoker, but one who never sips his own wine but to select it or to reject. We

are followed, as we go towards the cool cellar (which is above ground, and entered from the garden court-yard) by his capataz, or head man, who is a quiet, shrewd-looking Asturian. The various cellars contain about four thousand casks. We entered the first; its gray, cool shadiness only here and there stabbed by a golden dagger of sunbeam, which pierced some stray chink. Pedro, the Asturian, follows us, with a long round deal stick, to the side end of which is attached a sort of tin extinguisher which holds about a wine-glass full. Don Sanchez himself (his father's name was Doolan) carries gingerly in his left hand a long stalked glass, which ought to have turned topaz colour, so many thousands of times had it received that tin extinguisher full of Amontillado—curious, dry, clear and generous.

We pass along rows, three deep, of casks, standing stolid in rank and file; cold in exterior; but their heart-blood warm as that of your grave Englishman. There they are, of all degrees of ripeness, and of all ages, from the green wine of last year, mere white sap, to the thirty-year old wine; fit drink for heroes, statesmen, and poets. They are all silent; there is no buzz of fermentation, no sign of the prisoned life within. A few chalk scratches indicate to experienced eyes their respective grades of age and merit. How can we tell the stripling of last summer from the veteran who has mellowed through twenty

summers? We shall soon see. Our foreign eyes are soon to be opened. The witch oil is to be rubbed on our eyes; we shall look round and awake in another country. We shall be like Thomas the Rhymer, who fell asleep at Ercildoune and awoke in Fairyland.

There is something judicial, far-seeing, and thoughtfully benignant in the eye of Don Sanchez, as he ejaculates in a low voice to Pedro,

"Toma!" (take), and he holds out the expectant glass.

In an instant Pedro lunges at a ten-year old cask, and whips the golden liquor into the glass. He hands it to me, and dashes out half a glass to wash it first, to prevent any extraneous chill, or taste of the last water the glass was cleansed with. I toss it off, and shake my head. I do not want to commit myself.

"Toma!" Fifteen years.

The next glass-full is flung away with regal recklessness to wash out the fifteen-year old.

I smack my lips and look thoughtful.

"Toma," again. Another sip; twenty years.

I hold up the glass and smile. I think that a safe game.

"But these are poor wines," says Sanchez. "Not yet cooked for the London market."

I nod to express that I know all about that. There was no taking me in.

Pedro smiles inside the extinguisher. I am afraid he sees through me.

Old tasters only sip the first glasses; for the old wines are shown last.

Five-and-twenty years.

Not to be done, I sip and hand it back to Pedro, who slips it back into the cask. This is too "curious" a wine to be thrown away. I almost wish I had drunk it.

Thirty years.

"I am safe now, and I assert that this is a very full-bodied, nutty wine, with a rich aroma and a wonderful bouquet."

"It is our best Amontillado; but, as you see, pale —a faint straw-colour. It is one of what we call our mother wines, with which we flavour and strengthen less favoured vintages. Pemartin nor Domique, nor even Garvey, nor Duff-Gordon, could beat that. It is Xeres wine, rich and pure. Pedro, fetch the doctor!"

"The doctor!" Was he afraid I should suddenly lapse into dangerous inebriety? I need not be alarmed. Pedro brings the doctor in a moment, in the shape of a glass-full of rich, treacly-looking liquid, like Tent.

"This is our boiled wine, which we employ for colouring. We do not use burnt sugar or any chemical infusion, and very rarely brandy. We do not use chemical means to obtain 'pale sherries,' for sherries

are naturally pale. The doctor sweetens, colours, and gives body. The English palate would not like our thin, raw, weak sherry; and we cannot drink your sherry, except as a liqueur after dinner; just as you take brandy after goose or plum-pudding."

I don't know what I did next; but I remember seeing a variety of different yellow colours, varying from straw to citron, luminous saffron, and deep orange: some thin, sharp-witted, and dry; others thick and fiery; some oily and sweet; others brown-red, and nectareous. There was the camomile flavour and the dry bitter; the aromatic and the musky. I learned to turn the wine-glasses into hour-glasses, and to decide which was the oiliest wine by watching the last drops race in two rival glasses. There was wine I could have written epigrams on, and wines that would have driven me to the grandest epic failures.

Don Sanchez, who considers my quotation of Falstaff's praise of sack, "decidedly clever," proposes a cigar and a bottle of Hock in the cool marble-paved hall.

Seated in rocking-chairs, softly cushioned, Pedro places before us two long, green bottles of the Rhineland wine, some tolosas (or sugar-cakes), and some fragrant Havannahs. "But," says Don Sanchez, diving into a side-pocket of his white linen jacket, "you must first try one of the cigars from my own petaca" (cigar-case made of coloured aloe thread).

You know the prime of our Cadiz youth go as merchants to Havannah, which is Spain's Hesperides. We, as old school-fellows, keep up correspondence, and now and then exchange the best Spanish wine for the best Havannah cigars. 'Spare no expense,' I say, 'but send me over the very best.' Here they are."

"Their age?"

"They do no good after one year. Then a cigar is in its prime. The sea-voyage mellows them as it does our sherry. They are expensive. Even at first price, and without any profit going to my friends, they cost me fourpence each. Judge what your London cigars must be."

"How many cigars does a tobacco debauchee smoke per day?"

"At the most a dozen. This is my seventh. This is the second time this has been lit. I see, you stare;—you English throw away a cigar after a few puffs, like the Dutch epicure, who said that, after two glasses, the bloom was off the bottle, and called for another. A Spanish smoker thinks, on the contrary, what you call rancidness is flavour, and likes a re-lit cigar. Shall I roll you a cigarette just as he does? Remember the *pecho*, or last burning puff of a cigarette, when the bit of paper all but scorches your lip."

"Do ladies smoke here?"

"No, it is thought a vice, like drinking, for

women; and the few who do it, do it by stealth. Try a cheroot?"

I took one.

"Excuse me—be a Spaniard for once. Never light a cheroot at the large end, but at the small; do not hold it between your teeth, but between your lips. To epicures these small things are important."

Our episodical discourse then fell upon cigarettes. The Don assured me that paper cigars were introduced partly from their cheapness, partly for their cleanliness and suitability for smoking at odd moments when there was no time for a cigar—at church-doors, for instance; before going into mass; in the market, over a bargain; at lunch, over a "nip" of aguardiente flavoured with aniseed; or between the acts of a sword-and-cloak comedy.

Then we drove back to the old high-road, and got again on wines. Did I remember the glass from the Saint Barbara cask, just after the brown-gold one in the Saint Antonio? That was real Amontillado. What was Amontillado? Where did it grow? Bless me! why, nowhere. It was an accidental quality, discovered by tasting. It had an almondy, dry, bitter flavour, which rendered it of rare value to mix, because I must clearly understand (and it was only fair to tell me) that English sherry was a chemical compound, made, like a French side-dish, of many ingredients, and of various ages and qualities of wines.

In Xeres there were five hundred thousand arrobas of wine—thirty of which went to a bota (butt)—made annually. This made thirty-four thousand butts, nine thousand of which were of first quality. Sherry is too strong and too dear for Spaniards, and too feverish for the climate. The best is, in Xeres, a dollar a bottle. The best in the bodega is worth from fifty to eighty guineas a butt; and, after insurance, freight, and sale charges, it stands the importer in from one hundred to one hundred and thirty guineas, before it reaches his cellar (say) in Belgrave Square.

"How many gallons to the butt, Don Sanchez?"

"About one hundred and twelve. This will bottle into about fifty-two dozen, and the duty is five shillings and sixpence the gallon. So you may form your own opinion about cheap London sherries, which are, generally, very 'curious' indeed—mere doctors' draughts, in fact, made up according to certain swindling prescriptions."

Here was a blow for my old friend Binns, who opens a bottle of forty-eight shilling sherry with the air of an antiquarian unswathing a mummy Pharaoh. Thought I, the next time the deluded man points to the oily stickiness of his glass, I will leap up, seize him by the white cravat, and say in a hollow voice:

"Binns! you are the victim of a life-long delusion; that stuff you drink, you think is the juice of Spanish grapes, plucked by men playing guitars,

and smoking cigars; you call it, in poetical moments, bottled sunlight, sunfire, and so on—bah!" (after the manner of Napoleon) "it is only a chemical compound made up of drugs and infusions, like Daffy's elixir or James's powder. It is cooked up with boiled, treacly wine, and brandy. It is a compound mixed from a dozen barrels, and made to order for a particular market. If the vines of Xeres grew till they got black in the face, Binns, they could not yield wine like your forty-eight shilling sherry."

The Don laughed, and said that certainly the sherry wine district was very small; not more than twelve miles square. Therefore, it could not yield honest wine enough even for half London. The sherry grape grew only on certain low, chalky hills, where, the earth being light-coloured, is not so much burnt—did not chap and split so much by the sun, as darker and heavier soils do. A mile beyond these hills, the grapes deteriorate. The older the plants the better, but the fewer the grapes.

There was something serenely contemplative in Sanchez, as he discussed with fatherly affection tin extinguishers full of Pedro Ximenes and the wine of Pajara; or the rare grape fluid grown at Mr. Dorney's pleasant villa of Maclarnudo, which Pedro tossed out in a legerdemain style, that reminded me of a conjuror's trick. We rocked and sipped in the cool, quiet hall, where the perpetual fountain measured itself out like a Danaïd's bottle ever decanting.

Heat and glare were fenced out; we were cool and shaded by the green arches of the ribbed banana-leaves that tossed themselves over our head. The cicalas outside on the aloes and dusty olive-trees spun and sung in a sharp, shrill drone, like the buzz of a spinning-wheel, or as if they were chafed by the sun. A pecked locust shuffled about in the dust at the door. The only restless life near us was a chamelion in a small cane cage. Oh! what a monster that was! mixture of toad and lizard, with rough, spiked, brown skin, and large head like a perch. If you pushed it, it opened its fleshy red mouth, and hissed in impotent rage. Its eye projected from the head in a small cone of leathery skin, which came to a point, and was generally closed like a telescope out of use, but sometimes slid back like the lid of a night-glass, and disclosed a shining and revolving bead, maliciously dull, yet twinkling with a certain latent mischief and spite, like the eye of a dwarf eunuch. Sanchez tried to make it change colour by wrapping it in a crimson silk handkerchief; but, like a restive "phenomenon," it would not go through that performance.

"It is an idle, quiet life," said Sanchez, filling my glass and dismissing Pedro, who had work to do in the cooperage, "with its measured occupations and siesta-sleep at noon. First thing after breakfast, I mount the Arab stallion you shall presently see, and ride out to my farm and vineyards. The way out to it lies up the Street of the Idols. I look at the men,

give directions, and return. Then comes siesta and dinner; in the evening, music with my sisters, cards, or a read at the Casino, and bed. Sometimes, I ride out to Port Saint Mary, and bathe. I am fond of pictures, and play sometimes at billiards."

I asked about the labourers — if they worked hard.

No. They had a respite, for a cigarette, once an hour. Had two hours for dinner, so that they might sleep.

Here he clapped his hands, as people do in the Arabian Nights, and Pedro appeared, like one of Aladdin's afrites when he rubbed his ring. At a signal (Sanchez was too lazy to speak) Pedro re-appeared with a large Moorish water-jar, so cool and porous that its stony surface was covered with a thick pearl-dew. A mysterious case accompanied it, which was so small that it seemed a sort of page to the big bottle.

"Toma, amigo mio," said Sanchez. "This is our home-made Spanish brandy; take care, it is strong."

Strong! it flew through my blood like electric fire. It seemed to scorch my lips; it made my eyes water; and all with a spoonful.

"There," said Sanchez, "that's what we could make, if there was a demand for it. We could easily give it more flavour: indeed, I have no doubt that we could even rival the French champagne, by using unripe grapes with the dew on them."

I felt glad, for a moment, to put into such a quiet haven as this; far away from those ceaseless cries of "A-gooa," shouted like insults, and that ceaseless patter and stumble of fruit and charcoal mules, cheered along with the unintermitting "A-r-r-r-è, A-r-r-r-r-è," and the sound thwack of cork-sticks. Here, I was far from the screams of green and crimson paroquets in glistening gilded balconies; out of ear-shot of castanet rattle and guitar twang; decanting, with thoughtful pleasure, a glass of scented vine-juice from the choicest Hock district of the Rhineland. A tree, with the beautiful name of "the Dancing Shade," moved timidly at the grated window, where grapes hung, and terracotta pomegranates poised and swayed. For a moment I thought, Happy is the man who can give his life to the noble object of concocting wines. I fell into a revery, and when I turned, Don Sanchez gave a start, and made me a low bow, worthy of the Don of Dons himself.

"I am afraid," he said, "I was what Spanish wits call 'fishing,' that is, nodding like old gentlemen after dinner. The steady burning of a Xeres noonday is too much for any one. In a stand-up fight it beats down all pluck and resolve, except when one is just fresh from leaving England, the real country for the utmost strain of bodily and intellectual exertion; and where, with all its faults, as Charles the Third, one of your kings, said" (Sanchez had grown quite a

Spaniard), "there were more days really available for exercise than in any other country. Come, and let us go over the house."

So up the broad marble stairs we went, and into the long, richly-furnished rooms, crimson-cushioned like the divan of the Sultan Shalabala of fairy-book celebrity; the walls not hung, but hidden with a patchwork of indifferent pictures — poor family portraits of a livid and carrion colour; for art is very low in Spain: extravagant effects of light; views of trees in a liquorice fog; and a few Damon and Phyllis scenes, that seemed all in a blue mould, so livid was their simpering gaiety. Still, in spite of El Tio Tom (Uncle Tom) that lay in state on a loo-table, and in spite of illuminated books of devotion, Pickwick, and some books of seguidillas, the deserted rooms, though the sunshine did pour in hot and strong, were rather deathly and melancholy. The piano, covered up with brown holland, looked like a large sarcophagus, and the pictures had a painful, hopeless way of lifting up and down with a flap when we opened the white and gold doors. I never saw such a hospital of art, I think, before, not even at the London Pantheon. There were the works of the great imitated with every fault exaggerated: blustering vulgar Salvator Rosas; invisibly black Poussins; expressionless Raphaels; simpering Murillos; loathsome Brauwers; meretricious Greuzes. There was only one beautiful thought in all this menagerie

of art, and that shone out like a star. It was a head of Christ, with a pitying angel's hand removing the crown of thorns; but never did I see the sorrowing forgiveness of a martyr shine out of such suffering, saintly eyes. It was only a sketch, however, perhaps thrown off by Guido to pay some gambling debt.

Again we went down in the court and chatted.

I am lost in admiration of the quiet sleepy orientalism of this scene, and listen, with half-shut eyes, to the quiet, hopeful prophecies of Spain's future, that Don Sanchez is enunciating; the splashing fountain—his pleasant chorus—running on in a gay rippling treble; a clock in the adjacent dining-room rings out the hour with such a silvery clearness, that every stroke seems to puncture me as with a fine gold needle; rousing, but leaving no wound.

I leap up, nearly upsetting the green hock-bottles; and, so startling the usually imperturbable Don Sanchez, that he drops his cigar.

"I shall lose the train," I said, chafing to depart.

"Wait till Mañana," said the dilatory Spaniard, who never hurried.

Was he sure the train went at thirty minutes past four?

"Che sabè? (Who knows?) Antonio, look at the train-bill." Oh! the idle Moor!

No, I had still ten minutes to waste.

"O jalah," said the Moor; "would it were forty. Come, look at my Arab—Maugraby."

We went through groves of oranges and spice-smelling bushes; past kitchen gratings that smelled vociferously of garlic, to the stable where Maugraby, branded on the right flank in large scorched letters, S. M., churned and fretted. Its large liquid eyes turned towards us as we entered; and, as I said "Ajour" (the Spanish-Moorish adieu), looked almost sadly, as I thought, at me.

I just saved the train, and rushed back in a white cloud to Cadiz; thinking of what the Don had told me, as a fervent Catholic and from long experience, that there were signs of awakening in Spain. Education was increasing; indeed more children, taking the per-centage, were educated in Spain than England. There were hopes of constitutional government. The dry bones began to stir and come together. The great country that had once ruled the world, that kept one armed foot in Flanders, another in Germany, while she held America in her arms, and threatened Africa with her glance, may again revive, and stand like a freeman among the nations.

The train stopped. "Cadiz!" cried a voice at my elbow; I looked up and saw again the "Silver plate," as the sea-washed city is called, bright and happy, before me, with the yellow dome of its cathedral, its coloured walls and watch-tower miradores.

As I passed down the Delicias, towards the Alameda and Blanco's Hotel, the lamplighters were

beginning to flit about with their ladders and lighted linstocks. The great sentinel palm-trees at either side of the Delicias steps, were cutting their dark and drooping shapes against the rose, and orange, and pale emeraldine chrysolite of evening. The strange, husky-bandaged stems were dark as ebony pillars. The Ave Maria was over; but the love-making and fan-signalling had only just begun. There was Guzman, pretending to fan Inez, and Lola signalling to Perez: as for old Pedro, he was enjoying the fresco, quite unaware how near that scape-grace Juan was to his pretty niece Caterina.

On the low stone benches with iron backs that faced the public walk, there was a great gathering of honest, portly, burgesses, with their graceful daughters; jovial priests, with their long rolled hats; and lively, proverb-quoting majos, with the cups of their caps full of spare cigarettes. It was pleasant, strolling there on the Cadiz Alameda, under the dusty, burnt-up acacias, and in the purple hush of the evening, to hear the surf far away out beating against the Puercas (hogback) reefs.

I do not particularly recollect getting into bed, but I know I dozed uneasily to the chorus of a clump of mosquitos, who were all repeating, like the ghosts of so many Master Bettys, that great eulogium of sack which Don Sanchez had patronisingly pronounced as "decidedly clever."

"A good sherris sack hath a twofold operation in

it. It ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the dull and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgeitive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered over to the voice, become excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood, which, before cold and settled, leaves the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face," &c.

Here I fell asleep soundly.

CHAPTER V.

SPANISH DINNERS.

It may be interesting to uneasy philologists to know that Ham settled in Spain. It was the splendour of the pork brought that great patriarch to Spain; at least, so the great Himmelbogen thinks. *Vide chapter thirty, section ten, Leipsic edition,* 1604.

A certain dead traveller speaking (when alive) of Estremadura, the country of aromatic sheep-walks and acorn-eating swineherds, where the locust is indigenous, and in summer the air is musical with the soft cooing of the Barbary pigeon, says, with epicurean exultation, "Montanches (Snakes Cliff), snug in its saucer of hills, is the capital of the pork world." You approach the place by an old Roman road covered with cistuses and with huge trees growing out of the pavement, that leads from Merida to Salamanca, and is marked by Roman milestone columns. The Duke de Arcos used to feed his pigs here on vipers, on which they marvellously fattened. Here the Duke de Saint Simon, that king of memoir-writing, ate and praised the little vermilion hams,

with the admirable perfume and the *goût* so exquisite and so refreshing. The fat is like melted topaz. The flavour defies language. The Montanches hams surpass the sweet ham of the Alpujarras, the bacon of Galicia, and the chorizos of Pique. Now the fact is, the Spaniards being spare livers and rough travellers, like bacon as a travelling portable food. It suits the burning climate because it will keep, and is always ready to be cooked. It ranks with the salt codfish as a national food. They bring you bacon in the Alpujarras that is scarcely pickled at all, but preserved by hanging up in the snow—a kind of food the traveller will probably remember when the kiln-like scorched mountains and purple defiles are long forgotten; for the human stomach has a fine memory. I, myself, have forgotten a thousand acts and looks that I should have printed and burnt in on the red-leaved tablets of my heart; but shall I ever forget the tender pink of those thin ham slices Dolores cut for me at the Alhama inn, after my hard day's riding, when I dreaded they would slit up some old pack saddle, fry it in black grease, and call it bacon? Shall I ever forget the curdy snow whiteness of the outside fat, and the soft cream colour of its inner shadings? In the midst of the hard fare of Spain, how it made me long for the flesh-pots of the Club kitchen, how it made my eyes water, recalling to me in a dream that night one of those unctuous London eating-houses, where a greasy steam trickles ever

oozily down the window glass, where the soup vapour gushing up the grating is strong enough to feed a Yorkshire school with, and where the curious eye, looking through the door, distinguishes a comely buxom maiden armed with a perfect cimeter of a knife, who must be Judith, and a huge sultan of a man in white with a conical nightcap on, who must be the fat Holofernes, on whom Judith is about to operate; though she is at present only experimenting horizontally on a quivering round of beef. I awoke the next morning hungry from that sumptuous and stimulating dream, but I never saw that ham again: not to me, wanderer from the far west (W. C. district of the metropolis), was it any more given with fond eyes to see that precious and only too transitorily beheld ham. My breakfast was a light and inadequate one of a butterless roll and four unripe prickly pears. If at that moment I could have met with one of those "Bath chaps" they advertise in London windows, it would have been the worse for that chap. I rode off lighting a cigar and parodying Tom Moore, "I never loved a tender ham," &c. That ham and I were separated never to meet again. I always pitied the Moors because they never could eat ham or drink sherry, the two best things Spain, that lost country, the dunghill of dead greatness, produces; and which, while the Cid and the great Captain, Columbus and Isabella, Quevedo and Cervantes, Calderon and De Vega, have passed into road-

dust, alone remain unchanged and unchangeable—objects for gastronomic pilgrimage.

If ever I undertook, what I think some day of undertaking, an epicure's journey in search of pictures and dinners, I will first go to Dunstable for its huge larks, and to York for its clotted snow cheeses; to Finnan for its haddocks, and Penzance for its pilchards; to Chedder's rocky pass for its curdy cheese; to the South Downs for their ortolans; to Jersey for its conger-eel soup, and to Whitstable for its pulpy oysters, delicious as those that the old Roman used to call "the Ears of Venus," and which were found in the blue bay of Naples, the mirror of that goddess.

The pomegranate salads of Spain I did not taste, and much do I regret it; but I must say that, though the red-cored pippy fruit may throw a pleasant acid halo about the shred lettuce blandly luminous with golden oil, the fruit itself is a most ugly and disappointing thing in real life. I remembered how the Arab poets used to liken the mouths of their Oneizas and Leilahs, when the white teeth showed between their vermilion lips, to the seeds of a chapped pomegranate. Directly I got into a Spanish market-place I ransacked every stall for this precious vegetable, which seemed to hide from me behind the fiery orange heaps of tomatoes. I was helped by my kind young subaltern friends, Driver and Spanker, now on furlough from Gib: brave young spirits always ready

to shed their blood or drink beer for their country's honour.

Suddenly ceasing to sing, the sly trader passes his hand with juggler quickness over the different compartments of his stall, repeating the name of each fruit. I start as he touches one very unpromising lot, which stands next to the green figs, and cries, "Pomegranates of the first excellence, Caballeros"—nasty earthy round fruit, not unlike the hand-grenade, to which they gave the name, with a rind like an unpolished shell or the half-baked crust of a doughy meat pie. You split them, and discover nothing but white bean-like seeds, set in a red pulpy flesh of a pleasant sour taste—so much for the metaphor of the Arab poets. It must be a very burning country to make one take much pleasure in so deceptive and unsatisfying a fruit. What! can this be the fruit of the red-blossomed tree, with the glossy leaf? No: this is only our old friend the disappointing apple of Sodom, made so much of by the poets as a symbol of whited sepulchres.

And now as I have begun, capriciously enough, with the dessert of the Spanish dinner, let us discuss the figs, having first scooped out the sour, red fleshy seeds of the pomegranate, and thrown them on the dunghill of contempt, to use a true Oriental form of speech. Now there are the green figs and the purple figs. The green fig is a little shrivelled green bag of a fruit, looking like the bladders from which the

old artists squeezed their colours. Eaten with the early dew on it, it is a thing to remember: and many a morning have I strolled down the rough street leading to a Spanish market-place, taking side-looks, as I passed, in at morning masses, where the incense was breaking out in gusts of ambrosial fragrance, sweet as the meadows of Asphodel, that it was given to our blind poet to see and sing of. There they are, like so many bloated greengages, side by side with their darker blooded Moorish kinsmen, who wear the royal purple—a purple a little ashy, and cold as of dulled unpolished porphyry. But such bags of cloying sweetness! For all that, you soon fall from them satiated, and long for the sour stimulus of a juicier and keener fruit. As for the melons, they melt to golden liquid directly your lips close on them, and you bless the lush plains of Valencia, where all the best melons of Spain come from. The melon always seemed to me a sort of lotus fruit, moulded out of consolidated sunshine—iced sunshine; for it is endowed with a concentrated cool sweetness that makes a pine-apple a mere baked potato beside it. I always used to wonder, when I saw a brawny, bare-chested mendicant, squatted down at a church porch, just outside the greasy, heavy leather curtain, and within ear-reach of the great pulse of the organ that jars the quire, and makes even the vast stone columns answer with a ghostly echo of Amen—to see, I say, this brown tough beggar, with his round

head close shaved, as the Andalucians are used on account of the heat, dining with supreme content off a mere pink section of melon, as large as the bottom of your hat. Here is a dog, who could pull a bull down by the horns, drive his knife through a three-inch plank, yet he nourishes his "robur" and stamina on half a pink melon, brought from that moist province, where the mocking proverb says, "The trees are grass, the earth water, the men women, and the women—nothing." Yet on that, or bread dipped in a cow's horn of oil, and another of vinegar spiced up with hot green pepper, garlic, and salt, that dog will toil all day in the Castle of Solomon copper-mine in the Cabeza Colorada, where the stalactites are emerald and amethyst; will sweat at the olive press or the grape crushing, and wander home at night, not pale, fretful, and collapsed, but merry and gay, ready to go mad at the distant tinkle of a guitar, and to beat his hands sore keeping staccato time to the Cadiz cachuca. I, who only yesterday saw an Englishman double up and pack on his fork for one calm mouthful about four square inches of red roast beef, think we lay far too much stress on the necessity of heavy eating. The Arab, on his rice diet, scourged the shrinking world. The Roman soldier, on his sour wine and vinegared bread, mapped out Europe with his roads. Perhaps to produce unlimited cotton prints, a beef diet is indispensable; but for what else?

The Spaniard who wears the Moorish turban still

or its effigy—who carries the Moorish javelin turned to a stick—who lives in Moorish court-yards—who uses Moorish words, blessings, and curses — who covers his streets with Moorish awnings—who uses the Moorish boat, and hunts bulls like the Moors used to, lives still on the rough food of that Roman soldier—the bread soaked in oil and vinegar, the bread salad, so refreshing and healthy in a burning climate, where the oil stands for the most ethereal fat you can feed the stomach flame with, and vinegar for the destroyer of thirst and purifier of the blood.

Beware, O traveller in Spain, of your unbridled English appetite—cut not those stewed quails that smell so of garlic—dismiss untouched those gravel-walked white fish—return that brown pad of steak with the crisp potato wafers and the savoury, brown, bubbly gravy—all of which, with certain cameo pats of butter, oval white rolls, crackly toast, coffee, &c., Don Hieronymo, your landlord, expects you to eat for breakfast, on this baking morning, in the great city of nuts—Barcelona.

You awoke, say, an hour ago, with the hot air puffing in at your glass door of a window, fanning the mosquito curtains of your bed that cage you in, and calling you in a hot, angry whisper to rise, "or be for ever fallen." Just as you turn in the hot trough of your bed, the clump of your boots on the red-tiled floor outside your bedroom decides you to get up with a sudden stoic spring and somersault, think-

ing of the old sea proverb, "The man who is always wanting to turn in will never turn out anything."

The cold floor against your feet acts as a tonic, and drives you to fresh stoicisms with cold water, for which you mentally applaud yourself. You dress, and go down to the breakfast-room; stopping, half way down-stairs, to read the following card nailed against the wall:—

"VINCENT HOTEL OF TANGIERS.

"Travellers will find excellent accommodation and cookevy. *The* guides and *the* dogs for *the* sportmen."

Pepys' Tangier!—Tangiers that we got in dowry for Charles the Second with Katherine of Braganza. I must go there. As I say this I button up my coat to express determination, and suddenly look up and find a waiter watching me, who, seeing me, smiles, and calls out, "All raite—all raite. I know Inglis—the room of the breakfast—primo al derecho—furst to ze raite. Good evening, Señor. All rayte, Señor."

You reach "the room of the breakfast," and find a large, bare, square hall, with enormous windows opening from roof to floor, and leading to a balcony. Pleasant sounds and cries steam up to you from the street—pleasant sounds because new sounds—voices that lull and soothe you with new hopes, and numb and silence the ceaseless clamour of the old worm in the heart core—the worm that never dies. There

are cries of water-sellers and fruit-sellers—of boys with fire for cigar-smokers and of the jangling tin box of itinerant mendicants—strings of donkeys, of course, careering horses, a church procession, an eleemosynary guitar, some street jugglers that would be hissed in Southampton Street, and some stormy, gusty drums belonging to the shining steel bayonets, whose tops I can just see. Above all a great Titian sky, billowed with foam-white cloads, *voilà la scène.*

It is early yet. Still there have been, I should say, from the table, half a dozen breakfasts already. You can tell this by the dashes of raspberry-vinegar-looking wine in the tumblers, the glasses of water, the broken rolls, the dorsal bones, like arrow-plumes, of the whitings, the crusted brown water-mark lines in the chocolate cups, the golden green grape-skins, the testamentary melon rinds with the aforenamed Arabic inscriptions all over them, left for future vegetarian Layards.

Presently, my breakfast—the one I described (do not be afraid, I am not going to describe it again) comes in. A divine power of appetite comes to me. I do not follow my own advice. I decapitate eggs with what apoplectic effects I will presently relate. I gash the steaks as if they were cut from enemies I had slain in battle. I anatomise the fish. I toss off the coffee. I part the rolls. I smile round me benignly, and feel happy. "Heart full and eyes full—bad," says the proverb; "but head full and

stomach full—good, good:" and now, having laid sure foundations for a long day's work, and filled the hopper with material for all hands to go on with (I keep no cats that do not catch mice, and for idle stomachs or idle hands Satan still finds work in fretting or backbiting, if not in stealing), I prepare for the playful dessert that always concludes a Spanish breakfast. I turn to the great central altar of an epergne that, decorated with flowers, gives the table rather an operatic character. I toy with a fig or two—trifle and unstring a bunch of grapes. I peel a melting slice of melon, and lastly, following the national custom—very refreshing and anti-feverish it is—I drink two tumblers of sparkling water, just blushed with wine, large inky decanters of which stand on the table. I had done, I felt, what the Reverend Mr. England expected every one to do—his duty—his Sunday duty.

All breakfast time I had been watching Forty-winks, the great traveller, who, with sanguineous face, sat opposite to me, plunging into Spanish conversations, and performing in them wonderful feats of agility by leaping from one language to another. I delighted to listen to the contrast of the sharp, clear cut Castilian with the soft, gliding, kissing, lover-like Andalucian. I never quite settled that *th* question. At Toledo they laugh at you if you say Saragossa; they call it Tharagotha. Yet at Seville they quiz you for saying Granada, when it should

be Granatha; at Malaga again I got soundly rated for calling Andaluz Andaluth, when I should have said Andaluce—but then the correction came to me as I was walking between two Spanish ladies, and the scorn came from such rosy lips, the contempt from such twilight eyes, the critical laughter from such coral caves, that I could have wished to have had a week of such pretty scolding: and as I walked up and down in that summer dusk along the crowded parade, within sound of the sea, that seemed to murmur solos and dirgeful themes between the hurricane tornadoes of the band, as I walked in an endless ebb and flow of priests, officers, and nun-like ladies in black, under the lamp-lit trees, where the water-seller plied his innocent trade and the very peasants, in their hussar-jackets, shirt sleeves, and close-cropped heads, were grave, courteous, and sedate, I fancied myself in a quiet side-walk of the Elysian fields, walking between Dante's Beatrice and Shakspeare's Rosalind,—those blessed queens of the world's dream-women.

But let me get to the fatal symptoms of that apoplectic breakfast. Shall I ever forget that numbing sleep that came over me within an hour; that dreadful lotus-eating indifference to labour; that tendency to look for a sofa and to go into a hot, steaming sleep which seemed the precursor of a fever; that pinching at my liver; that full-blooded face; that thirst and reptile torpidity; that terrible conviction that I had

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made a mistake and had better have breakfasted off a mere slice of melon, a roll, and a cup of fat brown chocolate-paste. I never sinned again, however, and Apoplexy left me to go and throttle a fat canon in the next street, which served him (the canon) right.

But I must get on to dinner,—Spanish dinner, a thing as peculiarly national as liquorice, oranges, or garlic. As for lunch (*lonch*, as they call it), it is a mere social accident, not an institution at all; it is just an impromptu affair of rolls and butter, grapes, and melon, eaten with wine-and-water interludes in a room closely blinded up as if the landlord were just dead. But dinner—dinner—is "something like," as Spanker used to say.

I am in that Fonda Londres (Seville) in the Plaza Infanta half an hour before the mesa redonda (table d'hôte) begins; the hour being five, you may easily guess what the half hour was. I am off after dinner to see the house of Pontius Pilate, then to the Government pottery, and then to the cannon-foundry, so have ordered horses to the door at six, and am waiting for my bill which I want to scan over.

"Notta" they call the bill, and a notable bill it is. The waiter brings it on a tray, the charges are so heavy. It is one yard long, imperial measure.

"Let me overhaul it," says Spanker, who prides himself on his complete knowledge of the Spanish language. "I'll knock some of it off. They won't do me. I know a thing or two. I'm too much for

them. They 've got a rummy customer to deal with in Spanker of the Buffs."

I handed it.

"'Labandera,'—lavender. Oh, that's washing—'sixteen reals.'

"'Pollo'—That's chicken—'eight reals.'

"'Pan.'—By Jove, what's Pan to do with it? Oh yes, bread; yes, yes—'one real.' I say, old man, send some one to my digging for my dictionary. What the d—— do they mean by 'Cuarto-quarto.' Four? Oh, no. I see. 'Room sixteen reals.' That's too much.

"'Two Amontillados; twenty-eight reals.' That's sticking it in, rather; but let it go!

"'Twelve Cigarros; eighteen reals.'

"'Two Convidadas comer;'—two fellows to grub. That's me and Driver;—'twenty-four reals.' Knock four off that.

"'One something roto.' What's roto? Oh, roast. Ah! so it is, roast. Yes, of course, roast. 'One roast vaso,'—whatever that may be; 'five reals,'—too much.

"'Caballos and horses.'—Caballos is horses; 'three hundred and twenty reals.' By George! Oh, yes, that's for your two days' ride.

"'Almuezzo,'—breakfast—'eight reals.' Why, that's more than the Fonda Minerva at Granada."

"Fonda Minerva," smiled the waiter, "I know Casa, Numero 40. Carrera de Genil, Acera de Darro, Gomez de Brigand."

"Exactly," said Spanker, "right as a guide-book. But who asked you to clap your oar in, old fellow. Shut up!" (voice of thunder.) Waiter dropped the tray on my toes.

"'One Botella Xeres; fifteen reals.' Oh, it's all right enough. Put pago (*paid*), waiter; one cannot bother all day about the cursed items."

Till dinner came I and Spanker amused ourselves by smoking at the door, or on one of those low stone-seats with iron backs that, interspersed with orange-trees and iron lamp-trees, parade round the square. Behind us lay the hotel with all its windows gasping open, and its green side-blinds lying back against the wall.

"Just look," says Spanker, exhibiting a card, "what an infernal rascal, named Tomas Rodrequez, who calls himself interpreter to the hotel, has just put in my hand. 'List of curiosities in the City of Seville Cathedral, percussion-cap factory, mint, pottery.' Here's a jumble. What do I care for percussion-caps, or mints, or potteries. I swore yesterday I would not go into any more cathedrals, or look at another picture. If a man has his weed and his horse —but, I say, old man, what are you going to do to-night?"

"Look here," I said, taking up the little paper—The Voice of Liberty—"here is a baile (ball) to-night at Don Manuel de la Berreràs, at half-past nine; entrance fifteen reals. There are to be

dances of society of the nation. It is in the elegant saloon."

"Elegant saloon! I know it—Gammonio! Tarifa Street."

"All the best boleras are to be there, and several gipsies and cantadores of the highest fame, and Don Manuel has spared no time or sacrifice in order that the dances shall be executed with the proper splendour and brilliancy."

"Old rogue! He used to keep the Hotel Central, Caes de Sodre, Lisbon, in that little sea-side square, where the dial and the pimento-trees are. Didn't he stick it in for pale-ale, ask Driver, when we get to Gib?"

"A curious people this," said I, pointing to an advertisement in the paper, headed by a black cross, and the letters R.I.P.A. "Don —— public scrivener, his sons Don Francisco, Don Juan, Don Manuel, and Don Carlos, sons of the said Don Pedro de la Torre, beg that those who have not yet received notes will assist at the funeral which, for the eternal rest of Don Pedro's soul, will be celebrated to-morrow (Sunday) at eight and a half in the morning, in the parish of St. John the Baptist, of the Palm, from whence the body will be carried to the public cemetery of San Fernando, for which favour they will remain indebted. Street of the Holy Spirit, Numero, 20."

"Shall we go and help bury the old bloke?"

"What, at half-past eight in the morning? Catch me! Lieutenant Spanker up in the morning's no for me. The man who stirs early, Tom Hood said, 'was a spoon!'"

"Devilish good of Hood. Was that Hood who tied such a good cloth, fellar we used to call 'Pod' at Eton, because he was so podgy?"

"I think not. Well, but here, Spanker, is an advertisement more in your way. 'The Society of Athletes and Acrobats, Bull Ring, Seville. Sunday. Weather permitting.'"

"Sunday; that's wrong. But here they pull a man up if he reads the Bible."

"Illustrations: a fool with a jackass on his shoulders, dancing on a very low tight rope."

"I can't swallow that, old fellow. Fact?"

"You observed in the funeral notice the deep religious tone of faith, and the curious mixtures of ceremonious address. It is the same here; 'Don Hieronymo de Villafranca thanks the illustrious and gallant population of the loyal and glorious city for their favours and promises.' All this, just hear it, reads like a country circus placard."

"Let me look over you," said Spanker; "I think you're humming me."

"'Brilliant symphonies by all the band. The Sylphs and the Satyr. Egyptian Pyramids. The Escapada reel, by the Miraculous Maiden, on the tight rope. The Giralda of Seville. The Carib

Exercises. The Russian Mountain. Feats by the Youths of Barcelona. To end with the Two Minstrel Brothers, in which the Count de Foja, a town near Naples, will seek his lady, who is taken by the bandits, at the head of a troop of men disguised as tumblers. Open at three; commence at half-past four. Seats, six reals.' —— Hallo, there's the waiter squalling to us for dinner."

Dinner is a solemn thing, with thirty heads at once in thirty soup plates; waiters, in pink and yellow jackets, skimming about like butterflies. Ox-tail is being put out of sight. Vermicelli twines its white Medusa hair for me and Spanker. The table is gay with stands of fruit, flowers, and small dishes of almonds and ratafias, which a little attorney, who looks like a plump spider, ogles already ogreously. There is a curious superstition of putting the dishes for a moment on the table, and then removing them to be carved and distributed in rotation by the waiters. If you see the dissected chicken and water-cresses passing round to your next neighbour, while you are still at your soup, tremble, for you will be the loser of this race. Everywhere round the table (as in other scenes of life nearer home), I see a dozen faces, gluttonously greedy, selfish, and rapacious, trying to look philosophically calm and unconcerned. One would think that a large prize had been offered to the man who should first finish dinner, and yet not forget to taste every dish. Plain joint of my

country, over-roasted by plain cook of my country, I despise ye. Here is a flower-bed of dishes. Stewed snails; I let them pass. Broccoli alone, in a sea of butter. I don't seem to see it; no more does Spanker, who is getting warm in the race, and would, if I did not stop him, madly call for champagne, to be "in silver goblets quaffed," regardless of expense. Now tear by us, ducking in and out, the serried waiters, putting in for shelter to temporary bays. There is veal, in warm brown slices, lapped, fiery and deliciously, in tomato sauce. There is wild duck, with a fine savagery in its flavour. There is roast beef; and between duck and beef, a capricious mockery of sweet custard and burnt sugar. Then comes a partridge, and more fowl and more veal, just as if the cook, in an exhausted syncope of imagination, had given over invention, and, like our modern dramatists, began again with the A, B, C of his art. Now there is a rush, cautiously violent,—like the rush of despairing sailors to the spirit room,—to the sweetmeats; a fierce, but playful dipping for lots into the ratafia dishes; then a wiping of beards and lips with wet napkins; a drawling and tossing back of chairs, and we are done, all but a group of three English bagsmen, defiantly at their ease, who have just come in, and, without bow or greeting, are beginning, da capo, at the soup.

Now, all this dinner-time, I have been trying to enlarge my knowledge of Spanish gestures. An

Italian once told me that in five minutes with Signor Rossini he had observed him use forty-two gestures. Now, I am sure the Spaniards have far more gestures than the Italians. Gesture is the telegraph language of a hot, lazy country; it expresses passions that language is too slow and inadequate for. The Spaniards call each other by a spitted out hiss. They draw you to them by raising the open hand; they warn you by wagging the fore-finger at their nose; they cross themselves, to express surprise and astonishment. In parting, they do not tamely kiss the hand; they kiss the five fingers drawn to a bunch, and then spirt them out with a start and a laugh. They are a curious and an interesting people.

"Well," says Spanker, in his pleasant, frank way, as we strolled together to the hotel door to look for the horses, "I think we have had a jolly good blow out. Suppose, before you start, you come to my diggings, and have just a glass of sherry: it puts a fellow right. I am close by."

CHAPTER VI.

SPANISH HOTELS.

I LOOK out of my hotel window, in the Square of the Magdalen at Seville, and feel, in the fiery heat, that I have put my head in at a furnace door, so I push it back again behind the dim striped blue and red curtain, that I am all day furling and drawing, and tying down, to try and screen out my blinding enemy, the Spanish sun, that seems determined to reduce me to a Lot's-wife heap of grey ash, just as I have done my last cigar.

But quick out and in as my head went, it was long enough to take a flying eye-shot down below in the corner of the square, at the grand tinselled lemonade stand that, night and day, stares at the hotel door. Can I believe my eyes? why, the name of the proprietor, duly labelled in long, spindly, ricketty yellow letters, is—no? yes! is Colon—(COLUMBUS). Columbus in the city where the tower still exists where his Indian gold was piled; where his son sleeps his last sleep. It does one good to see the great name even on a lemonade stall, and I feel

LEMONADE STALL OF COLUMBUS AT SEVILLE.

that I am indeed not in the modern Spain of great words and little deeds, but of the old Spain of great deeds and few words. I feel as one does when one sees a boy Shakspeare playing at marbles in Stratford-on-Avon; or, as when I first recognised the name of Quixote over a butcher's shop in a back street in Barcelona. I felt inclined, if it had not been so scorching hot, to have braved a sunstroke, rushed out, embraced Colon, and invited him in to tea, in honour of his great name. On looking again, I found the great man's descendant decidedly oily of face and dirty of hand. As to discovering a new world, I do not think anything but my hat full of shillings would have induced the lazy, loafing rascal to have walked ten times up and down the gravelled square, benched round and treed round, with its little stone Magdalene weeping all day, like a water hour-glass, into the fountain's marble font. The stall of our friend Columbus was a wooden erection, painted red, green, and coarse yellow, with a pyramidal shelved stand of red bottles of syrup and orgeats; above them a tinselled daub of the Virgin. It was pleasant to see the complacent idleness with which all day Columbus sat behind the dirty tablecloth of his stall counter, rubbing his brass taps bright, or smearingly cleaning his glass tumblers. Now chatting lazily in his shirt-sleeves with a thirsty muleteer, whose beasts are laden with trailing panniers of white gesso for building, or coolly sitting down with

two or three of our pink-jacketed waiters, who, putting their heads together, read the Gazette, and rail at Orgulloso Albion (proud Albion), being rank Afrancesados, occasionally smiling and winking in my direction, to indicate that I am one of the hated race who so much hindered the expulsion of the French from Spain. The donkeys give a battle snort, or practise their dreadful octaves down a distant street, as if chiding their lazy driver, and away he runs, with his short whip stuck in his greasy sash, that before now has bound up knife wounds, and swabbed nasty stab holes—away, in the Triano, or poor quarter, where the green shining jars and cream-coloured pipkins, that Murillo liked to paint, are still made in such numbers, that the front of the hovels, near the bridge, seems a perfect Pharaoh's brick-kiln. Now from the pathway runs a mule-boy, and steals a hasty farthing's-worth of strange straw-coloured drink. By and by a soldier drinks gravely a red glassful. O Columbus! didst thou discover a world, and yet left no copyright of it to thy truckling and degenerate kinsmen. Columbus a water-seller, Quixote a butcher, Cervantes a tailor, and Calderon keeping a brandy-shop! How are the mighty fallen!

But I only sketch Columbus, the water-seller, because he is just under my hotel window, and I want to describe my Seville hotel and some other such caravansaries, to show in what points they differ from the hotels of the country I grumble at, but

allow no one else to. Say I am just here from unknown seas. I came up the Guadalquivir (the Arab river) in the boat with the grumbling English engineer aboard, the grimy hot man, who came up, like Zamiel, from the great subterranean fires, and volunteered objections to the whole navigation of the muddy, flat-shored, extraordinary river. "There haint water enough to begin with," said the suffering man, wiping his streaming forehead with the black oil rag he kept for special points of the machinery; "take the passengers again," said the martyr and noble exile, shaping his old course in a world that's new; "leastwise, they'd have blowed her up long ago if it was not for me," he added, and then dived below to take a part at All fours. Then there was the dry, sour-faced waiter, who astonished me by suddenly proclaiming himself an Englishman, shrugging and smirking contemptuously to me at the Spaniards dining in the cabin, and relieving his mind by swearing at them in English, which offended nobody. What wonderful changes we passed through in that day's progress, from the cold, steaming dank fog at daybreak, that put the English engineer quite in spirits, he hating your (adjective) blue sky; to the intense violence of a heat, that glared on us with a force reflected from the white sandbanks on the shore. On one bank-side of us stretched a forest of low shelving stone pines, green and tabular, under whose red shadowing wild boars were said to root

and grunt; on the other, a barren plain, where the mirage sometimes mocks the eye, and where perennial fevers torture the half-naked herdsman, black-brown with the sun and cowering under his matted shed, watching the horsemen chase the cattle for the bull-ring through stormy clouds of circling dust, or smugglers riding contemptuously along the shore. with bale and carbine. And now we pass some boys, sitting with their naked legs dangling over the low, chapped, baked-looking earth-banks, and hear them shout as we plough onward to Saint Lucar. Now we see a fellow driving horses round a ring trampling out wheat, and sturdy, savage-looking men throwing up grain in broad shovelfuls to the winnowing wind. Now the river splits and winds, so that the distant dim blue mountains seem now this side of us, now that. There is always some object of interest; now a group of Wouverman-looking horsemen on the shore; now a truant bull broken from the herd, and swimming across the strong tidal river, pursued by shouting mulattos in boats. There is great ringing of bells as we touch at Saint Lucar, and take off a motley band of soldiers with yellow dirty jackets, raw leather powder pouches, and hempen sandals, just covering the tips of their bruised and naked toes: now a party of peasant women, hearty and chattering, bright in yellow and scarlet boddices and gold-earrings, laden with cheap pictures of saints, their last new purchases at the

town. Now a hacienda, bushed with orange-trees, a turnpike tower or two, old as the Moors, with spiked battlements: then the Torre d'oro (golden tower), and we are at Seville. It is nearly dark, we snort off our steam, and a dense phalanx of black turban-capped men board us, as we stretch great poles from the ship's side to keep us in deep water. The bank is of crumbling earth. We break through porters, touters, and cabmen, who all but tear us limb from limb, and mount a grand barouche, which is the Sevillian form of fly. The coachman is in livery, and a sort of brown-faced tiger tucks us up, and shuts the door. We tear across the Rotten Row of Seville, jammed full of equipages parading slowly between young trees and lamps down the river side —Alamedas, or Delicias,—and pass the great cathedral, where high up round some saints' niches votive lamps shine;—tear down the Street of Oranges, across the new square, where the band plays, and reach the Hotel de Minerva. Bare-legged, sturdy porters, just like the hammels of Constantinople, with immense boxes, slung by ropes to tree-like poles passing across their shoulders, stagger past us, and now an Andalucian buck, gay and hectoring, in his high and demi-peaked war-saddle, rides by on a horse trapped with netted and tasselled housings.

We get to the hotel, with its door ever open, its curtained windows, and smoking loungers. The

landlord bows, rubs his hands, and reads the directions on our trunks, under pretence of directing the perspiring porter, who could carry Primrose Hill on his head, if it only had handles to it, and who now swinging off his charge, worries the cord-knots with his black teeth, smiles, and watches my purse. The landlord looks at a black square board, with figures painted on it, and cries out, siete (seven), the number of my room. I give a look at the hall I am in, and approve the chirping kisses the water-drops keep giving each other in the central fountain, where the nosegays lie ready for the table d'hôte dinner to-morrow. I observe the great maps that look like venous dissections framed, and give in my name for the police to the landlord, who now sits like Rhadamanthus at his book at the small side-table in the hall. I look at the names of new arrivals written up at the hotel door, and at the letters stuck up ready for stuck-up people who are expected. Amongst all the Dons and Quixotes, there is sure to be some stub-born, upstart, snappish Brown or Jones, who prefers going wrong with Murray to going right by asking a native.

Some guides from Gib are hanging about the door ready to plunge you into incredible dangers for the small sum of a dollar a day. I look in at the door to the right, find the windows shut-to, and the windows of the table-d'hôte room closed, to keep out the torment of the sun. The bare table laid out

with craggy melons under wire covers, and water-bottles perpetually in a cold sweat, looks depressing in spite of the little napkins of Sevillian papers, and a spoonful of red Catalonian wine left in some late visitor's tumbler. I go up the broad marble stairs to reconnoitre my bed-room and sitting-room, for in Spain you cannot get a single room, however humbly you travel. I walk round the corridor that from each of its four sides looks down on the nosegays and the fountains, the maps, the smoking loungers, the clothes-brushes, and the distant Columbus. I turn a huge key that Tubal Cain might have fashioned, and open one half of the folding-doors that lead into my bed-room, which is floored with glazed tiles, cool and hard to the feet; a singing whine, faint and far, tell me that there are mosquitoes; I tremble for the night, and look to the mosquito curtains, for fear of man's smallest and most dreadful enemy. In doing so I examine the room, which is light and transparent; for the bed is iron and painted green, and has no dusty funereal vallance or dark tester. I become aware of an eye watching me from the wall which is papered. It follows me about in a scaring way, but as I approach it disappears. I found it to be a round peep-hole (*trou-judas*), about as large as the top of a bodkin, which leads to a sort of servants' waiting-room, next to mine, for I hear them laughing and wrangling with a noisy, purposeless vehemence peculiarly Spanish. As I am not a state prisoner or a con-

spirator, I carefully plug up this ear of Dionysius—which gave me the same sensation that it did once, finding a sliding panel in a suspicious country inn near Ulm.

One peculiarity of Spanish hotels is, that you never can be sure of having a bell in your room, or if you have, of its being answered more than once in ten times. You may go out in the passage and shout down the stairs, or beat upon the wainscot, still nobody cares to come, or perhaps ever hears you. In fact, the Spanish hotel is not at all, and never was, what we call an hotel. It in one way resembles the Italian furnished lodging, or the Turkish caravansary. The rooms are good, but you must attend on yourself, make your bed, feed your horse, and procure your own food. If you want to dine, you must come to the table d'hôte at half-past five, when neighbours and regular visitors come there as to an eating-house. They charge you by the day, not by the meal; the charge is moderate, but does not include wine, except you drink from the common decanters of the landlord's chasse-cousin (chase-cousin), as the French wittily call the wine they keep to drive away obtrusive poor relations.

But let me sketch another hotel of a different type. I am just landed on the quay at Cadiz, and am going to Blanco's hotel, which faces the sea, and looks down on a fag-end of the Alameda and those eternal fishers for mullet, who balance themselves

like young crows on an elm-branch on that sea-wall. I hire a porter, who carries a jereed stick, and packs grapes, matches, cigarettes, and a dirty wisp of a red handkerchief in the black cup-like rim of his montero—and push off to the custom-house. We push past beggars who are smoking cigarettes for luncheon, and trains of mules, their head-stalls strung with bells, like rows of foxglove flowers; watch the ginger-coloured dust spirt from some stone-cutters' saw, and at last reach the long covered-in stalls of the fish-market, where eels twist and twine in a humility deprecatory of the stewpan hissing for its savoury victims, where red mullets with their flushes of scarlet and pearl seem in a conscious blush at their own exquisite flavour; or as a strolling epicure poet near me mutters to a cassocked priest, who rolls his eyes and whets his lips prophetic of the feast, 'as if they were trying to turn themselves into cactus flowers.' There, too, are piles of a sort of smelt, for Cadiz is the fish paradise of the epicure, and even in the Romans' time was the great emporium of salt fish for the far-reaching, many-palaced city; they look like whist counters wrought in silver. All shades of brightening pearl sea agate and cornelian are there on those stalls, leaning against which the fishermen, with tucked-up sleeves, smoke and chatter, and do battle with far-sounding cursing shrieks over difficult labyrinths of bargains. I feast my eyes on a sea monster—perhaps a sturgeon, for I could not

recognise it by the Spanish name, Gomenache, which measured four or five feet long, and lay like a young shark upon the wet stone slab of the proud captor's stall.

We pass some defiant turbulent water-sellers, with their jars balanced on a leather tray, fastened to the left shoulder, with their money-boxes and cases for tumblers fastened in front of their aprons. We stroll past some brown masons working with handkerchiefs trailed over the back of their head to keep the scalding heat off the nape and spine, where the sunbeam daggers are apt to pierce. Trains of mules laden with the white sand or gesso used for building pass us, tinkling—tinkling. We look into doorways, and see beggar-men asleep, with the wet flattened stumps of cigarettes between their teeth and the green and dull red parings of prickly-pears all around them, in their hermit shady nooks. This is their siesta, after their meal on the wild fruit; thank God, there is no better sort of sleep for the rich man; in sleep, as in death at least, we are all equal.

Now we turn off seaward to the right, down a sort of lane-court, and come to a porticoed barn they call the Custom House; we English passengers—the florid, redundantly good-natured Yankee-Irish wine merchant, the bagman all whiskers, with the red suffering face, the man who swears by Murray, and compares every place to Constantinople, where he has never been, and who dresses in a gamekeepery

sort of way, which he thinks marks the veteran traveller—we are all there, grumbling, puffing, swearing, chafing, seeking comfort in cigars, and in preparing ostentatiously our bunches of keys; a little army of Atlas porters, with red rope sashes round their waists, follow us, and condole and encourage us with timid looks of defiance cast towards the entrance-gate. Cosas de España. Nothing is ready; the officer is not come; he may be five minutes, or an hour; he is a government officer not to be hurried; he is cheapening red mullet, or at mass, or out riding, or at his chocolate. Quien sabe? Dios sabe! Who knows? God knows! In Spain, the only thing ever ready is unreadiness. Storm a Spanish fort at a dash, says Ford, and you will find the guns unloaded and the gunners at their siesta. Over the door of the custom-house room is a scaffold, on which a negro mason stands plastering in a lazy, lotus-eating way, that, after the chronic fever of London workers, is calming and grateful to see.

In England, by mutual fretting, we chafe each other into feverish action; every day, with us, seems the last day: only faded, worn-out traditions talk of yesterday: we live in to-day. But in Spain men grow lazy by sympathetic idleness: they live in the morrow—to-morrow is their God. They never do to-day what they can leave till to-morrow. So worked this mason, till, trying to make room for the porters to pass, he let the plank he stood on fall,

and all but killed a covey of us, who, however, with a little benediction of whitewash, escaped.

At last, down the hot white lane slowly strolls the officer, swinging his keys upon his brown forefinger. He greets us with a stolid official look, and goes slowly to work. He cannot understand hurry, and goes no quicker, though a dozen portmanteaus, red and green-badged, are opened round him, as if the owners were wreckers showing him samples. Some mariners kneel down, slip their hands between shirts and under-coats, smile, nod their heads, say, "Bueno —basta!" and hand you the keys; but if you have a pomatum-pot that will not open, or a tooth-powder-box that is screwed tight, woe betide you!

All right! We are *good*, and so off we go, following the moving carpet-bag mountains to Blanco's. We find it at the corner of the Alameda, facing the Hog Back rocks, that the surge buffets, and punishes, and frothily raves about, proclaiming them his (the surf's) vexations. It is a queer old building, with cumbrous green balconies, glass-doors, windows; the lower casements grated like a prison; the main entrance large as that of a coach-house, and opening to a whitewashed court with a banana-tree in a tub to cast abroad and project its green arches. I find my room one of a set of five, situated far away, not up the great central staircase, but in a sort of distant wing, got to through passages and up dark steps, all looking down on the great upstart banana

that thrusts its plumes almost to the roof. As I go up, I pass a sort of stalled lumber-room, full of dry white maize husks, and I think, with a nervous twinge, especially as it is close to my bedroom door, of a careless Dolores dropping a spark into this gunpowder magazine. Everywhere about on the whitewashed walls is a black tangled rigging of loose bell wires, going and coming no one knows where, for no room, after all, seems to have a bell; nor is there one at the entrance. I pass, too, a red-curtained room, where the hotel laundress and some girls are laughing, sewing, and nursing brown babies, as yet innocent of garlic or cigars, guitar-playing or stabbing. My five rooms are some of them without windows, and resemble condemned cells; the floors are matted, and the doors shut only by bolting. They are of the age of Wamba, and are plated with iron, as if a sort of siege of Saragossa or war to the knife had gone on at some time or other here during the old times. My door, too, has a nun's gridiron wicket, through which I shout for my boots or water for shaving; and, when I thus call steadily for twenty minutes, up comes Old Blanco—a little dirty Jew man, in a white waistcoat and nauseous shirt—who has generally not heard me, but looked in by chance to tell me about the boats to Marseilles. He talks that peculiar negro-English common to Spaniards, as thus: "Good morning, sar! You want change for three Isabels? I bring you change, sar.

You want Amontillado? I no got Amontillado; but wait, wait, I get you very good wine from Xeres. How you like Cadiz, sar? How you like beautiful bay? O, bay vary beautiful, sar! An English lord marquis say to me, 'Blanco, sar. I have seen all the bays as ever will be, but I never shall or will see a bay like your beautiful bay, Blanco.'"

When I go down to dinner, and find my way to the table d'hôte room, like Ulysses, after many wanderings, looking down, as I pass, at the hall, at a pretty Creole-looking girl playing at red-pipped cards with an infant Blanco, who keeps sweeping them all into his pinbefore, and roaring again with hysteric joy as Maraquita or Catarina pounces him up and smothers him with laughing kisses. I enter the doorless room, which opens on an inner well-court, and find the company assembled in a long blank-looking hall leading to the kitchen, which hisses at us as if we were acting an unsuccessful comedy.

The walls are hung with bright-coloured hard pictures of still life; cut melons like green washing-basins, mashy figs, metallic-looking fish, and stew-pans shining like coppery mirrors. The Blanco servants are dining behind a screen at the lower end of the hall, and Blanco, who is like Scott's Black Dwarf, waits on us, rubbing his dirty hands and entering freely into conversation about bull-fights, money-changing, trains, and steam-boats. Opposite

to me, on rush-bottomed chairs, sit a veteran-looking Spaniard, and a lady who keeps performing dentistic researches with a tooth-pick. A new arrival from Gib, hot and uneasy, and with a dreadful consciousness of being a parvenu at a board where the oldest of us is only of two days' standing, fires snap-shot questions at me as to whether the wine is good, and if Blanco's can be called a first-rate hotel, and is frequented by the tip-tops: he gradually warms to narration of his sufferings in the Bay of Biscay, garrison news of Gib, and details of ministerial difficulties. He is going on to innuendoes against the tooth-pick lady, but is stopped by a cynical glance of our chairman, Mr. Malmesbury, the English merchant, who will not condescend to talk to anyone but the two Spaniards, and watches us with an insolent-looking stare and a sullen reserve that rather heats my blood. It is astonishing how soon an Englishman gets Spanishised. I saw, too, many instances of how soon that subtle demoralizing climate saps the English pluck and energy, and reduces a man to the languid, lounging, smoking, idle, procrastinating Spaniard, whose energy is fitful, Eastern, and passionate, whose life is a sleeping dream, and can hardly be called a life at all, the real workers of Spain now being all smugglers, thieves, fishermen, sailors, and muleteers. Soup, slices of veal, shreds of endive, a scramble a little hasty and selfish at the dried fruit, and ratafias, and we, one by

one, push back our chairs and rise. There is no bowing as in polite France, or rather it is here exceptional, and not the rule. France is vain, and therefore polite: Spain, like England, rude, because it is proud. The proud man wants only to win his own approbation, therefore snubs the indifferent world. The vain man, living on others' smiles and approbation, pines without the bows that he buys by bows. A sullen vaya con Dios is the general salutation you receive in Spain, and that is said as if it were a curse thrown at you, or an alms given. There can be no politeness without a sense of equality. The proud man hates equals, and looks on them only as rivals. Therefore the Englishman, if he is polite, is so on the pure traditional habit, or from feeling that he can assert his superiority by it. If you are higher than he is in rank, he is polite to show you that he is your equal. There is very little taking off of hats in Spanish streets but to ladies, or the little shrivelled-up grandees.

At the Spanish hotel there is generally a touting commissionaire, a dry, sly, brown, small man, who goes errands, inquires about steam-boats, and shows you the way to intricate churches. He goes to the post for your letters, brings your boatman to reason, and helps the porters and flymen to fleece you. He leads you at night past the flaming lights in the frying-fish shops and past the stall of the cobbler, who works by the flame of a real Roman lamp, to

the theatre, or to the special café you wish to visit for the sake of its burgess, military, or ecclesiastical character. He waves his hand to you at parting, and gravely bows towards your receding boat. Let him cheat you, and he is as faithful a rascal as the world produces, and will let no other rogue approach your presence.

That was my Cadiz hotel and hotel staff; my Sevillian one I have already sketched; my Madrid experiences are not to be now written; but my Malaga hotel was of a far different kind. There I had a great modern corner-house, large as a barracks, opening to the parade, with some glimpses of the blue Mediterranean, down side streets, and a perpetual procession of picturesque figures flitting along the public walks. You entered a great green and gilt gate, and found a hall surrounded by offices. Here was the boots' den—there the waiters' assembly-room, and on this side the counting-house, which gave the place a judicial look. You ascended flights of stairs winding round the centre hall, where the bath-closets, lined with blue porcelain-tiles, were; half-way up was the visitors' books, where you looked to find the names of the odd people who had excited your curiosity at dinner the day before, and stared at your great discoveries.

But the hotel at Algeziras was a place of much greater character, because it had more of the dawdling slovenly Spanish inn about it, and sailor-

boys were always playing at dominoes in the doorway. All day, opposite my window on the swelling beach, a man was fishing with nothing on but a broad-brimmed hat, and up to his waist in the waves that broke round him as round a lighthouse. All day there the boys dabbled about, pulling at the wet ropes fringed with weeds, or the half-stripped porters kept wading in for the sacks that a *Zebec* had brought from Barbary. A Frenchman, of the classic name of Rousseau, kept the inn, which he called a Casa de Pupillos, or lodging-house, and so certified on the great, faded, yellow sun that swung on his sign-board under my balcony, below which some boys sat and played on a red, rusty, broken anchor half imbedded in the sand.

There I sat, in a room hung round with French prints, watching in the dusk the beautiful sight of the luminous surf breaking in a line of harmless and fitful fire along the mile of shore, while away across the bay Gibraltar lifted up its dark mountainous back, and answered the lights in our windows by a string of signal-lamps; I liked to see the periodical Spanish scowl as the evening-gun shouted out across to us, "Take care," "Beware!" and then was silent. This hotel was a ram-shackled place, chiefly remarkable for the claret Rousseau smuggled over from Bourdeaux, sending for it bottle by bottle from Gib, and the excellence of which made Driver and Spanker, who visited me, riding round by Saint Roque, exclaim

in one breath — "Scissors!" and fill their glasses again.

The entrance to this auberge was a dark passage, the playground of fishing-boys: a palisaded door and a stumbling staircase led to the dark dining-room that looked on the sea, and to whose balcony rose, day and night, a buzz of gossiping custom-house officers, boatmen, and citizens.

Some of these were men who would be seized by the Rif pirates, and kept to draw the plough like draught oxen. The Moors that over in Gib were respectable, thriving merchants potent on 'Change, they regarded as red-handed murderers, the sworn enemies of Christianity and Spain: robbers and heathens, whose shaven heads, if they could seize them on the high seas, they would lop off on the boat's side; and though far be it from me to revile men potent on 'Change, and with an account at their bankers, I do not think they were far wrong, bare-footed ignorant sailors though they were.

My dining-room, with its sitting-room opening out of it, was far away from my bed-room: that was up another dark stumbling staircase, all alone, and it led into a deserted sitting-room, hot and stuffy, with a window that did not open. Once in this bedroom, I was perfectly helpless. If I had fired off a pistol it would not have been heard. There was no bell; and there I sat sighing for my boots or longing and pining for my abstracted trowsers.

The mosquitoes here were dreadful; perpetually raising their little cavalry trumpets, sounding the charge on me, and leaving me in the morning red, sore, itching, and swollen. I tried all sorts of ingenuities: I made a sort of strait-waistcoat of my nightgown, and got Rousseau to come and button the sleeves over my hands the last thing. I made a perfect Desdemona of myself by covering my face with a blood-red silk handkerchief, which I really believe only attracted them like so much raw meat. I fondly imagined that by keeping the candle alight in the stuffy inner room, I should drive the little wretches, who dunned me for my blood away from me to a fiery trap and their own destruction. Not I: they knew that trick, and every other. They were not going to leave a savoury man for an unsavoury candle. They kept singing wake-dirges round my mosquito curtains; and woe to me, if in the hot struggles and turnings of the night, I thrust a naked foot through the white dusty-smelling net curtains into the cool sea-air that careered through the room. They fastened on it in a clump, and set to digging like so many Californian speculators. In the morning, I found it covered with red pustules, as if I had put my foot into a solid spotted fever that some previous traveller had left till called for.

Another horror of mine was (not the scorpions, for I never saw any of those crab-like poisonous biters, but) the cockroaches that haunt every Spa-

nish inn. I had seen them depicted by a morbid Spanish painter in a convent that Murillo has adorned in Seville, running about with hideous vivacity over the skeleton of a bishop decorated with a jewelled mitre and robes of cloth-of-gold tissue. I remembered their prawn-like feelers—their brown, shining, sharded bodies—their countless legs—and their shrimpy, loose, black balls of eyes that protruded with a sort of reptile malice.

For three nights after they ran about in my dreams; I fancied myself devoting a long and useful life to doing what Scrooge would have done, scrunching them. A day or two of impunity made me regard them as extinct animals,—as gone with the dragon-goose and the elephant-toad of Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins at the Crystal Palace. One night—alack that night!—I entered hurriedly a lumber-room where my boxes were condemned to solitary confinement. As I entered the place, before the candle-flame had quite righted itself, I had a general impression of a scurry and dispersion of a cockroach parliament. Some (inch and half long) slipped between the boards; others, behind ragged flaps of the loathsome, diseased-looking, colourless paper, that was peeling in a sort of dirt leprosy off the walls; others, inquiring, yet timid, scuttled down chinks, then turned like lightning, and watched me, with their filthy pointed prawn heads, with a sagacity quite devilish. The quickness, size, eagerness,

and sense of these vermin sent me into horrid charnel-house dreams, and that hideous picture seemed to fresco itself on the vile walls.

The man who goes to Spain with cosmetics, powders, brushes, collar-boxes, and such dandy paraphernalia, will be rather astonished at the dirt and negligence of Spanish inns; where there is plenty to eat if you bring it with you, and very good beds if you like the plain ground. Waiters with black overcoats, white waistcoats, and clerical ties, you will not find. Iberian waiters are spare brown men, in linen-jackets, not anxious to exert themselves, and not caring for your personal admiration, because they (the waiters) are made regular items in the bills. The landlord is not a pleasant, smirking, port-wine-coloured man with a bow-window stomach thrown out in front—but a stiff Don who thinks he obliges you by taking you in at all.

There are no brisk, neat-handed chambermaids, but only an old duenna who comes for your washing things, calls herself the "lavandera" just as you find the word in old romances, and pretends to sweep the tiled floor of your bed-room with a long skirmishing broom made of slips of cane, that does not require stooping to. The café is not like the cosy saw-dusted London tavern with the snug fire, talkative kettle, and the perpetual cries of "Edward, pay one—chop and chop to follow—stale or new, sir—stout or bitter—two sausages well done—coming down

together!" but a quiet place, with a few groups of smoking men sipping coffee and lighting their cheroots at curious little chafing-dishes with shaving-pot handles, filled with white ashes that kindle as you breathe and blow to a living scarlet that would make a chilly salamander clap his hands and perform the double shuffle for pure joy.

CHAPTER VII.

SPANISH PROVERBS.

THE Spanish proverbs, the floating literature of Spain, handed down by verbal tradition, smell of garlic and orange-peel, and are as profoundly national as the English nautical song or the Welsh triad.

They are shot at you, or stabbed into you, or pelted at you, at every tavern door and at every table d'hôte. They are the grace for the sour gaspacho and the unsavoury salt cod-fish (bacalao). They are the Spaniard's shield and stiletto. They are the wisdom of the age before books, and as Spain changes no more than China, they are the wisdom of the present day. They are to the cigarette-smoker and melon-eater what quotations are to the club man, and to the debater in Parliament whom country gentlemen always cheer when he quotes Horace—thinking it Greek, and to show they understand him. To many who do not think at all they supply the place of books altogether, and are the traditional Corpus Juris of traditional wisdom bequeathed them by their ancestors, who did think. It might be a

question, indeed, worth the theorist-spinner's while to trace the effect of these floating proverbs on a race to which they serve as creeds, statutes, and guides of life; of which they express the mode of thought, and, at the same time, influence and direct it—moulding and being moulded. In these proverbs we find every phase of the Spanish mind exemplified—its "pundonor," its punctiliousness, its intolerable and mean pride, its burning fever for revenge, its hardness, that we call cruelty, its love of ease and pleasure, its unprogressiveness, and its ardent religious instinct which degenerates to superstition. For all those pleasant national vices that brought their own special scourges, these proverbs have warning or encouragement. Their kindlier feelings, too, do not pass uninstanced. Proverbs with wise men are the small change of wit; but with the Spaniard they are too often his whole mental capital. By an apt quotation a good memory can always appear a genius in Spain; and proverb-writers being all anonymous when living and forgotten when dead, there is no indictment in the High Court of Plagiarism against the appropriator who lets off his mental firework without saying that he purchased it, but yet was not the maker. When a man in England is witty we suppose the wit is his own; but when a Spaniard is witty in rolling diligence or in striving steam-boat, you may be almost sure it is the proverb of some contemporary of Cervantes, dead these two hundred

years, that tickles your diaphragm, and which you swallow with a smile like a French sweetmeat. It acts as a sort of mental snuff, pleasantly irritates, and leaves you refreshed. A man must be very mentally dyspeptic, indeed, who cannot digest a proverb without inconvenience or struggle. If a Spaniard sees you smiling at a Spanish street-group rather overdoing the bowing, as Spaniards sometimes will, he will say in a rhyme, "A civil tongue is not expensive, and it is very profitable." As the old Italians of Macchiavelli's time used to say: "It is a good outlay to spoil a hat with often taking it off." You feel at once that you have heard a shrewd proverb intended to explain to worldly people the courtesy of a proud race.

In Ireland, as in Spain, you are often astonished by wit that appears extemporaneous, but is really old as Brian Boru—merely, in fact, an old quotation newly applied, and picked up as a man might pick a fossil off the road to fling at his pig. The first time I met a proverb-monger was in a Seville steamboat, as I sat watching the passengers doing homage to a bull-necked, pig-eyed Commandante, who sat in a state arm-chair under the striped quarter-deck awnings. The Commandante was silent, in a sort of brutal pasha luxury, beating on the deck with his heavy bamboo cane, watching with his stiff-necked bullety-head two charming sisters who sat coquetting and winning hearts not many feet off. Every wave

of their shining black fans fanned some lover's flame—every quick furl of them let in the sunshine of their eyes, like pulling up blinds, on some happy one of their retinue. Those little black hooks of side curls had hooked many a heart, I was sure; and I myself began to feel I had such a thing about me. I heard a quiet, chuckling, good-natured laugh behind me, and saw sitting on the low gunwale of the vessel a real Majo—a pure Andaluiacn buck of the first water: laced jacket, round turban cap, leather greaves, javelin-stick, cigarette and all. He was resting his arm on a pink hat-box, and watching the two beautiful sisters with the almond eyes.

"Jeweller's daughters, for they have diamond eyes," he said, in a quick, merry voice, at the same time handing me his open cigar-case, the Spaniard's mode of entering into conversation and introducing himself. He saw I was amused by his proverb, and that I was a foreigner. What a curious feeling it is, being a foreigner! Spanker used to say an Englishman could never be a foreigner—*they* were foreigners. I do not know how he proved it.

I bowed, and said I seldom smoked, though I liked to be near the man who did.

"He who smokes, Señor," said the Majo, "makes his own cloud, and need not care how the sky is. I love my cigarette in its white shirt, though I burn it; one can't have the church censer, you know, always under one's nose. Isn't this breath of wind,

Señor, pleasant? and I'm like Pedro, who was never afraid of draughts in the open air. Now, a draught is like a bull—you should never get in its way. But long tongues want the scissors. How he's talking! Did not Señor ask, if we Spaniards wore our cloaks only in summer?"

I said, "Yes. I thought there was a Spanish proverb, 'When there is sun, to prevent a cold, and when there is cold, in case there should be sun."

"That," said the Majo, as I afterwards found, laughing at me, "is one of John di Coco's sayings; and your telling me one of my own proverbs reminds me of the Gallician water-carriers in Lisbon, who say, 'We are God's people. It is their water, and we sell it them.' We have many sayings about the cloak, that in the north they never go without. 'A cloak covers everything;' 'There is many a good drinker under a ragged cloak;" and 'Take care of your cloak in Andalucia."

"Why, you seem made up of wise sayings."

"Well," he said, "'he who stirs honey must have some stick to him;' and I have not been all my life 'like the tailor of Campillo, who worked for nothing and found thread,' though I am, you will say, so talkative that you will compare me to the 'piper of Bujulance, who wants a maravedi to begin, and two to finish.'"

I soon lost sight of my friend, and amused myself by watching the shifting of the tents and the break-

ing up of the encampment, as the tacks and twists of the river compelled all the sitters on camp-stools, even the beautiful sisters and the Sultanic Commandante, to frequently change seats, to avoid the influx of sunshine that swept in on us with intolerable violence and with a golden severity of heat. At this moment, just as I was pleasantly contemplating the pretty flurry of the ladies, and the elaborate anxiety of their lovers and retinue of attendant slaves, the clatter and bang of a frying-pan gong informed us that dinner was ready below.

I took a look, as if I was going down never to come up again, at the low brown banks of the dirty yellow river, at the wading oxen and the herdsmen on horseback. I found the soup begun; in fact, in full cry upon it, who should be opposite me but my old friend the proverb-monger, who was serenely happy, and making great play with the tubular joints of an ox's tail. I asked him, when he had completed his anatomical studies and laid down his spoon with a sigh, if his countrymen had many proverbs about eating?

"Millions—millions!" he said, looking round to catch the eye of some friends. "Here are a pottle or two for you to break your fast, Señor Englishman, upon. 'No olla without bacon, no wedding without a tambourine;' 'A partridge frightened is half cooked;' 'Do not drink from the brook, do not eat more than one olive;' 'A fowl one year old

and a goose quite young;' 'Fresh pork and new wine send a Christian to the churchyard.' Now that is a proverb won't offend the Jews, and eating takes off the headache."

But I must drop my friend, or I shall never be able to examine the whole treasury of Spanish proverbs, and point out their nationality. I particularly like those which are intensely Spanish, and refer to our general passions by means of Spanish imagery; as, for instance, 'I would not trust him with a sack of scorpions"—a bitter way of expressing your opinion of one of those low scoundrels who never tumble into a good action. "As sick as a Jew on Saturday"—is a curious allusion to the old days of persecution when a Jew had to pretend illness on Saturday to prevent being compelled to transact business on his Sabbath. There is also a proverb which calls the Gallician beggarly and the Castilian covetous—because the Gallicians are poor and the Castilians proud. Now this is partly true, because Gallicia is by nature a poor country, and its inhabitants wander to Portugal to become the helots of Lisbon: and it is true of Castile, because the Castilians are proud of their ancient families. But then there are other proverbs, which, perhaps once true, are now only fit to use as missiles; as, for instance, the sayings that advise you to beware of a dog, a black, and a Gallician —the Gallician being the very type of quiet drudging

fidelity. Some of these virulent and false proverbs are, however, still true as provincial expressions of national dislike, as that one, "Cross yourself once for an Andalucian, and three times for a Genoese"—which merely shows you, not that the Andalucians are rogues, and the Genoese worse, but that a proud jealous Castilian is venting his spite. "Beware black hair and a fair beard," is a similar instance of national dislike to a rarity in the race.

Some Spanish proverbs remind you as much of the country as the smell of garlic would, or the sight of a split pomegranate in a fruit-shop window. Some of these, too, are not merely founded on ingenious analogies, half poetry, half wisdom, finely welded, but are records of curious facts, as "What the ripe mulberry stains, the green one cleans;" and, "The paring of an apple is better than the kernel of an acorn;" and, "He is not worth his ears full of water;" which last, one might see, is the proverb of a thirsty country.

When we say, "Such a man is like Paul Pry," the Spaniards say, "He is like the soul of Garibary." When we say, "That will be when pigs fly," they say, "when oxen fly." When we say, "That is to expect to catch fish ready roasted," they say, "That is to expect the wolf to leave meat at your door." When we say, "Such a one is on the ground," they say, "At the horses' feet." When we say, "It is not for asses to lick honey," they

say, "Pine-apple kernels are not for monkeys." When we say, "A naked person is dressed in Adam's livery," they say, "He is as the devil appeared to Saint Benedict." All stories we tell of Yorkshiremen, Spaniards tell of Biscayans or Andalucians. The contempt we heap on Frenchmen in old stories, they pile on the Portuguese. A large class of Spanish proverbs consists of sayings of some fabulous personage like our Robin Hood or Friar Tuck. Such is Pedro Grullo, who, when his hand was closed, called it his fist; Martha, who sang when she had had her dinner; Zonta, whose dogs, when they had nothing else to bite, bit each other; and daughter Gomez, who looked well and ate well.

There is, indeed, no end to the wit and salt of Spanish proverbs, by which a clever man with a good memory might find something to say for a whole year's conversation, and yet not take the trouble to invent or coin one new observation of his own. A Spaniard's conversation without a proverb in it would be indeed like a sermon without a quotation from Saint Augustine, or an olla without bacon.

As marginal references to Spanish history, as running comments on Spanish social manners, these proverbs are invaluable; for here you have a nation who still have proverbs without having books, and who still sing and recite ballads, such as we now collect in England as antiquarianisms. It would

not be difficult to get some hard hits at the national church of Spain from the proverbs, which show that if there was never a Reformation in Spain, at least there were lampooners and bitter-tongued would-be reformers. They say, "The sacristan's money comes singing and goes singing:" "That the devil gets up to the belfry by the vicar's skirts:" "That the friar says No, and holds out his cowl." "We pray by saints, but not by all of them," is another saying of some unknown Spanish Wickliffe.

Now, whether proverbs are verses of old books broken loose, or lines of old romances escaped from their cages, or wise men's sayings passed from mouth to mouth, and so handed down—certain it is that many proverbs allude to local stories, in themselves very amusing, but not intelligible unless you know the story.

Of these my Moro, on board the steamer, told me many—whenever, indeed, I stopped him at a saying I did not understand: for instance, when we say such a thing is "everybody's secret," they say it is "the secret of Anchuelos." This refers to a story of a shepherd and shepherdess who kept their flocks, almost as wise as themselves, on two hills on either side of the town of Anchuelos. All their "dart-and-heart" raptures were bandied from hill to hill, and they always concluded, by mutual entreaties, to keep what all the townspeople below could hear—a profound secret. "The help of Esca-

lona" is another proverb with a story. Escalona is a town eight leagues from Toledo, and is built upon a steep hill, at the foot of which runs the river Alberche. It was once burnt down from the difficulty of bringing up the water; and, as in Spain, all evils curable only by forethought and energy are incurable, the same difficulty is still unremedied, and the town, named after the Eastern Ascalon, is still in danger.

Another well-known Spanish story turns on the proverb, "God save you, Peter!" "There is no need; the ass is strong." It arose from a kind man seeing a countryman run away with by his mule. And seeing it he cried, looking after him, "God save you!" But Sancho, looking back as he jolted on, cried simply, "There is no fear; the mule is strong." Ambrose, whose carbine was "worth threepence less than nothing," is as well known in proverbial history as the Pedro and Guzman, who are always doing foolish things, just like Juan de Urdemala, who would "have the whole mountain or nothing."

Of the numerous stories of the simple Biscayner who outwits everybody, like the Irishman in old jest-books, the best is one of a Bilboa man who is dining off fish with two mocking Castilians. When the fish is put on the table, one of the Castilians says he does not like the part near the head, and the other declares he cannot touch the part near

the tail, meaning to divide the middle between them. Upon this the Biscayner cuts the fish in three pieces, gives the head to the tail hater, the tail to the head hater, and puts the middle on his own plate, saying, with a grin, "The silly Biscayner takes the middle."

There is no occasion when a Spaniard will not use a proverb; he is full of them, and when a cigar is not in his mouth, out comes a proverb. When you see a band of gossips balancing on ricketty chairs at the barber's door, the little shining brass basin dangling and glittering over head, there the air is full of proverbs as the summer air of flies. When muleteers, whips in hand, meet at a road-side wine-shop, there proverbs flutter about thick as bees round a hawthorn bush in flower. Where round the green billiard-table the brown burgesses of Spanish cities meet by lamplight, there are proverbs swarming thick as the motes in sunshine. A Spaniard *must* have his proverbs just as a Dutchman his Hollands.

NOTE:

Water that has run by will turn no mill.
Love, a horse, and money, carry a man through the world.
Three things kill a man—a hot sun, supper, and trouble.
Three daughters and a mother are four devils for the father.
The swallow has fled—the opportunity is gone.
To shave an ass is a waste of lather.
If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's.
Never call a man a fritter-maker.
Don't speak ill of the year till it is over.
Every race has its liar, whore, and thief.

The mother-in-law forgets she was once a daughter-in-law.

One cannot ring the bells and also walk in the procession.

He is very punctual—at dinner.

A mewing cat is no mouser.

The best friar is the one who has been a soldier.

She must be fond of greens who kisses the gardener.

Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when 'you fling it a cup of water.

Where the besom grows, the ass is foaled that will eat it.

He was brought up between cotton.

"We are both carriers"—we shall meet again on the road—(an admirable warning to men who injure others, who may have the power to retaliate dangerously).

Some people like Juan's blear eyes.

The frightened partridge is half cooked.

He who wants to get rich in one year will be hung in six months.

He who measures oil gets some on his fingers.

The mare without the rider finds the meadow.

He who would live long must grow old easy.

Diego's wife first ate the omelet, then beat him with the frying-pan.

Clay for the corn, gravel for the vine.

Juan stops in bed to see the sunshine.

To get a good servant, take him with a downy chin.

Sinning wishes what God does not wish.

He who plants a bad vineyard gathers the vintage on his single back.

He who goes to the watermill on a Saturday has no rest.

A man in debt is stoned every year.

Better to say, "Here he ran away," than "Here he died."

A leap over a ditch is better than another man's prayer.

Rising early does not make daylight come sooner.

I will not touch money but throw it in my cowl.

Let an idle man buy a ship or marry a wife.

Your rising early will not make the sun rise.

It was left in the inkstand.

Too sweet words leave a bitter taste.

One man at your elbow is worth two out of sight.

A bad cook is a disagreeable relation.

He who steals from a thief gets a hundred years' pardon.

He who builds turns gold to dust; he who buys land turns dust to gold.

An olla boiled hard has no taste.

The mare's kick never hurts the colt.

Daughter Anne, you look well, and you eat well.

A woman and a pilchard should have their face to the cinders.

Poverty is often a brand of knavery.

The window's son is seldom good.

The over clean Harcajo people, who wax their asses' feet.

The magistrate's son gets scot-free.

Memory runs from a man like a slave from a master.

The mother loves the bad son best.

A hot iron may still be black.

He stole a pig and gave the poor the trotters in God's name.

Eggs will make a thousand dishes.

Fresh fish stink on the third day.

A last son is soon an orphan.

God made us, and we wonder at it.

"Good—very good," but keep my ass out of his rye-field.

An empty purse is but a bit of leather.

A goose's quill hurts more than a lion's claw.

He rose—yes, like slime does.

Foxes' broth is cold, yet it scalds.

The cook praises the olla—especially when it is overdone.

Every week has its holyday.

Don't look for fore feet in a cat.

There are no birds in last year's nest.

Dress a toad and he looks well.

If it had only wings, the sheep would be the best bird yet.

The master's eye is the best food for the horse.

One olive is gold, two is dross, and the third death.

Olla every day, and it gets bitter.

When the house is roofed in the grave opens.

The age of eleven is the age of brass. (A little later in England?)

Scratching and eating only want a beginning.

Squeeze the orange too much and the juice gets bitter.

Where the bee gets honey the spider draws poison.

A dried pilchard you may cook under your arms.

The secret of two is a good secret; the secret of three is nobody's secret.

If madness were painful, what a roaring there would be!

We need not be drunk to bear against the wall.

As cheating as a Chinese.

Time cures the sick man, and the doctor says, "You're well."

Every hair has its shadow.

Better not marry at all, rather than marry badly.

Michael is quits: he lost a sheep and won a rabbit.

"We're going for music," as the fox said.

By-and-by is always too late.

His patience has lost his stirrup.

The keys on the apron-string, the dog in the larder.

You see the bad husband in the wife's dress.

The second wife is always an angel.

Bad news is always true.

No bed like the saddle skin (true Spanish).

A well fed pigeon house is never empty.

If you love the old man steal his supper.

No jest is so hard as the true jest.

Carrying wood to the mountain.

Never beg of the rich beggar.

The lion is not so brave as they tell us.

The bell calls to church, but does not follow.

At Zandino they sell you water and give you wine.

Alas! father, another daughter!

The clattering horseshoe wants a nail.

Poor weddings are all noise.

The bath has no power to whiten the negro.

June, July, August and Carthagena are the four best ports in Spain.

Idle alone is busy before folks.

Darkness is the thief's cloak.

A bad wound heals, a bad name kills.

Juan is like a cricket, hungry all day, noisy all night.

Gardeners' feet never hurt the garden.

Children and fools speak the truth.

Never sell to a friend, or buy corn of a rich man.

The gallows was made for the unfortunate.

Never kick a mad bull.

What a heap of corn if it were not eaten.

If you want to whip a dog say he ate iron.

Bread with eyes, cheese without eyes, and wine that leaps up to the eyes—all three are good.

Break my head, then plaster it.

No loaf can be too large.

The devil took the modest man to show him the palace.

Never stop a bull or a madman.

It's a poor rat who has not one hole.

Remove an old man to a new place, and he will leave you his skin as a legacy—[Oh! Poor Law Guardians, think of this!]

Promises are like crabs, they run backward.

The silly cock scratched till he found the knife.

A poor man should have a grey cloak, an oak house, a silve cup, and a copper pot.

There is pleasant sleeping in April mornings.

Truth clears a story, but never darkens.

The first of soup and the first of woe are best.

Crumbs are sometimes good eating.

Rain from heaven is better than human watering.

In frosty weather a nail is worth a horse.

I prefer an ass that will carry me to a horse that will throw me.

Fifteen is all throat and no hands.

Many amens reach to heaven.

Swim and swim, and die on the banks.

The fox is cunning; but the trapper is cunninger.

Too many heads of garlic pound badly.

Live with wolves and you'll learn to howl.

No door will keep out love or death.

Fly the man who is all bones as you would the plague.

The friend who will not lend is the knife that will not cut.

The scalded cat dreads cold water.

Spider kills spider.

A lean dog gets nothing but fleas.

A river that makes no noise is either very full or very empty.

At the end of a century kings become clowns or clowns kings.

Every pot has its lid.

In every day's journey there are three leagues of heart-breaking.

Open your eyes; they are roasting meat.
I hated cucumbers, and one grew at the end of my nose.
High wells stoop and dunghills rise.
After a salad, wine.
After a fig, wine; after a pear, water.
Truth is God's daughter.
He who eats his fowl alone must saddle his horse alone.
Leaving the tavern is half the journey.
A blow from a pigmy smarts if it does not hurt.
The Jew whipped his son for winking the first time.
The dust from sheep is an enemy to the wolf.
In summer a vintner, in winter a baker.
Don't speak Arabic in a Moor's house.
In a smith's house the knives are of wood.
The man who rings the alarm bell is always safe.
The bride eats least at the wedding.
Don't spend money on wine or bulls.
A man with his belly full is no great eater.
Seldom does the blind man's wife point to herself.
Cleanness everywhere lies in the purse.
Like Pedro like John.
When it snows here, what must it do in the mountains.
When one wolf eats another there is not much in the wood.
He who lies well writes well.
The man is like a tailor's pattern book.
If you want a pleasant day save yourself a good month.
Kill a pig, a merry year—marry, a good wife—turn priest.
He is solitary as asparagus.
He is straight as garlick.
If you gather watercresses, take care of the wolf's bane.
The bad shot has always a goodly gun.
The shoemakers go to church, and pray God sheep may die and leather cheapen.
I was a negro girl, and they dressed me in green.
They don't sow hempseed for fear of the sparrows.
Water alone won't make the olla.
The crow can't be blacker than his wings.
The curate never recollects when he was sacristan.
He is not worth his ears full of water.
There is no fishing for trout with dry breeches.

He has neither father, nor mother, nor a little dog to bark at him.

A borrower's breath always stinks.

A dog's prayer never reaches heaven.

The bleating sheep loses a mouthful.

Old straw soon kindles.

Patience and shuffle the cards.

The sheets stick fast to an idle man.

Many children and little bread is God's punishment.

A grinding-stone without water is worth nothing.

By the thread we unwind the skein.

Money makes the dog dance.

CHAPTER VIII.

UP AND DOWN THE GIRALDA.

THERE were but a few hours left to me in Seville, and I had to go to the Government cigar manufactory and to ascend the Moorish tower of the Giralda. "There was no '*irrevocabile tempus*' to lose, that was about it," said Fortywinks.

I was anxious to see the cigar-making, because smoking is so pre-eminently a Spanish national habit, and this palace of a manufactory is the well-spring of Spanish smoking. All the tobacco comes from Cadiz. Cadiz, that bright Venice of Iberia, is the depôt of the Havannah leaf, and its quays are heaped up with the dry, scented, brown-veined leaves which contain that precious soothing balm to the worn and sorrowful, which the Spaniard loves so well, in the red crucible of a pipe-bowl, to extract and turn to vapour. In all places the Spaniard smokes, in his lounging, dreaming way: whether he be a fruit-seller, sitting beside his green and golden pyramid of melons; whether a butcher, grand over his gilt and painted scales; whether bare-breasted porter,

asleep, with his rough head resting, like a wandering Jacob, on a sea-side rock; whether tight-coated custom-house official, or lover clinging at midnight to the grating that shuts in his mistress: on mule, in boat, in vineyard, pepper-picking, or grape-treading, the Spaniard smokes, as if he was born for that special purpose and no other.

I had traversed over and over the fashionable walks on the bank of the Guadalquivir, where tides of carriages roll between shores of dusty trees. I knew the old Alameda, with its faded palaces now inn-yards, and its benches where peasants sit and smoke and gossip till the star-lamps are lit all at once by the angel lamplighters, and the streets of heaven outshine the streets of earth. I had wandered all round the five miles of yellow battlemented walls, and worked in and out the unwatched gates. I had mused, as is expected of one, in the Prado de San Sebastian, where the Inquisition once lit its fires, and where good men were translated to heaven on fiery wings, while princes, bishops, courtiers, jesters, wits, and ladies, in a circumambient tide of cloth of gold and jewelled silks, looked on, chattering and fan-playing. The naked gipsy children and the beggar gamblers I had seen and sketched.

Now I skulk from the intolerant intolerable sun, walking along the dark rivulet of shadow on the left-hand side of the street. Not far from the gate of San Fernando I find the tobacco manufactory,

whose vast roofs—for there are twenty-eight court-yard squares in this one cincture of walls—cover a hideous jumble of passages, cloisters, terraced inclosures, and factory halls, the work of a Dutch projector in seventeen hundred and fifty-seven. It has a moat, and has been in its time fortified against the Carlists, yet its yellow stucco does not appear pitted with shot, though it is sloughed with dirt. I see nothing of the four thousand cigar-makers of Seville as I go into the porter's lodge, where two or three idle, seedy, lounging warders drone away the hot hours; but I wait in a sort of dingy guard-room while one of the pauper warders goes to some still idler superior with my card to obtain admission for me. The only visible thing in the room is a dead almanac of five years back, with a catherine-wheel cobweb spun over its face, and on the window-sill, which looks into the court-yard, is the invariable Arab water-jar placed ready for the stranger or chance-comer, be he king or peasant, friend or dun. It is of the usual dirty white colour—the usual dirty kid-glove tone—and is now, as I raise it to my thirsty lips, empty, all but a mocking drop that trickles gratefully on my tongue. I pronounce a blessing on the last drinker, which puts me in a right state of mind to wait ten long Spanish minutes for my messenger, who at last returns, and leads me off down purgatorial passages, playing the Virgil to my Dante.

I first go through courts where splashing fountains toss about prodigal silver over their octagonal marble basins and circumjacent court-yard stones, which are rendered luminously and transparently wet. I see everywhere empty piles and square packing-cases of this precious weed that, like a Christian martyr, seems most lovely when burning, and perishes in the full odour of its sanctity. I enter the low, dark, shady cellar rooms on the ground-floor, where the celebrated rappee snuff—the snuff that, in Louis the Fourteenth's books, and in the *Spectator* and *Tatler* period, was called "the Spanish" *par excellence.* This is the snuff that, put as a joke in his wine, killed the wit and verse-maker Santeul. This was the irritating scented dust that was the special luxury of the clergy of this priest-haunted city in the good old times, when bands of black shovel-hats filled the city squares and public places. Here are brown snuff-coloured men colouring the black chocolate-coloured powder with red ochrous earth from the seaport of Carthagena. I look like a mad apothecary who has covered himself with his own drugs as with penitent dust and ashes; for my black coat is covered with the orange rhubarb-coloured dust, and I grow snuffier than the snuffiest canon that ever drawled a mass.

The guide tells me that snuffing in the old times was more common than smoking. I have no respect for the dirty, old-woman's habit that ruins one's

stomach, destroys one's sense of smell and taste, and brings on diseases of the throat, nose, and eyes; so I sneeze loudly in protest and disgust, passing it off humbly as the infirmity of a stranger. There they go on—those brown old men—chopping the leaves ready for grinding on huge oak blocks which are yellow and dusty. There are scuppers and troughs full of the black, treacherous dust, and there are vats of black treacle, with sticky bubbles rising to the surface, in which some of the tobacco is steeped and glued together. The men, I observe, seem working more like careless soldiers engaged on public works than ordinary disciplined workmen in a great national factory.

In other courts and rooms that I pass through—following Virgil, who is, I think, anxious to get to dinner, yet is not a refuser of a peseta (shilling)—they are sawing deal planks for boxes, knocking together huge packing-cases, and burning in certain letters which form the Government brand. In corners of the courts, under shelter of porticoes, or drying in loose shuffling heaps on the leaden roofs high above the city, lies the tobacco—the Indian refuse that brings such pleasant waking dreams to weary souls all over the weary world—the herb we offer daily in frequent sacrifice to the great blue devil who torments and pinches us with mental gripes and pains if we fail duly to propitiate him. There are the great spear-headed, ribbed leaves, dry, dark

brown, and fragrant, piled in great sacrificial altar-heaps, all brought, I suppose, from that mountain of tobacco I saw gathered together, amid shattered wrecks of scented Havannah packing-cases, in the moat-like court of the government store at Cadiz, fresh from the holds of West Indian ships. I remember it was as I wandered round the sea-walls, thinking of the brave swoop our hot-headed Essex made once on the boastful city, that I came suddenly on this store, and felt like Sinbad when he dropped into the valley of diamonds. If I had, at that moment, lit three teacup-bowled German pipes, put them all in my mouth, and smoked for thirty years without stopping, I should never have made any perceptible hole in that tobacco mountain. No! not if I had bought a steamer's funnel, crammed that full of the weed, put on a bassoon mouthpiece and smoked for fifty years. It was a nation's tobacco-box.

But it is the cigarreras, or female cigar-makers, three or four thousand in number, who are the special curiosities of the Seville tobacco factory. They pass me by twos and threes, laughing and chatting, barefooted or grisettishly shod, in every court and passage. They are the Murillo women, the city Dulcineas, and are a sect and caste in themselves, employed here in slowly toiling through their annual task of making two million pounds of cigars. These are the women whose sires perished in the fires of the Inquisition, in the bull-ring, and the

Moorish battle-field. Knife, guitar, and cigar they handle equally well. What a clack and Babel of jarring tongues there is as I enter the chief hall, where some two thousand of these loose-clad matrons and damsels are seated in *vis-à-vis* groups at long low oval tables. Their bare arms and necks seem as of unbaked clay, moist and yellow. One of these chattering, quick-eyed parrot women, nimble as a lizard, and restlessly noisy as a galleny, can, it is said, twiddle up twelve bundles of cigars in a day, each *atado* containing fifty cigars. The nimbleness with which that woman, with the red handkerchief tied over her head and under her chin, furls up the brown leaf into a twisted tube, is something as near a miracle as you can well get, particularly as our quick-fingered friend is a mother. "—— and is thinking of home —affecting incident?" Pooh! thinking—what use in thinking? Why, there is her little brown child in a rude cradle by her side. The cradle is on rollers, and she rolls them with her foot, while her hands twirl the cigar leaves. The little Pedro is firm asleep in the cradle on its back, with its little fists catalepsied up in the air. It has nothing particular on but a little sort of ridiculous dirty white shirt, and round its fat roll of a neck dangles an ivory ring which, I suppose, does as well for dental purposes as a coral radish mounted in silver. A bowl of paste is on our matron's table: with this she fastens that little nipple of the cigar that smokers bite off as they

would a fruit-stalk. On shelves above her are bundles of finished cigars, brown and fluted like so many Pandean-pipes cut into lengths. I do not see round them those pleasant soft crimson and yellow silk bands which you see in London tobacconists' windows; so, I suppose, that those are added as a finishing off and final bloom.

But I must mention, just to show that I had eyes, and saw what could be seen, that our matron Caterina was not satisfied with the double and onerous task of rolling Government cigars and rocking the dormant Pedro: she was also dining, and her frugal dinner of clouded yellow grapes, greasy to the eye, her salt fish, and white cakey bread were lying by her on the table, which was rather dirtier than the floor. It required quite a family man's assurance to face those files of hungry, impudent, defiant, wicked, quizzing black eyes; still I do not know that I felt much the worse for it. So I went on to other rooms, all full of mischievous chattering girls, brimful of fun and gossip, who were loading white cigarette tubes or rolling those brown Havannah leaves, so crisp and fragrant. They form a pleasant gipsy encampment to look at as you take them in a *coup d'œil* from one end of the hall, with their red and yellow head-cloths, strange coloured turbans and *impromptu* coquettish draperies twisted and bound round their coarse, full-blooded faces. We see no more the old mantilla that the ancient cigarrera

wore, and which was an Eastern sort of disguise, such as the Scripture women had, and such as you still see in the half Moorish town of Tarifa. It was crossed over the face and bosom, and was a provoking, enticing, love-making sort of disguise that left only the signal-making eyes and candid forehead visible. The noise is as of the Babel confusion of tongues; the unruly members buzz like spinning-wheels.

I leave these young Jezebels to slander, scandal, love confidences, and general happy chatter, and pace on, following Virgil through a train of more courts and ante-rooms, where hags nurse children and cook dinners over red, glowing charcoal. There were groups eating, playing at dominoes, and children who seemed merely waiting there for their sisters or mothers. There were stony-faced crones, Macbeth witches, with throats a pucker of yellow wrinkles, like the folding part of a bellows, sitting sibyl-like, waiting for I know not what. And so, passing by more coffin-rows of empty presses and piles of brown autumn tobacco-leaves, and talked at by more wandering troops of cigar girls, I broke my way into the torrid street, and bore straight towards the Giralda, which, mast-like (as Ford, ever quick at similes, says), rises from the brown-burnt sea of roofs, an eternal monument of the Pyramid builders and their bygone faith.

On my way I meet and fraternize with Forty-

winks, the great traveller; a puffy, red-faced man, with blue, shorn chin and bushy mustachios. I met him yesterday at the table d'hôte, and, finding him intent on a book about Spain, kept making signals of friendship to him with the downward-turned decanter.

Fortywinks has round staring eyes, prominent and projected with eager observing; he is dry about the lips with overmuch talking; he is one of the most voluble, enthusiastic, self-satisfied noodles that ever devoted himself to investigating the manners of a country. His mind seems filled with the trivialities of travel. He jabbers about Fonda Madrids, Fonda Europas, Fonda la Regnas, Posadas, and Ventas. He knows the price of everything, and exactly how many bottles of Manzanilla (six) that it takes to fill your travelling bota (or leather bag). He is something between a bagsman, a chevalier d'industrie in his noviciate, and a military officer. He smiles at ladies at the table d'hôte, whispers you to know if you ever saw so fascinating a brunette, then stares at her hard, colours the colour of pickled cabbage when she looks at him casually on her way to a slice of melon, plunges, not slides, into knots of conversation, talks bad French and worse Spanish, laments to men in loud voice the stupid prejudices of my countrymen, who never find Spaniards—as he has found them — courteous, affable, hospitable, intellectual, tolerant, generous, and liberal. Fortywinks is the

strangest and most inconsequential man I ever met. He came to me wonderfully, and disappeared wonderfully. Like Cloten, he was by turns condescending and overbearing. He supposed I was laughing at him; he was sorry to find Englishmen so unsociable; he was sometimes ashamed to own them as countrymen. Then, in the middle of a string of recommendations of the guide in the last city he was in, he would plunge again headlong into distant Spanish conversation down the table, gesticulating, apologizing, making sham jokes and feeble theorems, then bowing and scowling till I really trembled for his wits, till I found on examination he was born without them. His name he would not give me, but hinted that it was known, and of weight. I found it by tracking through the visitor's book, and asking the waiter, who had looked at his trunk. Whether he was an impostor or fool I never quite decided.

If I go to Grenada, says Fortywinks, I must waste no time, but at once ask for Ben-saken. Without Ben-saken, I shall see nothing. He, Fortywinks, without Ben-saken, would have seen nothing. You walk about in that wonderful, most wonderful city, and see perhaps a coat of arms over a door, says Ben-saken; that coat of arms, monsieur, was put up by the Duke of Medina Cœli, in 1586—the 1st of April, 1586. So he goes on—wonderful! It is no use travelling with your eyes shut: a man must look about him. He, for instance, &c. Perhaps I thought

the age of adventures past? Not a bit of it. Had I heard of the hotel falling in the Calle Francos, Madrid? No? Was astonished. He was there. Some one building next door had gradually undermined the foundations of the hotel. Middle of the night awoke: floor sloping: slipped on his stockings, threw his carpet-bag out of window: ran down: found the stairs full of ladies in their night-dresses: ran out: looked back one street off, and saw the hotel fall to the ground. Was not that an adventure? That was nothing. Had I been the night-journey to Granada? Such a conveyance! Market-cart—mere market-cart: no sleep: jolt, jostle, bump, jog: so it was: but such orange-groves, green as verdigris, hollowing suddenly out of brown, desert, turnpike-road hills. Poor Fortywinks! nothing could equal his contempt of others but his admiration of himself.

But now we are at the Giralda, the great Moorish tower of beauty, with its frescoed walls: the sharp four-square of keen brick, with the stucco peeling off, as the stone tunicle is peeling off the Pyramids. We look at it from all sides. We have seen it illuminated at night, rising a starry pinnacle to the blue heaven. We have seen it a centre-point, in the hot, silent Spanish noons, for the sun to burn upon. We want to see the Moorish tower of prayer now from above, and from the airy summit where the falcons build and circle, to look down on the Arab river, and the great mob of brown-roofed houses,

convents (now factories), and Renaissance-foliated palaces, all girdled in by five miles of crumbling walls, where the aloe bristles, and the bramble crawls and twines its thorny chains round its purple fruit. We want to see the relative positions of the noble and the gipsies' quarter, the relative preponderance of the mediæval Roman and Moorish cities, of Aboo-Yoosoof-Yacoob's city and that of Columbus or Charles the Fifth.

So I and Fortywinks, disregarding the yellow flower-stalk pinnacles, countless as the alpine peaks, of the cathedral that supplanted the mosque of the Faithful, the doors netted round and banded over by stone tracery, the guardian porter saints who heed neither the righteous nor the sinner who enter, the Pharisee priest, or the publican muleteer, push on past the stone terraces and broken Roman pillars chained together in a rude gaoler way, that surround the church, and enter the enclosure leading to this stupendous tower, which, in Fortywinks' humble opinion, "if he may be considered to be in a position to assert it," shoots up like a rocket into a region of beauty unknown to all other European or Oriental towers. We walk round the fifty feet of sharp, close stuccoed brick, that forms one of its sides, and reach the lower guard-room, where the curator resides. Curator is a tight-jerkined groom of a man, with a great bunch of keys at his girdle, like the gaoler in a real three-act tragedy. His face is one of those dry,

LA CAMPANILA, the Daughter of the Giralda.

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brown Spanish ones, with eyes with a fund of quiet fire at the bottom of them, a surly mouth, and a slow articulation. Evidently, if there is one thing he hates more than another, it is going up those seventy inclined planes to the bell-turret of the Giralda. Besides him, there is an old crone, who mumbles prayers to herself, and is rubbing, with other purposes than Aladdin's, at one of those old Roman lamps that the Andalucian peasantry and the poor people of Rome still use. It was just like those found at Pompeii and throughout Naples kingdom. It went up in a square brass stalk, with a base below to rest on, and a ring above for the finger: half way down came the boat-shaped oil chamber, with three spouts for wicks. Brushing the room with a bundle of peacocks' feathers of faded emerald and other jewel colours, moved a brisk, black-eyed "Immaculata," or Juanna, giving furtive attention to a handsome young muleteer lover lounging at the door in the "promiscuous," desperately accidental way peculiar to lovers. This full-bosomed, agile girl is the sister of the celebrated "Campinila," or Daughter of the Giralda, at present the best public dancer in Seville,—a pantheress at the Bolero, a leopardess at the Cachuca, a twining snake in the Fandango, a flying angel in everything else. A sort of superstition connects her with this old Moorish-painted tower, as the dream of Victor Hugo does Esmeralda with the twin towers of Nôtre Dame. She was born

in it; perhaps will come back a faded old woman, tired of the pomps and gawds of the world, to die in it, and be tolled for at last by her old friend, the big bell La Gorda, that daily to the "ower good" of Seville announces the Angelus Domini and the Ave Maria—the beginning and end of the religious man's day.

Up I go through several dark passages and small horseshoe (colt's-foot) arches, and begin to ascend the ramps, as the short inclined planes that with the Moors superseded stairs, are called; feeling, as when I ascended Saint Peter's, passing up a mountain quickly as in a vision, with no special sense of exertion or pain and panting in rising. Every ramp is numbered, just over its entrance arch, each ramp standing off at an acute angle from its predecessor. We are going up three hundred and fifty feet high, as high as the Campanile at Venice, up to the bronze figure of Faith, with the labarum banner that crowns the highest summit, as it has done ever since the wise monks put it there—two thousand pounds of it, to shift with every breeze—in 1568.

At every fresh slope of ascent, to let the echo of our tramping feet die away, we pause and look down the giddy precipice height through the simple Moorish window-loops with the two colts'-hoof openings clinging by the central slender shaft of dark marble or ambery alabaster. It was from this slender outer balcony, frail, but beautiful as the open side-work of

a lady's casket, that the green-turbaned Cadi used, in his white and crimson robes, to address the rolling, troublous sea of turbans, when the silver clarions mentioned in the old Cid ballads had sounded, and the Atabal bell-staffs and Moorish drums had beaten and jingled noisily to order silence.

"By Jove!" says Fortywinks, who always speaks in a controversial way, "don't you call this beautiful? Talk of Bow Church!"

I hadn't said a word about Bow Church, or its mean, tight little balcony hanging over its stormy street. I hadn't denied the beauty of the Tower of Prayer. That be far from me, listening ghost of Sultan Joseph Jacob! Nor would I be rude to the prim Santas Justina and Rufina, the sainted potter's daughters, whom Murillo painted from live potter's daughters, and who are supposed to still miraculously defend this tower, being indeed seen as late as July, 1843, when they caught some of Espartero's cannon-shot, just as an Eton long-stop would a spinning cricket-ball.

"Get out," says Fortywinks, swelling up for a laugh, because he thinks I am trying to be funny, and he ought, as a sociable companion, to try and do the civil thing, and laugh. Bless him! Right—left—up, up—tramp, tramp—tramp, tramp. There is no prospect to turn and admire, as elderly gentlemen do when they are blown going up hill, and want to mop their foreheads; and I am not going to stop at

Fortywinks' desire—though I think he wants me to, for I hear him puffing and panting like an over-walked poodle, just turning 54 ramp (57, 58, 59, 60): another horseshoe window, giddier still to look down (61, 62, 63). Curator goes sulkily on, cursing Providence, looking on himself as a vexed, and, by Heaven! a personally ill-treated Spaniard. "Bad enough," I think I hear him saying, "to show the tiresome old tower, that seems to me to grow higher every day, as I get older. Worrying enough, to show it, I say again, to the real Castilians, and the 'well-boiled' Majo; but to foreigners, and, above all, Englishmen—bah!" and he curses us in the name of the false prophet and all his gods, who helped the Moslem to build this hateful tower. Why could not his daughter give up that monkey dancing, and come and show strangers — English — bah! — over the d—— old tower, that the kind Don Fulano had imprisoned him in for his sins?

All this time I, like Gallio, "caring for none of these things," and knowing that, English or not, he will pocket our shillings, tramp up the stone slopes, thinking of the outside of the fair tower, with its circled pillarets and the rope net-work of quatre-foiled and pierced tracery encircling its precious surface. Far behind, I hear groaning Fortywinks, who calls out, "I say, old fellow, how much more of it?" and "Scissors, isn't it a way up?" I think of the figured shadows that play and wanton

about its dark-eyed loops. I think of the fading frescoes, with their dim red and yellow saints, fading off as if really the blood and bone, intense Mohammedanism of the building were too much for them. I think of the running scrolls of thorny flower leaves that twine round the spandrils of the window arches, that from below look so small—such mere swallows, nests of shady balconies up against the great brick world of a tower. Fortywinks, at last catching me, insists on reading from his red Guide-book, "as how" the tower was a Mueddin, or a prayer tower, for the old mosque that stood below, as how it was the detached Campanile, just as the Irish round tower (also a citadel) was—such as one or two of our English churches have. It was built in 1196, in our early Norman kings' days, by Sultan Aboo Joseph Jacob, who added it as a crown to the great mosque his father had built, in imitation of the forest of pillars still existing at Cordova. The father was that wise Sultan who threw a bridge of boats across the muddy river, who completed the walling of the city, repaired the old Roman aqueduct, and built wharves for the Moorish Sevillians. Jaber, a Moorish architect, built it, as well as two sister ones of the same kind at Morocco and Rabat: built them to be nearer heaven, to worship Allah, and observe the stars, in the year of the Hegira 593 (1196). On the summit he placed four brazen (spheres) apples, cast by an Arab alchymist of

Sicily, costing fifty thousand pounds, which were thrown down by an earthquake, such as has just been felt in Seville (since my visit), in 1395. It was here (to purge ourselves of the intolerable torment of facts and dates—the vermin hindrances of fluent history), that, in 1248 (our Henry the Third's reign), when San Fernando took the city finally from the Moors, a Scottish knight first ascended the Giralda, and proclaimed the conquest, just as Cardinal Mendoza did from the bell-tower of the Alhambra. Fortywinks is a painfully inquiring man. Higher and higher: curator, longing to throw us out of a loop, but, by strong screwings up, contriving to be sullenly civil, suddenly drags us into a sort of cupboard-room, unlocks a door in the wall, and shows us, with the proud triumph of a Beefeater showing the regalia to a group of country people, a clock made by Jose Cordero in 1764—the greatest lion of Seville—but which replaced a much more curious old jotter of Time's breathing, date 1400, the first ever made in Spain. I, having no mechanical head, see nothing but a skeleton world of shining brass wheels, indented cogs, steel weights, and shining metal surfaces. Fortywinks sees no more in it, though I know he really believes, that, if he gave his mind seriously to it, he could invent a new steam-engine that would go by puffing The curator scowls at us as a set of brainless, atheistic idiots, and shuts the clock-case with a contemptuous bang, giving us

a look as if he had struck us, which Fortywinks returns with a grand glance of military and austere defiance. Already we are above the old Moorish shields of the tower; those last square loops in the roof light the last tier of the Moorish brickwork; and now passing a walled passage, which outside is arcaded with painted engrailed arches, we pass through a door and come out on the airy and lofty bell turret; the last height but one below the high globe on which the Italian figure of Faith stands that we can get to. Above our heads is the roof, with the parapet crowned by stone globes, and urns, and carved bells, and at the four corners the huge iron lilies, four or five feet high, which are attributes of the Virgin, the guardian and special deity of Seville. From this again rises the four lessening pierced turrets, which nobody but the builders have ever ascended.

But of the bell-turret specially. Here we are, in a semi-dark covered passage, built round the core of the roots of the upper tower, lit on each of the four sides by five long-arched loops for bells. Here was where the Mueddin once summoned the faithful to prayers, crying, with sonorous voice, "Come to prayer—come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep—prayer is better than sleep!" and then the short battle creed, "Allah ill illaha, wa Mahmoud rasool ila," for "there is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." Here, where the hawks

wheel and whistle, are the baptized bells, the name of their particular saint inscribed over them. I read Saint Barbara, Saint Peter, and Santa Maria. Each bell has a special purpose as well as a special name: this is for marriage, that for death, this for fire, that for baptism. I think of Schiller as I read their names, and wonder at the portly patriarch of them, La Gorda (the fat one).

I should mention, by the bye, that the Spanish bell-ringing is only a jostling clash and clamour, without regard to time, chime, sequence, or harmony. It is merely meant to scare the devil of thunder, to invite rain, and frighten goblins, which I should think it might well do. The large-mouthed, loud-voiced bells are hung on great green cross-beams of wood, with a counterbalance rising from them in a straight line with the bell. To the top of these counterweights the bell-rope is fastened, so that when the ringer wants to sound, he twists the rope round and round this till all the rope is wound out. Once at the end of the tether away it goes back again, the bell tumbling head over heels with a clatter enough to waken the Cid. Sometimes, when the bell is large, these lazy bunglers simply tie a rope to the clapper, and so beat out their sacred music.

As I am staring about, in a helpless traveller way, at the suspended bells above my head, a sadder and stranger object than even that fantastic fiction Quasi-

modo comes through a doorway towards us, in a blank, purposeless way, apparently to ring the bell of the hour, for it is just noon. He is a lean, shambling, pale stripling, perhaps twenty, but not looking more than seventeen, so puny and faded is his youth. As he approaches nearer to the great bell, I see by the way he feels the walls with his hands, as well as, now he comes nearer, by the dimness and pulpiness of his eyes, that he is blind. This is poor Diego, the blind idiot, who is the bell-ringer of the Giralda. Poor and blind, he loves these bells like his own brothers, and has got names for all of them. He knows all their tricks and all their voices: chiding, warning, loving, wooing, praying, summoning, or alarming. He likes to be up there when the cross-fire arrows of the lightning shoot across the sky; and he spends hours there on summer evenings trying to count the flocks of brown burnt roofs (that he calls his sheep) in the city below. He comes there, too, to cower from the fierce deluge rain of the south.

Mercy of Heaven! see him now, how he springs up in that high arch under the big bell, and winds up the cord round the counterweight; how he throws himself at the rope, and plunges almost through the loop, laughing vacantly as the great bell tosses, and tumbles, and clamours above his empty head. It is terrible to see the strong recoil of the rope, as each stroke all but sucks him through

the opening, that makes one giddy to look from, more than two hundred feet to the stones below. I put my head out under the bells to reconnoitre where I am, and Fortywinks, to match me, does the same in the next loop. The result of my look is, that I am in a cloistered turret, just above the beautiful Moorish arcading that seems so much Mechlin lace turned to stone. Above this small corbel ledge runs a sort of band of inlaid panel, in small patterned squares and triangles, very grateful to the eye. From this spring the five long-arched loops on each side of the square, where the bells rock and sway in their merry wanton way, swinging in and swinging out, with a clamour and a shout, One and two, and one and two—clishing—clashing, brazen crashing, with a tumult and a sound, from the belfry to the ground, over roof and over tower, with a maddened swelling power, as if stern old Sultan Time growing weary of the chime, were despotically intent on his final message sent, crying with a savage clamour, as he smites with brazen hammer, through the heat and through the gloom, with mechanic voice of doom, careless as the headsmen be, of the blow that sets us free—"One-more-day-is-dead-and-gone, and one-more-day-is-dead-and-gone."

Having well noted the dark level of the two-side loops, and the beautiful ribbed curve of the central doorway of sound, the broad cornice above, with

the dark and white lozenges of stonework, and the pierced roundels, which are mouthpieces for the bell music to pour out of—now unable to bear any longer the sight of Diego, who makes me giddy by throwing himself suicidally at the bell-cords, apparently trying to hang himself, and plunge head foremost over the battlements at the same time—I mount the inner staircase, whose stone steps are scooped out with generations of feet, and get out into the breezier air of the highest terrace of the tower of prayer, though the lessening peaks go soaring eighty or ninety feet still above me. I am now up close to the green iron tree-lilies, fixed in huge Domdaniel iron jars, pierced with stars, and mounted on stone pyramids of bells. I can now, which is a satisfaction, put my hand on the stone spheres and hollow urns, or lanthorns, that crown the parapet. Below these, when I glance over, I see a panelling of dark marked bands and small pediments crowning the greater bell-arches below, from which worn, carved heads of guardian saints look out like men who are alarmed at night by a sudden cry of fire, or like quiet people who had gone to bed at an inn and awoke suddenly in the night, discovering it to be a belfry. Behind me rises the mysterious, unvisitable lesser turret, topped by a balustraded parapet, fairer than all the minarets of Seville, whether San Marcos—Omnium sanctorum—or Santa Catalina, says our sour curator. If I was to contradict him, he has got to that pitch

of sullenness because we linger about so on this artificial precipice, that I think it would be dangerous, so I agree with him. Fortywinks utters nothing but the singular slang interjection, "Scissors!" at minute-gun intervals, for refreshment.

As my eye travels up still farther, not stopped by want of stairs, as I (his master) am, it sees a smaller turret rising from the last I described. It is hollow, and supported on parallel square shafts which force it up to the round cornice and square, sharp ledges, which bear in great Roman letters the scriptural legend from the Proverbs, xviii. 10, Nomen Domini fortissima turris, "God's name is a strong tower (of defence)"—a beautiful consecration of it to God's services by the monkish builder. Yet, here it does not stop—no. See the monk half way up to heaven stayed but to carve his prayer. Up soars a smaller, finer turret—up like a flower just shot from its cup and sheath of leaves; up beyond the stone urns and pierced filagree scroll-work, that, from below, gives the Giralda the look of one of those Gothic font covers or rich pinnacled tabernacles, wrought by Venetian goldsmiths, who prayed and struggled as they worked. Again, from the round cable-girding and base of moulding rises, with fresh aspiration, another hollow turret from the rim of vases; and yet another, small as the poop-lantern of an admiral's ship, a mere airy cradle for the whistling falcon to swoop round lovingly, and to watch its young in. From

the stone cap of this—not larger does it look than my hat—rises a coping of filagree work, then a gilded globe, that looks no larger than a gilt bolus, and on this, at last, balances the great Italian bronze figure of La Fe (Faith) just as it was set there in 1568, by Bartolemè Morel. From my high terrace of vantage it looks no larger than a chimney-ornament, but, in truth, it weighs, with its banner, five thousand pounds, and, though only a weathercock, is fourteen feet high: in fact, preposterously Amazonian and colossal.

This female weathercock figure of Faith is a stock butt for the wits of Seville. It seems so droll for the monk to have chosen it if he did not mean to have been satirical. A female figure for Faith, and not merely a female figure, which might have been pardonable, but a weathercock figure for what should be fixed and inimitable as the sure set mountain. Protestants think it suitable, and quote the perpetual changes and contrivances of the Church, whose popes cancel each other's deeds; who now support Jesuitism, now exile it; who throw off perpetual fresh sects and heresies, and call them new monastic orders; who, if the age is cruel, is cruel—if merciful, is merciful; who condemn new truths, yet resuscitate old errors; who have turned Christianity, at first a republic, into a despotism; whose vicegerent is supported by foreign swords and bayonets, though He whom he worships once said, "He who takes

the sword shall perish by the sword." Even old, fat, studious canons, nestled in cathedral closes, have their pot shot at it and quote Seneca:—

"What is more unstable than air?—Lightning. What than lightning?—Fame. What than fame?—Woman. What than woman?—Nothing (but the Roman Catholic Church)."

The goddess, perhaps only an old Roman Fortune rechristened—for what is Popery but old idolatry with a cross round its neck?—looks down on the great flat city that Musa Ibn Hossein conquered; when Don Roderick fell on the red banks of the Guadalete.

Here, still below her, stretch miles of flat, yellow-ridged roofs, with the scanty arched windows, and terraces, and balconies, that Saint Fernando subdued with his knights whose deeds so nearly sent Don Quixote to a madhouse. This is the old city that Julius Cæsar fortified in opposition to Pompey's pet city of Cordova. These brown roofs are still girdled by sixty-six towers and fifteen gates, and the remains of one hundred and forty convents are still to be seen within its streets.

As you look down you see the old Moorish city marked out by the narrow, dark clefts of streets that wind in and out like dark brooks among the houses. The arch-entrance porches and fountain courts you cannot see in this bird's-eye view. Away yonder, far away across the plain, is Italica, an old Roman

military station where the Emperor Hadrian was born —alas! for human glory, Curator knows nothing about him, and will insist on showing me a sort of astrolabe, which is let into the wall of the parapet, and indicates the former haunt of astronomers who came here to map out the stars, that only show themselves to us at night when they are in full jewelled evening dress. Yonder goes the soapsud-looking river, on whose flat earth-banks the old conquerors of Seville, who now sleep their sleep in the cathedral suburbs, wrought such deeds, pounding and hammering at the Moors' shorn and turbaned heads. Below us, all round, are the stone roofs and huge pinnacles of the Cathedral bossy with flowers, as so many holyoaks, and all sorts of strange-winged buttresses, that I long to chamber amongst. Down there, too, is the great, redundant, vulgarly rich Archbishop's palace, Churrigueresque to an intolerable degree; and there is the old Moorish citadel, the Alcazar where Philip the Second brooded mischief to England; where Charles the Fifth sat crooning and planning the destruction of whole nations beside his Flemish fireplaces, and where poor half-witted Philip the Fifth told his beads as he fished for carp, who, oddly enough, preferred their quiet mud to the silver stewpan.

This is the fairy palace, whose leagues of needle-work-wall I shall, one day, describe. And yonder is the house of Pilate and the Inquisition—dark

houses, and countless orange-gardens, longing for the joys of October harvest, when all the city is picking or packing, and the smoking dealer roams about with the balls of red gold, crying out that they are "Dulces que almibar" (sweet as syrup).

This is the city where big-hearted Cortes died broken-hearted, and where Columbus pined. Yon is the house, the store-house of the Murillos, I yesterday visited. I can see the Alba and Medina Sidonia palaces, and the Franciscan convent, where Don Juan was murdered by the monks. I can even, with dissecting eye, pick out the different ferries of the city, where epicures go to eat shad, and where bare-legged fishermen catch the royal sturgeon. Away here is La Buena convent, once a bottle manufactory; not far from this is the Leper Vista Hospital. Curator marks me out the Moorish causeway that led to the poor huts of La Macarena, where Murillo children still sprawl about in the road dirt, and make as clever mud-pies as though they were kings' sons. I track on from roof to roof—from the hospital of the Five Wounds to the caverns that Soult, the general-thief, plundered, and which has since been a galley-slaves' prison. That stilted aqueduct, and those fortified-looking dustheaps, bring us to the cannon-foundry, and the hot spots outside the walls, where the bullies and gamblers dice, wrangle, and fight. My eyes turn from these leprous beggars' quarters and roam widely, sweeping along in flights swifter

than the falcons over our heads, to the gardens of Las Delicias, at the foot of which parade I shall presently embark for Cadiz. Here is the Saint Elmo palace, gay in green and gilt, that the son of Columbus built, and where the Duke de Montpensier (not unknown to English leader-writers) and his Infanta live. Not far from there is the Moorish tower of gold, where the national red and yellow flag now flames and flaunts in the sun.

Now, with painful steps, and meditatively slow, I leave blind Diego, still looking up at the bells in a wistful way, as if counting the minutes till he had to ring them again. Curator strides down rejoicingly, jingling his keys, and playfully expectant of shillings. I count, for the last time in this weary, joyless life of mine, the number of the ramps, and drive the Curator to symptoms of epilepsy by again stopping at one of the side Moorish windows, and putting my head out to roar, in the character of a Christian knight captive among the Moors, the defiance of the old chronicle of the Cid to the turbaned Turks below, who roll their eyes, and shake their glittering crescent sabres at me:—

"Three hundred banner'd knights was indeed a gallant show;
Three hundred shaven Moors they kill'd, a man at every blow.
The Christians call upon Saint James, the Moors upon Mahound;
There were thirteen hundred of them slain on a little plot of ground.
The Cid himself rode in the midst, his shout was heard afar—
'*I am Don Rui Diaz, the Champion of Bivar!*'"

"I say, old fellow!" says Fortywinks, looking at his watch, "if we don't step out, we shall miss that steamer. It goes at half-past three, and I'm fifty minutes past two, now. Look alive! Have you paid the old bloke?"

CHAPTER IX.

THE INQUISITION'S GALA DAY.

I HAD just parted, at the Seville river-side, with Driver and Spanker, who are off in the steamer for Cadiz. Their earnest last words, "We *do* hope you'll like Gib!" pronounced with a certain plaintive anxiety, which I, perhaps unjustly, attributed partly to "ginnums and waterums" (as they playfully denominated spirits and water), still rang in my ears. In vain I went to worm out the house where Murillo was born, and spent some time watching some gipsy-girls, and haggard old crones with red rims to their eyes, who, in the square not far from the Archbishop's palace, were busy cooking something in a tripod cauldron, over a charcoal fire that the wind kindled in gusts to a white crimson.

Yes, even of sketching, as of other good things, there may be too much; so I slapped my pencils in their case with the angry haste with which a hard-pressed soldier rings his ramrod into the barrel, clicked my knife to as if I had got an enemy's fingers under the blade, and set off to go and inflict my dullness on

the English Consul,—a kind old man, and a lover of art. Now he who loves what I love, I always love; but, to tell the real truth, the rain of sun-fire had now dried up an hour ago all love of humanity in me: my heart seemed a hard Barcelona nut, my brain a dried-up pigment or a madrepore; my veins were contracting; I was rapidly becoming a baked man—a bad terra-cotta likeness of Adam. In a word, to use a strong metaphor, the Spanish sun had turned my milk of human kindness into curds and whey. Just now I was admiring the Spanish nobility of bearing; their quick rebound of wit; their courage; their freedom from pride. Now I find myself, yellow-faced victim of bile that I am! sneering at the Inquisition, denouncing the shoals of Indians Cortes drove to death, laughing at the little strutting baboon grandees, and speaking irreverently of a certain Madrid lady, the Messalina of modern times; all this comes of a rise in the thermometer. Poor, weak human nature, I despise thee! But a man cannot kick himself, or pull his own nose, so I let it pass. Ill-tempered, bilious wretch that I am, I pretend to be going to chat and trifle with an old friend; but don't I really know that I am really going to vent on him my ill-temper—to obstinately sit sullenly enjoying the fact that a bored and long-suffering friend is not allowed, by the rules of the Book of Etiquette, to drive you down stairs, with the word Bore chalked on the back of your black coat?

I wind down all sorts of quiet streets in the environs of the Archbishop's palace, where, now that Peter's net is made of gold wire, the fishers of men, Saint Peter's descendants and worshippers, keep their fishing materials. At last, after long trains of blind walls and grated windows, from which music here and there oozes out for my solace, poor bilious pilgrim that I am, with unboiled peas in my life-pilgrim shoes, I come to Numero X., and a grated door looking very much like the entrance to a sort of Paradisaical Newgate. As I stand at the threshold, the earth lies before me a poor panting creature, shot through and through with the sun's quiverfull of golden sunbeam arrows. My tongue hung out like a mad dog's; my liver seemed swollen as large as a hat-box; as for my heart, it was like a bad horse in a race—nowhere; my throat was a potsherd. I tracked my way as I went, like a water-cart, with hot drops from my brow. I felt for the first time the curse of Cain, and was scarcely able to bear it. Drat the fellow! how long he is answering the bell. I stare through the grated door like a felon from his condemned cell. I feel blood-thirsty and felonious. I long to bathe in a lemonade ocean, and wish for a steady two days' rain of soda-water. A man fast becoming a tile has a right to lose his temper: flesh I had lost long ago; I now lost my temper. I was very hot, yet I was getting Polar—thin and tough as a post; I was distilling into vapour; I was fast be-

coming a dead disembodied spirit. Oh, that Spanish sun! Would I had a diving-bell, that I might go and spend my afternoons at the bottom of the Guadilquiver, looking for Arab skeleton relics, and studying hydraulics!

Will that fellow come? I cower from the heat—blinding, dazzling, scorching, screeching—under the Consul's portico, where the stones are dry and cleaned by the all-purifying heat, which has been ever since daybreak in a broad waft of sunshine, stealing across its white surface like the shadow that cancels the hours over a dial-face. I look in through the flowering iron of the grating at the quiet court, with its glossy-leaved orange-trees, with their porous gold balls of bullion fruit and their tight, highly-finished rind, standing so watchful and thoughtful, that I believe, if I could find the right key and the old Moorish talismanic word, they would speak. I observe the fountain dippling with the pettish drops that fret the silver mirror of its surface, and break up the pretty reflected picture of the four trees and the corridors above, the doorway of the sitting-room at the side, and other garnishing, into broken and discordant scraps and sketches of pictures. I mark—for my eye will have it all to hand over to blind memory, who sits in the dark rooms of the brain, shutters up, and depends on her for out-door news—I mark the square, cut down from the higher surface, just as in the rooms in Pompeii. The Sevillians, indeed, re-

tain strictly the old Roman type; a more pleasurable semi-open-air life can scarcely be conceived; but then you must group children, and lovers, and old fathers round the fountain. Long before I hear the servant's tardy feet, I have time to observe the corridor balconied above, leading to the bedrooms, looking so airy, tranquil, and cool, that you would half expect, on opening the door, to find some of Zurburan's saints asleep on the beds, or a Murillo's Saint Francis struggling in rapturous devotion before an ebony and ivory crucifix.

At last Pepe comes, smiling, and rubbing his lips, still redolent of olla. Of course he is gravely polite, and has a proverb—"No summer like a late summer"—to which I condescend no reply: a fact that does not in the least discomfort Pepe, who assures me that he and all that is in the house are at my feet. His Excellency the Consul is not in; but must be in soon, for at three his Reverency the Archbishop comes to dinner. Do I not hear the hissing in the kitchen? That is a snake that hisses, but does not bite. I must pardon the kitchen proverb. Will I walk in and take my siesta, till his Excellency the Señor returns? From the bottom of his heart he regrets that he must, however, leave me there alone, as he has some horses to look after, and some herbs to get for the omelettes. But shall he bring me some Manzanilla and a plate of biscuits?

I yield. I am shown into the Consul's sunny

twilight library, where the many-coloured bindings of the curious books, for which he is famous, mottle the wall as with precious tapestry. Where I sit I can look out into the great hall, and see the pale cold busts from Italica that stare at me with sightless eyes from behind their leafy ambuscades. I am in the room of a highly civilized man, the walls are rich with choice pictures — bouquets of very fleshy Rubenses, Rembrandt midnights teeming with life, enamelled miniatures by Gerard Dow, scuds of pistol-firing horsemen by Wouvermans.

I lay back luxuriously in a Turkish arm-chair, and thought of the different siestas at that moment taking place in Seville. Beggars asleep smiling in doorways, their children resting against their bandaged knees. Duchesses in their rose-leaf coloured boudoirs, their humming-bird fans, dropped from their white wonders of hands—perhaps still warm with lovers' kisses—for even duchesses have lovers. Globular canons with mellow bald heads asleep over Saint Thomas Aquinas, which is no wonder. Craftsmen dozing at their looms or beside their forges. Every day at noon a Spanish city falls asleep, and God alone knows when it wakens.

In this dim studious twilight, with a silence only broken by fountain kisses, as of a perpetual water nymph's honeymoon, and scented with bridal orange blossoms, oriental, as fits the city, I throw myself luxuriously into a cushioned easy-chair, and pro-

pelling myself lazily, as a paddler down a lotus river might, I drive slowly along the book-shelves, beating them for game, as an old pointer would the yellow hair-brush stubbles. I had not well passed over a yard or two of Lope de Vega, and nearly as much of Calderons and Perreiras, when the word INQUISICION, on the back of a little dried-up, colourless, cracked duodecimo, with the date 1680, Amsterdam, on the title-page, attracts my eye. I open it, and find it is a collection of narratives of Inquisition imprisonments in this very city, written by one Serafin de Carcel, who escaped from Cadiz to Holland after having been condemned to be burnt for heresy.

Now the Inquisition and its horrors were always of special interest to me.

I had only yesterday paddled all round by the tobacco manufactory, and the tall English factory chimney rising from a convent passing the arsenals (we got the word from the Moors), the piles of salt codfish (how they smell!), and the sellers of the fried fish (soles, called "soldiers of Pavia" from their yellow uniforms). After many errings and strayings I got to the Prado of Saint Sebastian, where the foundations of a square platform still mark the Quemadero, or Burning Place. This dusty, horrid, deserted square was the spot where so many martyrs ascended in fiery chariots to heaven.

So while I had to wait I took out my note-book, and wrote down a few facts from this rare and

curious book, from which, by the aid of memory, I have since put together the following narrative of the Inquisition ceremonials, with all their horrid semblance of religion and mercy.

Carcel was a goldsmith in the Serf's Street, Seville, and was arrested on the 2nd of April, 1680, at ten o'clock in the evening, as he was finishing a gold necklace for one of the maids of honour. A week after his first arrest Carcel was examined. "In an ante-room," he says, "a smith frees me of my irons, and I pass from the ante-chamber to the 'Inquisitor's table,' as the small inner room is called. It is hung with blue and citron-coloured taffety. At one end, between the two grated windows, is a gigantic crucifix, and on the central estrade (a table fifteen feet long surrounded by arm-chairs), with his back to the crucifix, sits the secretary, and on my right Francis Delgado Ganados, the Grand Inquisitor, who is a secular priest. The other Inquisitors had just left, but the ink was still wet in their quills, and I saw on papers before their chairs some names marked with red ink. I am seated on a low stool opposite the secretary. The Inquisitor asks my name and profession, and why I come there, exhorting me to confess as the only means of quickly regaining my liberty. He hears me, but when I fling myself weeping at his knees, he says coolly there is no hurry about my case; that he has more pressing business than mine waiting (the secretary smiles), and he ring

a little silver bell which stands beside him on the black cloth, for the alcaid, who leads me off down a long gallery where my chest is brought in, and an inventory taken by the secretary. They cut my hair off, and strip me of everything, even to my ring and gold buttons; but they leave me my beads, my handkerchief, and some money I had, fortunately, sown in my garters. I am then led bareheaded into a cell, and left to think and despair till evening, when they bring me supper.

"The prisoners are seldom put together. Silence perpetual and strict is maintained in all the cells; fortunately, if any prisoner moans, complains, or even prays too loud, the gaolers who watch the corridors night and day warn them through the grating. If the offence is repeated, they storm in and load you with blows to intimidate the other prisoners, who, in the deep grave-like silence, hear your every cry and every blow.

"Once every two months the Inquisitor, accompanied by his secretary and interpreter, visit the prisoners, and asks them if their food is brought them at regular hours, or if they have any complaint to make against the gaolers. But this is only a parade of justice, for if a prisoner makes complaints they are treated as mere ravings and fancies, and never attended to.

"But these severities are trifles in comparison to the tortures some of my fellow-sufferers were put to

in my presence because their crime of heresy could not be proved without their own confession.

"The water torture consisted in passing water down the wretch's throat till he almost burst, and then fastening him in a sort of vice and suspending him on a pole that almost broke his spine.

"In the fire torture they lit a very fierce flame; then larded the prisoner's naked feet and held them for nearly an hour towards the flames, till he invented lies that pleased them, or confessed truths that inculpated himself.

"In the rope torture they tie the man to a horizontal rope by his hands, which are tied behind his back; they then raise him in the air, and suddenly let him fall with a jolt that dislocates half his joints and makes him utter torturing cries. The only persons present at these butchery scenes are the stolid Inquisitors and the bishop, the grand vicar or his deputy. There are never more than two lurid torches, which show the executioners, who are clothed in black robes and black hoods that hide all the face, but have holes for eyes, nose, and mouth. They strip the prisoner to his waistband, and if he faint, the doctor of the Inquisition comes in to pronounce how much more suffering the guilty man can bear.

"If all this fails, and soul and body are both of steel, the Inquisitors try snares. They put apostates into the bruised man's cell, who comfort him and complain of the Inquisition as one of the greatest scourges

with which God ever allowed man to be inflicted. The Inquisitors, too, profess to be touched with their sufferings, to wish their conversion rather than their hurt, and to pray them to make even the slightest confession, which is to be kept an inviolable secret, and will restore them to instant liberty.

"After two months' imprisonment," he says, and I give it, as far as I can remember, in his own plain touching way, "one Saturday, when, after my meagre prison dinner, I give my linen, as usual, to the gaolers, to send to the wash, they will not take it, and a great cold breath whispers at my heart—to-morrow is the Auto-da-Fe. When, immediately after the vespers at the cathedral, they ring for matins, which they never do but on the rejoicing eve of a great feast, I know that my horrid suspicions are right. Was I glad at my escape from this living tomb, or was I paralysed by fear, at the pile perhaps already hewn and stacked for my wretched body? I know not. I was torn in pieces by the devils that rack the brains of unhappy men. I refused my next meal, but, contrary to their wont, they pressed it more than usual. Was it to give me strength to bear my torture? Do God's eyes not reach to the prisons of the Inquisition?

"I am just falling into a sickly, fitful sleep, worn out with conjecturing, when, about eleven o'clock, the great bolts of my cell grind and jolt back, and a party of gaolers in black, in a flood of light, so that

they looked like demons on the borders of heaven, come in.

"The alcaid throws down by my pallet a heap of clothes, tells me to put them on, and hold myself ready for a second summons. I have no tongue to answer, as they light my lamp, leave me, and lock the door behind them. Such a trembling seizes me for half an hour that I cannot rise and look at the clothes, which seem to me shrouds and winding-sheets. I rise at last, throw myself down before the black cross I had smeared with charcoal on the wall, and commit myself, as a miserable sinner, into God's hands. I then put on the dress, which consists of a tunic with long, loose sleeves and hose drawers, all of black serge, striped with white.

"At two o'clock in the morning the wretches came and led me into a long gallery where nearly two hundred men, draughted from their various cells, all dressed in black, stood in a long silent line against the wall of the long, plain vaulted, cold corridor where, over every two dozen heads, swung a huge brass lamp. We stood silent as a funeral train. The women, also in black, were in a neighbouring gallery far out of our sight. By sad glimpses down a neighbouring dormitory I could see more men dressed in black, who, from time to time, paced backwards and forwards. These I afterwards found were men doomed also to be burnt, not for murder—no, but for having a creed unlike that of the Jesuits.

Whether I was to be burnt or not I did not know, but I took courage, because my dress was like that of the rest, and the monsters could not dare to put two hundred men at once into one fire, though they did hate all who love doll-idols and lying miracles.

"Presently, as we waited sad and silent, gaolers came round and handed us each a long yellow taper and a yellow scapular, or tabard, crossed behind and before with red crosses of Saint Andrew. These are the Sanbenitos that Jews, Turks, sorcerers, witches, heathen, or perverts from the Roman Catholic Church are compelled to wear. Now came the gradation of our ranks—those who have relapsed, or who were obstinate during their accusations, wear the sambarra, which is grey, with a man's head burning on red faggots painted at the bottom and all round reversed flames, and winged and armed black devils horrible to behold. I, and seventy others, wear these; and I lose all hope. My blood turns to ice; I can scarcely keep myself from swooning. After this distribution they bring us, with hard, mechanical regularity, pasteboard conical mitres (carrochas) painted with flames and devils, with the words SORCERER and HERETIC written round the rim. Our feet are all bare; the condemned men, pale as death, now begin to weep, and keep their faces covered with their hands, round which the beads are twisted. God only—by speaking from heaven—could save them. A rough, hard voice now tells

us we may sit on the ground till our next orders come. The old men and the boys smile as they eagerly sit down, for this small relief comes to them with the refreshment of a pleasure.

"At four o'clock they bring us bread and figs, which some drop by their sides, and others languidly eat. I refuse mine, but a guard prays me to put it in my pocket, for I may yet need it. It is as if an angel had comforted me. At five o'clock, at day-break, it was a ghastly sight to see shame, fear, grief, despair, written on our pale, livid faces. Yet not one but felt an undercurrent of joy at the prospect of any release, even by death.

"Suddenly, as we look at each other with ghastly eyes, the great bell of the Giralda begins to boom, with a funeral knell long and slow. It was the signal of the Gala-day of the Holy Office, it was the signal for the people to come to the show. We are filed out one by one. As I pass the gallery in the great hall I see the Inquisitor, solemn and stern in his black robes, throned at the gate. Beneath him is his secretary, with a list of the citizens of Seville in his wiry twitching hands. The room is full of the anxious frightened burghers, who, as their names are called, and a prisoner passes through, move to his trembling side to serve as his God-father in the act of Faith. The honest men shudder as they take their place in the horrible death procession; the time-serving smile at the Inquisitor,

and bustle forward. This is thought an honourable office, and is sought after by hypocrites, and suspected men afraid of the Church's sword.

"The procession commences with the Dominicans, whose founder instituted the Inquisition (for which may——). Before them flaunts the banner of the order, representing in glistening embroidery, that burns in the sun and shines like a mirror, the frocked Saint, holding a threatening sword in one hand, and in the other an olive-branch, with the motto 'Justitia et misericordia' (Justice and mercy). God of love, what a mockery of thy attributes! Behind the banner come the prisoners, in their yellow scapulars, holding their lighted torches, their feet bleeding with the stones, and their less frightened godfathers, gay in cloak, and sword, and ruff, tripping along by their side, holding their plumed hats in their hands. The street and windows are crowded with careless eyes: children are held up to execrate us as we pass to our torturing death. The auto-da-fe was always a holiday sight to the craftsmen and apprentices: it drew more than even a bull-fight, because of the touch of tragedy about it. Our procession, like a long black snake, winds on, with its banners and crosses, its shaven monks and mitred bare-footed prisoners, through street after street, heralded by soldiers who run before to clear a way for us—to stop mules, and clear away fruit-stalls, street-performers, and their laughing audi-

ences. We at last reach the Church of All the Saints, where, tired, dusty, bleeding, and faint, we are to hear mass.

"The church has a grave-vault aspect, and is dreadful as a charnel-house. The great altar is veiled in black, and is lit with six silver candles, whose flames shine like yellow stars, with clear twinkle, and a soft halo round each black, fire-tipped wick. On each side of the altar, that seems to bar out God and his mercy from us, and to wrap the very sun in a grave-cloak, are two thrones, one for the Grand Inquisitor and his counsel, another for the King and his court. The one is filled with sexton-like lawyers, the other with jewelled and feathered men.

"In front of the great altar, and near the door, where the blessed daylight shines with hope and joy, but not for us, is another altar, on which six gilded and illuminated missals lie open; those books of the Gospels, too, in which I had once read such texts as—God is love; Forgive as ye would be forgiven; Faith, hope, charity: these three, but the greatest of these is charity. Near this lesser altar the executive monks had raised a balustraded gallery, with benches bare, on which sat the criminals in their yellow and flame-striped tabards, with their godfathers. The doomed ones came last, the more innocent first. Those who entered the black-hung church first passing up nearest to the altar sat there,

either praying or in a frightened trance of horrid expectancy. The trembling living corpses wearing the mitres, yellow and red, came last, preceded by a gigantic crucifix, the face turned *from* them.

"Immediately following these poor mitred men came servitors of the Inquisition, carrying four human effigies fastened to long staves, and four chests containing the bones of those men who had died in the claws of the Inquisition before the fire could be got ready. The coffers were painted with flames and demons, and the effigies wore the dreadful mitre and the crimson and yellow shirt, all a-flame with typical paint. The effigies sometimes represented men tried for heresy since their death, and whose estates had since been confiscated and their effigies doomed to be burnt, as a warning for no one within their reach to differ in opinion with the Inquisition.

"Every prisoner being now in his place—godfathers, torchmen, pikemen, musketeers, inquisitors, and flaunting court—the Provincial of the Augustins mounted the pulpit, followed by his ministrant, and preached a stormy, denouncing, exulting sermon, half an hour long (it seemed a month of anguish), in which he compared the Church with 'burning eloquence' to Noah's ark; but with this difference, that those animals who entered it before the deluge came out of it unaltered, but the blessed Inquisition had, by God's blessing, the power of changing those its walls once had shut on, turning out meek as the

lambs he saw around him so tranquil and devout those who once had been cruel as wolves, and savage and daring as lions.

"This cruel, mocking sermon over, two readers mounted the pulpit to shout the list of the names of the condemned, their crimes (now, for the first time, known to them) and their sentences. We grew all ears, and trembled as each name was read.

"As each name was called the alcaid led out the prisoner from his pen to the middle of the gallery opposite the pulpit, where he remained standing, taper in hand; after the sentence, he was led to the altar, where he had to put his hand on one of the missals, and to remain there on his knees.

"At the end of each sentence, the reader stopped to pronounce, in a loud angry voice, a full confession of faith, which he exhorted us, the guilty, to join in with heart and voice. Then we all returned to our places. My offence, I found, was having spoken bitterly of the Inquisition, and called a crucifix a mere bit of cut ivory. I was therefore declared excommunicated, my goods confiscated to the king, I was banished Spain, and condemned to the Havannah galleys for five years, with the following penances: I must renounce all friendship with heretics and suspected persons; I must, for three years, confess and communicate three times a month; I must recite five times a day, for three years, the Pater and Ave Maria in honour of the Five Wounds;

I must hear mass and sermon every Sunday and feast-day; and, above all, I must guard carefully the secret of all I had said, heard, or seen in the Holy Office (which oath, as the reader will observe, I have carefully kept).

"The sentence once read, and the worst known, even the condemned seemed happier, and every one fell to eating the figs and bread he had no appetite for in the morning, for we were all worn out with our long fast.

"The Inquisitor then quitted his seat, resumed his robes, and, followed by twenty priests, each with a staff in his hand, he passed into the middle of the church, and, with divers prayers, some of us were relieved from excommunication, each of us receiving a blow from a priest. Once, such an insult would have sent the blood in a rush to my head, and I had died but I had given a return buffet; now, so weak and broken-spirited was I, I broke into tears.

"All this time the fussy, frightened citizen who served as my godfather had not dared even to give me a pinch of snuff or to answer any of my anxious questions; now my sentence was commuted, he bowed, chatted, and handed me his snuff-box, which I refused with contempt and indignation. But he only shrugged his shoulders and stammered an apology.

"Now, one by one, the condemned, faint and stag-

gering, were brought in to hear their sentence, which they did with a frightened vacancy inconceivably touching. A devil would have shed tears to see them; but the Inquisitors were gossiping among themselves and scarcely looked at them, so surfeited were these priests with their enemies' blood.

"Every sentence ended with the same cold mechanical formula: That the Holy Office being unhappily unable to pardon the prisoners present, on account of their relapse and impenitence, found itself obliged to punish them with all the rigour of earthly law, and therefore delivered them with regret to the hands of secular justice, praying it to use clemency and mercy towards the wretched men, saving their souls by the punishment of their bodies, and recommending death, but not the effusion of blood. Cruel hypocrites!

"At the word blood the justice hangmen stepped forward and took possession of their bodies, the alcaid first striking each of them on the chest to show that they were now abandoned to the rope and fire.

"A month before this auto-da-fe, I should mention, the ministers of the Inquisition, preceded by their banner, gorgeous and luminous with sacred symbols, had gone in cavalcade from the palace of the Holy Office to the Cathedral Square and proclaimed the ceremony with drums, trumpets, and clashing of brass, to the great crowd that thronged to hear the good news.

"Our present auto-da-fe was to celebrate the King's marriage, and was to be followed by great bull-fights. They had erected a great theatre, fifty feet long, in the square, raised to a level with the King's balcony. All round ran an amphitheatre of thirty steps, for the Council of the Inquisition and the King's ministers. Above these, and higher than the King's seat, was the Grand Inquisitor's, under a gilt and crimson dais. On the left of the theatre was a second amphitheatre, where the criminals sat and trembled. The fire shone on their pale faces.

"In the midst was a smaller scaffold, with two cages, for more penned-up criminals, to hear their sentences in.

"There were in front of this three special chairs, for the preachers and readers of the sentences; and near these chairs was a temporary altar, hung with black.

"The King had the Queen on his left hand, and the Queen's mother on his right. The court ladies filled the rest of the balcony, which, with their flowers and dresses, seemed as if heaped with nosegays. There were also separate seats for the ambassadors, the city judges, and the people.

"The procession consisted of, first, one hundred charcoal men, armed with pike and musket, and laden with billets of wood; then the Dominicans, carrying a white cross; then the Duke of Medina Cœli, bearing, as is the hereditary privilege of his

family, the great red damask banner of the Inquisition, which has on one side the arms of Spain, and on the other a naked sword thrust through a laurel crown. Next came a green cross muffled in black, followed by nobles and familiars of the Inquisition, dressed in robes adorned with white and black crosses, edged with gold. The train was closed by fifty halberdiers, or Guards of the Inquisition, clad in white and black, and commanded by the Marquis de Rosalba, hereditary Protector of the Inquisition in the Archbishopric of Seville.

"The standard and cross were fixed above the royal seat, and the Dominicans, who had been all night singing hymns and thirsting for our blood, drew up in line, as the King and ladies at that moment appeared in a blaze of colour and splendour, like a sunburst, in the balconies.

"This was at eight o'clock. The charcoal-burners were placed on the left of the King's box, the guard on the right. The great pasteboard effigies were placed prominently at one end of the amphitheatre.

"Next filed in, sad and slow, the hundred men condemned to the fire, cords round their necks, the three-feet-high flame-coloured mitres on their heads, their feet bare; the torches shaking in their trembling hands.

"Next, each led between two familiars, came the commuted; and, last of all, the innocent. The condemned had some of them gags in their mouths, to

prevent any outburst of blasphemy; and they were each of them surrounded by four or five friars, holding crucifixes to their eyes, and exhorting them, angrily and noisily, to repent.

"Having passed under the King's balcony, and then round the amphitheatre, they were placed on the left hand of the amphitheatre, between the familiars and the priests, who exhorted them continually to repent.

"Next arrived the banner of the parish of Saint Sebastian, the Inquisition Council, the Inquisitors, the Qualifiers, and a long procession of secular and religious dignitaries, who placed themselves on the right side of the theatre, surrounding the Grand Inquisitor's chair. Last of all came the Grand Inquisitor, robed in violet, attended by the President of the Council of Castile; and when he (the Arch Devil) took his seat, the President bowed and retired.

"Then mass was again said, and the priest, leaving the altar, sat down; upon which, the Inquisitor, putting on pontifical robes and mitre, bowed first to the altar and then to the King; and, ascending the steps of the throne, a servitor bearing the cross, read aloud the oath by which the King of Spain had bound himself to protect at all hazards, even to the loss of his kingdom, the Catholic Faith, to extirpate heresy, and support the Inquisition.

"Then the King, taking off his hat (the great sword held unsheathed by a chamberlain at his left side), swore to observe the oath.

"The Inquisitor then unrobed and resumed his place, while the same oath was administered to all present. Next there was a sermon by a Dominican, praising the Inquisition and denouncing heresy, and the procession moved towards the piles, now dry, piled and stacked with wood billets and faggots.

"A few horrid moments of riveting collars and anklets. A twist or two of the garotte for the least guilty, a struggle here and there, with a demoniac yell, soon stifled by cruel hands and driving blows. The fires are lit. Now the excitement in the boxes gets greater and greater. The fans agitate, in black waves; the silk dresses, too, wave, like flowery meadows in the March winds. But no pity—not a tear. The flame rages with cruel leaps and mounts; it drives up in great quivering pyramids, that the wind now and then drifts out in horizontal banners, showing black bodies, black burning stakes, and thin hands clasped together in prayer. Higher and higher mount the great twisted columns of smoke, now turning to roaring and racing masses of living fire, furiously, wrathfully, and gluttonously hungering for victims."

* * * * *

I toss down the book, surfeited with the horrors of the scene. "O God!" I cried, in a burst of indignation, "how long is man to turn earth into hell? how long to use thy name as a mask for his most loathsome wickedness? how long——"

"Halloa!" said the Consul's voice behind me, "what is the matter? I hope Pepe has not been impudent. Oh, I see you've got hot over that curious little book about the Inquisition. Take care. Remember we are in Spain. Pepe, bring some glasses; and if I catch you listening again—— I must stow away that book before the Archbishop comes. Never mention the Inquisition, my dear Don Fulano, to a Spaniard. There is a proverb of Andalucia:—

'Con el ojo y la Fè
Nunca me burlare.'

Briefly thus:—

'In my faith and in my eye,
No one has a right to pry.'"

CHAPTER X.

SPANISH BALLADS.

"HAS anything fallen into your hands since I last saw you?" I said to Don Sanchez Balthazar, a Spanish artist, engaged by the Government to restore the old Moorish palace at Seville.

"No," said he, quite innocently, and beating some crimson madder to a wet, oily, delicious paste with his palette-knife all the time, "nothing but the gout;" and then, after this pleasant bit of dry Spanish wit, he squeezed out a sapphire worm of cobalt, and proceeded without looking at me to paint in a scud of April sky, with here and there a swan's puff breast of snow-cloud, vaporous and luxurious. Don Balthazar, for a man of a brown, burnt-up country, is a great artist, though he does not paint, as far as I could see, with what some foolish English rhapsodist has called "the dust of jewels."

His large, bare, whitewashed studio was on the ground-floor of the "house of Cæsar," once the house of a Roman prætor, but rebuilt in the eleventh cen-

tury (not long after our Norman annexation), by Jalubi, an Arab architect of Toledo, for the Moorish Sultan, Abdoo Rahmen, "the defender of the religion of God," who ruled a second Haroon Al Raschid over this fair city of sweet air and sweeter oranges. The city that the historians brag was built by Hercules, restored by Julius Cæsar, lost by Roderic, and conquered by Saint Ferdinand, was also the first mart of South American gold, and the chief scene of Soult's plunders.

But all that is neither here nor there; for what I come to talk with Don Balthazar (his name always sounds to me like the name of a lover in one of Cimarosa's old operas) is about the old Spanish ballads, for which the country, without books, is so famous, and of which Don Balthazar has such a wealth, delighting to croon over his easel all the verses about the sword-strokes of the brave Admiral Guarinos, and the gallant escape of Gayferos, who made his captive lady leap down from the Moorish tower behind him on his fiery roan.

I have listened by the hour to how some Don Somebody or the other outside the walls of Xeres tore up a young olive-tree to bruise and utterly discomfit the recreant Moors, and was henceforward called "the Pounder;" and to how Don Arnaldos, riding by the sea-shore, suddenly saw a magic galley, invisibly steered, bear towards him. But I know if I begin now bluntly on the subject he will instantly

freeze up, for he is a strange snail of a man, and if you touch his shell, even by accident, he is into his shell for all day. So I must let him sing what he is about now, without saying anything, and then lead him quietly into the main street of my subject, by the side alley, of a discussion on Spanish art, a subject his tongue is sure to run away with him on. Hear him. I know that is a verse from a ballad about Bavieca, the Cid's horse, written by a certain Don Fulano, the blameful neglect of whom by Grimm, Depping, and indeed all ballad collectors, is one special subject of fiery indignation with the grave Andalucian Don. What he sang here and elsewhere, I have tumbled into rough verse:

"The froth dripp'd from his bridle-chains, the froth spilt down his knee,
There were blobs of snow on the creature's hide, that was black as black could be.

"There were trails of foam blown spattering back, white on the housing red,
There were blotches of gore on his saddle-tree, and on his chanfroned head.

"Three yellow skulls with shaven crowns, and scalp-locks floating dark,
Hung down beside the stirrup-steel, their eyes were staring stark."

There was here some difficult scumble requiring a more worn brush, which he selected from the quiver-full in his left palette hand, as Balthazar quickened

to the freer measure of an old sailor's ballad, as old at least as our Henry the Seventh:

"Ye men that row the galleys,
I see my lady fair:
She gazes at the fountain
That leaps with pleasure there.

"Ye men that row the galleys,
Pull madly at each oar,
I see the Moorish palace
Upon the sandy shore.

"O, galleys bound for Tunis,
Spread out your wings of oars,
And bear me to my captive love
Who lies among the Moors."

Here a difficulty with some "medium" that would run like liquid-amber or drip like potable gold over the brown rim of the palette, compelled the sweet singer of Seville to pause and drop his many-coloured painting rag on the vagrant pool of oil. In a minute or two, when his face seems to have forgot this vexation, and was placid again as water when the circles of the pebble you throw in have smoothed away, and he is busy with a colour soft as the grey under a dove's wing, or the shady side of a pearl, deepening the left eyelid of the Velasquez princess he is copying for some English merchant at Cadiz, I think it safe to begin talking.

"I like your Spanish school," I said, "Balthazar. It is severe, gloomy, solemn, and religious; even

when it unbends it is grave and thoughtful. Murillo's brown Franciscans, Zurburan's white Carthusians, and Roelas's Jesuits, are all to me interesting, because they are so intensely national. I like your Valencian flower-pieces, which makes spring eternal on one's walls, and your Sevillian still-life subjects where the aldermanic melon rolls portly and pompous, and the citrons and the olives are so fresh and tempting."

"And don't you like," says Balthazar, stopping a moment to rest on his mahl-stick with its padded mushroom-top, "don't you like the portraits of Joanes, our Spanish Raffael, and the Titianesque colour of our dumb painter, the beauty of Cano the hot-headed, and the landscapes of Iriarte the Biscayan?"

"I do," said I. "And I like, too, your studio-legends of painters being let into Paradise by the saints whose pictures they had painted on earth—of the sculptor who, after many failures ——"

"Becerra?"

"Ah, Becerra, that was his name, who, by advice of the Virgin in a dream, got up and shaped her image from a rude, olive log burning on the hearth; and of the sculptor who, having wrought a miraculous image of Christ at the Pillar, made sure that that was, therefore, his last work, and that he should die, and went and died of the plague accordingly, to ensure the fulfilment of his presentiment. As for

your painters who have been lucky enough to obtain sittings from actual saints, they are innumerable."

"The less said about that the better," said Balthazar, with a rainy-day look, dipping his biggest brush angrily in the dirtiest-looking colour he could find on his palette; "but," he said, "when I have put in the liquid hazel rings of this syren's eyes, I will put up my work for to-day, rinse my brushes, and give them a holiday, scrape my palette, and wipe my palette-knife; for the princess's hair is not yet dry, and I must wait till to-morrow before I work at it again. So no thanks. We will go over the palace of Charles the Fifth and that Philip the Second who married your excellent English Mary."

Vamos—and we went, leaving the little vermilion lips of the princess wet, as if they had just been kissed; and, to clear all up, "Juan," said Balthazar, to the mischievous-looking boy drawing in a corner, "keep at your work while I am away, and finish that foot of the Venus. Those eyes you have been doing this morning look like oysters. A foot, mind, has only five toes; you have got six in your charcoal outline."

"That little limb of darkness," said he to me as we left the room, "directly I go out gets pelting my casts or painting my poodle over with red wafers. He is only fit for a muleteer, and he is as stupid as the king of the jackasses. Demonio! what are such boys sent to us for?"

Balthazar showed me everything, and I must say his reds and blues were as bright and pepperminty as Mr. Knowing Tones's. In fact, why should they not be, for this palace was decorated for the infamous Pedro the Cruel by the very Moorish artists who did the Alhambra for Yusaf the First. There are here the same arabesques, wrought as with penknives and pierced with needles—the same flower-stalk pillars dividing the horse-shoed windows—the same glazed side dados and carved soffits. Indeed, this is a concrete of antiquities and different ages of art, more so than even the Seville Cathedral that replaces a mosque which had Roman statues built into its foundations. Here are Roman columns with Gothic capitals brought from the Royal Aragonese Palace at Valencia, that Pedro, the infamous ally of the Black Prince, destroyed, and here, amid badges of this cruel murderer of his wife, you find all the traditional figures of Moorish art, the stepped pyramid, the pine-apple, and the fleur-de-lis, and all these glories of colour are now, thanks to my friend the Don, reappearing like April rainbows from the long deep snow of saving whitewash that has weighed on them for forty years.

We visit the Gate of the Colours, where the royal flag is hoisted when a king is in the Alcazar, and which tower is now sullenly mournful in the intense heat, as if nothing but a king would content it, and

the Gate de la Monteria, by which the royal tenant used to sally out to the boar chase.

It was after looking at the quaint Charles the Fifth garden, cut and ruled in the precise Roman fashion, that we betook ourselves to the hall of the Embassador, which is specially beautiful with its dome or half-orange roof. This is the palace where Pedro murdered his brother, the Master of Santiago, little thinking he would fall under his surviving brother's dagger; and here he murdered the Red Sultan, the flying usurper of Granada, in order to obtain his jewels, and among them that very huge Balas ruby, "big as a pigeon's egg," or "great as a racket ball," which the bloody tyrant gave with his own hands to our Black Prince after the useless victory of Navarete, and which we, not many days since, saw, red as ever, in the Tower.

It was apropos of a verse or two of a Cid ballad that Balthazar sang as we cooled ourselves in this orange-roofed hall:

"The Cid rode through the horse-shoe gate, Omega-shaped it stood,
A symbol of the moon that waned before the Christian rood.

"He was all sheathed in golden mail, his cloak was white as shroud,
His vizor down, his sword unsheathed, corpse-still he rode and proud.

"And over all the spears and blades, east, west, and south, and north,
The Cid's broad flag like sunset spread, wild flaming fiercely forth."

It was apropos of this ballad that I spoke, thinking that while the door was opened, I would at least get my foot in.

"What is that?"

"One of Don Fulano's ballads, The Victory of the Dead Cid."

"The Dead Cid?"

"Yes. He won a victory after he was dead—and all I wonder is, he did not win more. If we had tried him against the French Gavachos, we might have saved calling in you English, who give us no credit for even helping you against those blasphemous robbers. Well, but about the Cid. When that great champion of Spain, friend of Saint James and destroyer of the Moors, died, his body was embalmed and kept in Burgos Cathedral—I think it was Burgos—seated in a carved chair in the chancel, never moving for seven years but once, when a beast of a Jew dared to pull his beard. At the end of those seven years, being hard beset by the Moors, whose turbans lay as thick on the plain as mushrooms in a meadow after the spring rains, and no prayers, or anything availing, not even the tooth of St. Appolonia, they bethought them of the Cid. So they put the body on horseback — strapped and fastened—and rode it out at the head of the sallying army. The rout was total. It was like, the ballad relates, a school-room, when the master suddenly returns, and puts down a riot. As for the dead

bodies, they were as thick as dead wasps in a sugar-mill. Don Fulano goes on to say:

'The rice-fields where the tufted stalks grow green round tepid pools
Were trodden red by flying crowds of unbelieving fools.

'The bright canals that girt the town as with a silver net
Were scarlet with the slain Moors' blood—the melons purple wet.

'At every water-wheel and mill, a dying man you found,
His cloven head leant back against the red jars knotted round.

'The mulberry-trees were strung with Mobrs, as carob twigs with fruit,
The dying struggled on the boughs—the dying at the root.'"

"But who is this Don Fulano?"

"How is it you Englishmen, who talk so much about our ballads, seem never to have heard of Don Fulano, one of the most vivid, powerful, passionate, condensed writers Andalucia boasts of? Whether he lived in your Henry the Seventh's reign, or in our Ferdinand and Isabella's, or earlier or later, I know not; but this I know, that to judge by rush and spur, savagery and tumult, there was something divine in him. Now, promise me, English Señor, that when you go back to your own country you will mention, and try to remedy, this shameful neglect of Don Fulano—the best and most vigorous of Spain's ballad writers."

I promised, on the faith of a Christian, I would, and I have, which is more.

"In some things," went on Balthazar—"but we must have some wine, for dry talking is a poor thing —Don Fulano excels Castillio and Sepulveda, or rather the writers of their collections. He paints our country, and when he tries to convey an idea, he never fails."

"That," said I, "in poetry I have generally found arises from the writer having an idea to convey. Bedad, I must look up this Don Fulano. You see hints are to my curiosity what olives are to the palate."

"You remember," said Balthazar, looking hard at the toe of his right-hand boot, as if that were the seat of his memory, "you remember the fine ballad of the Admiral Guarinos, which the Don Quixote and Sancho Panza (of the incomparable Cervantes) overheard a peasant singing at Toboso as he went to his work at daybreak?"

"I do, indeed," said I, "a most touching story of great antiquity, going back to the times that should have been, and that shall be, but that never were. But tell me Fulano's version of it, for the story, as Sancho says, is, after all, 'too old to be a lie.'"

"Well, but," said Balthazar, gnawing his foxy moustache testily, "do you really mean to tell me, on your honour as an English gentleman of blue blood, that no British writer on Spanish ballads has mentioned the great Don Fulano?"

I said, "Not one."

Balthazar here crossed himself five times, and expressed his intense indignation and astonishment.

"I thought," he said, turning sharply on me, "that there was a Don Juan Logard who had done some of our ballads smoothly and cleverly?"

I said that Lockhart had done some carefully, not strongly, but he made no mention of Don Fulano, nor did Southey.

"If Mouthey," said Balthazar, accidentally mistaking the poet's name, an excusable error, "forgot to mention our Fulano, it must have been because he had stolen so many of his ideas he was afraid at last to quote him. There ought to be a gaol for plagiarists."

I defended Southey; and said there was no mention of Fulano even in Sismondi's learned book—"The Literature of the South of Europe."

"Stop exactly as you are," said Balthazar, suddenly making a rush at me, and holding me down, "your drapery is falling into wonderful folds. I will have my pencil out and sketch them in a moment. Don't move an inch, or this sudden flower of beauty will shed its leaves."

In a few minutes he set me free.

"Do you know," he said, "that sumptuous ballad of Don Fulano, in which he describes our Cid's entry into Valencia, after his victory at Abuelfeda, and his slaying the five Moorish kings."

I said, rather testily, filling my glass, and looking

through it at the light, as if it was a barometer, "I have told you, several times, Don Balthazar, that I never even heard of this Foolano."

"So much the worse for you," said the painter-enthusiast. "I will sing you part of it, and then will afterwards dictate it for you to write down, if you are indeed in earnest in wishing to preserve such inestimable treasures."

"In earnest," I said, angrily, draining the barometer.

"Oh, you English are so hot. Here, I will call for my guitar: I can do nothing without my guitar. Pepe—Pedro—Juan—somebody" (and he shouted like a man-of-war's man hailing the waiter at a Portsmouth eating-house).

The guitar came—Pedro carrying it with awe, as if it was a baby.

In a rich chest voice Balthazar began the celebrated ballad:

"With dripping sword, and horse all sweat, he rode into the town,
The black gore from his plume and flag was raining hotly down.

"His mace was bent, his banner rent, his helmet beaten in,
The blood-spots on his mail were thick as spots on leopards' skin.

"And after came the hostages, the ransomed and the dead,
The cloven Moors in waggons piled, the body or the head.

"And heaps of armour golden-chained, gay plumes and broken flags,
Piled up as, in the tanner's yard, the heaps of beggars' rags.

"Then stately camels, golden-trapped, each silver-white as milk,
High laden with the aloes wood, sweet ambergris and silk.

"Rich Indian camphor, martin skins from Khorasan the fair,
Ten piles of silver ingots, each a Sultan's triple share.

"Great bales of orange saffron weed, and crystal diamond clear,
Large Beja rubies, fiery red, such stones the Emirs wear.

"Last came the shekels and the bars in leather bags sealed red,
And then black slaves, with jars of gold upon each woolly head."

"What a treasure is this for historians!" said Balthazar, dropping his guitar, quite winded by his enthusiasm. "What curious traits of manners—what local allusions! But," he said, "you have not heard half enough to judge. Let me describe you the Cid as he rode out, like a statue of Mars—a golden statue, seeming to be hewn out of solid metal. Would I had a two-handed sword to lay about me now in the garden here, and show you how he felled the Moors in long swathes."

"I am very glad you have not," said I; "you remind me of that old military painter who never took to his easel till he had first beaten a drum for half an hour, and then hammered a sword for twenty minutes on a suffering lay figure in armour that he kept for that purpose."

"You English," said Balthazar, "are a cold, calculating race. I am of the old blue blood of Castile. My ancestors, by Saint James! fought under Don Juan and the Great Captain. They split many a shorn Moorish head. I confess these old ballads

of my country, particularly those of the great Don Fulano (here the enthusiast for chivalry, the modern Don Quixote, bowed in silent respect of the memory of that great writer), stir me like a trumpet. I read and sing them till I fancy myself again the Pounder, mashing the Moorish skulls with the torn-up olive-tree outside Xeres; again, Gayferos bearing off his wife from the Moorish tower; again, the old admiral putting on his rusty armour to fight before the Philistine Moors. In imagination I dine every day with Charlemagne and the twelve peers. I see frequently Saint James, descending in full armour on a winged white horse from the clouds to succour the Cid. At the restaurant I sometimes find myself handing the paper to Roland, or Iriarte the White; and when the old canon who presides at the soup asks me if I will take a second helping, I sometime scatch myself saying, 'No, a thousand thanks, my brave Campeador.' At which every one laughs to see my brain wool gathering; and I break out of the room in a fret, throwing my chair down. Don't I," said Balthazar, twirling his moustaches with both hands till the sharp tips of their curls nearly reached his cheek-bones—" don't I," and he clenched his stick as if he were hewing down a Saracen, " wander about this old palace of Pedro the Cruel till it nearly turns my brain thinking of the generous old times when sword law was more thought of than statute law."

"When might was right, in fact."

"When might *was* right—always right—and right was mighty, too, and strong-handed. In the days before every house was full of the vermin of slander; when you could strike honestly in the teeth the man whom you now have to bow and smirk to, and shake hands with. The times when the people, rich or poor, were happy, as they ——"

"Stagnant times—no progress."

"No miserable jealousies, then—no doubtful faith—no uncertain loyalty—no, by Saint James, no uncertain loyalty—the whole nation having one heart, that loved God and hated the Moor—the one growing, elastic hope of all, to crush, expel, or exterminate that worshipper of the false prophet, who had set himself up as equal to God, and whose religion was founded on intolerance, cruelty, and sensuality. (Abruptly to me.) What do you think of the Porte?"

"Well," said I, smiling at the decanter blandly to turn away his wrath, for Balthazar hated joking on his favourite topics, "to tell you the real truth, I prefer the sherry."

"Bah!" said Balthazar, scourging the strings of his guitar with his angry hands, and roaring out the verse of a ballad at passing bell intervals:

'His beard was like a horse's mane, his steel was varnished red
With Moorish blood his rider-king that cruel day had shed.'

You know not, you Englishmen, how to be serious.

When other men sing you are sour; and when we are serious then you laugh. Bah! English people are a bizarre people. True! God certainly has given you the power to buy and sell. But, suppose you make cotton for all the world. What then! Cui bono. Are you happier, or wiser, or greater? Will Manchester ever produce a Cid?

'All crimson shone his suit of mail, all fiery shone his sword,
His breastplate steel was hewn across, his battle-axe was flawed.'"

"I hope not," I said; "but we have a Bright."

"Don Bray-it? I know not the name. Did he fight under the Duke?" (Sings.)

"More Moors, more plunder! cried the Cid, and buckled for the fight,
His shield was blazing like the sun, he rode a moving light.

"The watch-tower bell struck loud and quick, as all the gates flew back,
On every Moorish face there fell a sudden gloom of black;

"As fourteen thousand horsemen came, in one hot flood of steel,
A sword at every good knight's side, a spur on every heel."

"All that," I said, "my good Don Balthazar, is very well; but do you really mean to say that you regret the rough old times, when the biggest muscles and the toughest head decided everything—when kings fought against barons, and barons against kings, and both trampled on the poor man, and chose his quiet little cabbage garden as the place to fight it out in—when intellect and virtue, if not good swordsmen, were always kicked out of court,

when foppery in dress and ridiculous ceremony were rampant everywhere, side by side with a religion that gagged all thinking, and made you swallow miracles that would not go down now in our very nurseries?"

"Look here," said Balthazar, rising up, and gripping my wrist till my fingers got quite red, "do you see that Moorish doorway, down the hall, to the left?"

I said I did.

"And what do you see through that gate of Paradise?"

"Much," I said. "Windows with pony-hoofed arches, divided by slender pillars of alabaster, scarce bigger than sticks of amber. Some of them are fretted and engrailed: the openings pierced with little pips, like the spades and diamonds in a pack of cards. Thin lace-work fans out over the crystalline ornaments on the doors and panels. The wall space of the cloisters, and the cornice edging of the roof-tiles, is everywhere magic-marvellous, and beautiful as the changing beauty of the skies."

"Go on," said Balthazar, drinking in my words of admiration.

"I see everywhere wainscot mailings of Moorish tiles reaching breast-high up the walls, shining with a deep richness of greens, browns, and blues. Above this is a casket-work enamel of marbled stucco, stamped everywhere with the lion and castle of Castile."

"Oh, never mind the seals of Charles and Philip; confine yourselves to the Moorish work wrought for Pedro the Cruel, on the very spot where we stand, by artificers from the newly-finished Alhambra." Go outside, and you will see over the principal entrance above the three top windows, a horizontal panel, surrounded by an inscription, which looks like Cufic, but is really Gothic, and runs thus:

"'The very high, the very noble, and the very powerful conqueror, Don Pedro, by the grace of God, King of Castile and of Leon, commanded these alcazares and these façades to be built, in the year one thousand three hundred and sixty-four.'"

"I observed it," I said; "it was quite at the top, and over it ran a cornice of cellular work, like a section of a honeycomb, showing the cells. Underneath is the great west door, covered with a pattern such as you see when you shake up a kaleidoscope to some specially gorgeous and lucky combination."

"I see you appreciate the starry beauty of those geometric and eternal flowers," said Balthazar, eyeing me with paternal fondness, seeing I was ready to ride behind him, on the same hobby. "And you see it," he said, "dinted and blurred by hundreds of years' neglect and ill-usage; though Time seems rather to kiss than gnaw these relics of art. Wait till I, by the help of our blessed and pure Queen, am enabled to restore these walls, and steep them again in colour: wait till, by the help of those saints who ever wait on our enlightened and progressing nation, I refine with

fresh bloom and dye these tarnished butterfly wings, polish again each fairy pillaret, solidify each gilded cell of the honeyed domes, repuncture the starlet holes of the trellice-work, and re-emblazon every badge and bearing of my great country's bygone kings. I will—Saint James being my help—devote the rest of my poor life to this noble work: I will, God helping, restore to life this dead palace of beauty; and when I die, I will only pray our virtuous and honoured Queen to allow me to be buried under the entrance door-step, that every foot that enters may tread on the poor grave of the sinner Balthazar, who loved the beautiful place so well."

He said all this in so touching a way, that I had to devote all my energies to staring at the bottom of my glass, or I should have had to confess my emotion. As it was, one hot, big tear fell on the guitar-board with a plop, and remained a watery blot on its light polished surface.

I shook it off carelessly. Balthazar took up the instrument, and struck the strings furiously:

"The Cid was sleeping in his chair, with all his knights around,
The cry went forth along the hall that the lion was unbound.

"They prest around the ivory throne, to shield their lord from harm,
Till the good Cid woke and gently rose, without fear or alarm;
He went to meet the lion, with his mantle on his arm."

"And of course dragged him safely back to his

den," I said. "Why, Wombwell would have done that; he used to drub his lions with a crowbar."

"Don't compare the Cid to Hummel," said Balthazar. "I knew him well: he was a mere piano-player, and wrote some pretty music."

I bowed deprecatingly, for the Don was an impracticable man.

"Well," he said, "you see all this work, and you have praised it. Observe my argument. This was the proof of the mental condition of the Moors—of the Moors who carried mathematics, and medicine, and botany, and indeed all learning, to a marvellous pitch. The best doctors and astronomers of the Middle Ages were from Spain. They kept the great Greek books alive: they knew of paper and gunpowder, if they did not invent them. From them came the germs of half our modern discoveries. How great they were in art, this palace, the Granada Alhambra, and our wonderful Giralda, show, being the high-water mark of their achievements. I will tell you a story, to prove to you, from Abul Pharajius, how the sultans of that age of Islamism ruled."

"Go on," I said, performing an Eastern salute with a laughing face, and dragging through the window bars a great bough of waxen orange blossoms to smell at; "thy servant is listening with a thousand ears."

"Mark, then, O son of the faithful, that of all the Abassides of the Black Banner, Mutaded and Almanzar alone were beloved by Allah. It is not

given to kings to be wise or happy. Wisdom and happiness are not to be seen among the crown jewels. Yet the one is often among the brown mugs on the peasant's shelf, and the other is kept on many a cottage mantelpiece. Does not, indeed, Elmacer tell us, in the words of truth—Elmacer, the golden-mouthed historian, writing to Zurita, the poet, who was called by men, for his truth, 'Zurita of the golden heart'—that Al Raschid, one day, read in the book of Hafiz the well-known line, 'Take what the world can give thee, but death is surely at the bottom of the casket'? and so when they strewed the spoil of nations round the bed of the dying Mahmoud, the great Gaznevide, he wept aloud to think of the vanity of the world ——"

"Cut it short, O Commander of the Faithful, for we dine at the Fonda Europa at half-past three."

Balthazar, who did not understand English clearly, and was not easy "to sit upon," went on more fervently than ever.

"And did not Azzud-ed-Dowlah, dying of consumption in his Palace of Happiness, exclaim in verse: 'I have slain the princes of men, and have laid waste the palaces of kings; I have dispersed them to the east, and scattered them to the west, and now the grave calls me, and I must go'? But I am wandering."

"You are," I said. "May your joy increase, and your tongue, O Balthazar, shorten."

"Well, one day a Nubian slave, who was fanning away the flies from the great Mutaded, struck off that jewelled turban, on which the Pyramid of Light was the meanest jewel. The Sultan only exclaimed, 'The boy is sleepy—let him go and rest.' Now, the vizier hearing this, fell down at the Sultan's feet, kissed the ground, and exclaimed: 'O Commander of the Faithful! I thought such clemency was possible only in heaven.' For to tell the truth, this caliph used, generally, if a slave of the kitchen over-roasted a joint, to instantly bury him alive. You see my argument?"

"I cannot say I do."

"I am surprised. I tell you this story to show how great the power these monarchs exercised over men; and these were Moors."

"Well, Moors?"

"They were Moors."

"L'Amour is always powerful."

"No trifling. When I talk I grapple; I do not play. These were Moors, and powerful as artful; such poets, such doctors, such astronomers! yet we, the Spaniards, crushed them, and drove them out."

"And I have always wondered how you did it."

"Well, we did. Now, God never allows an inferior nation to destroy a greater. In history good replaces the bad. It may be rough or unhewn, but still better, healthier—with more heart and blood. Do you know what made us do it?—who led us, who

focussed our aims, who beat into us the one idea of Moorish conquest?"

"No."

"The Cid!—the Cid! All honour to the Cid! Let me give you in rude recitation, with here and there a twang and a caper of the guitar-strings, my vision of the Cid's sally from his besieged castle of Alcocer—the first outburst of that Spanish deluge that never receded till it rose over the dead body of the last Moor. (Twang-twang.) I begin—here goes. One glass of wine first. Let us walk forward round this corridor in the direction of my studio, as I declaim my prose romance. I hope that boy is not getting into mischief. Now then. I think I've got some sort of a cold, for my voice is not in proper trim. Now then. (Twang-twang.) D—— that string. Now then:—

"'The fourth watch had begun, the third was scarcely past, when the Cid, looking round on the faces lean, aghast, said, "The water is cut off, the bread is well nigh spent, escape by night we cannot, for many a Moorish tent is round these walls, thick as the morning dew. Now, gentlemen, I pray you speak, and say what is to do: we are too stout to starve, to grapple we're too few." (Twang-twang-tillo-tillo-twang.) Then Alvar Fanez stood erect, a lion man was he; he said, "I count six hundred—six hundred barring three. It is by fighting with the Moors we earned our blood-stained bread: in the

name of God that made us let nothing more be said: let us sally out upon the Moors let what will happen may. Let us sally out upon the Moors at the breaking of the day." (Twang-twang-tillo-dillo-twang.) The Cid approved, they all consent, they had no fear or doubt; the Moors that were within the town they took and turned them out. They hammered at the helmet band, they worked the livelong night, and long before the sun was up they were ready for the fight. (Twang-twang.) Two footmen only there were left to keep ward at the gate, to bury all the Christian dead if such should be their fate. Unto Pedro Bermudez the Cid the banner gave, and bade him bear it evenly, erect, and stout and brave; but not to venture rashly forth until he gave command. Bermudez never spoke a word, but ran and kissed his hand. (Twang-dillo-trillo-twang. Hurrah!) They broke and split the unbarred gates, no covert more for them, they were all steel—no silver, gold, no spangle, spark, or gem. With spur and shout the lusty knights all close together rushed; the outposts of the craven Moors back to the camp were pushed. The camp was stirring like a hive or autumn leaves in wind; the cymbals beat their stormy brass, the drums roared far behind. The Moors by thousands ran to horse, they spurred and stormed and raced: the two main battles gathered quick, in anger and in haste. The horse and foot were rolling mixed, the spears came like a sea-

'The Moors are moving forward,' the Cid cried joyfully; 'my men, stand firm in order, ranged hedgehog close in line: let not a man move from his rank before I give the sign.' Bermudez heard the warning word, but he could not refrain; he let the banner struggle out, and gave his horse the rein. Then Garcia and Munoz spurred forth to keep him back. 'I cannot hold,' he fiercely cried, and broke into the rack. Oh, where the Moors were black and thick—the heart of all the host—he drove a thunderbolt of war where spears and swords were most; and cried, 'My noble Campeador, God be your precious aid, for I bear your banner where I hope to meet with many a blade.' They saw the flag entangled among the Moorish men; the Cid cried out, 'Saint James's name! 'tis time to rouse us, then.' (Twang-twang-dillo-trillo-twang.) Their blazoned shields upon their hearts, their vizors barred and down, their lances levelled firm and low, upon their lips a frown. Their banners and their knightly crests, all waving in a row; their sturdy heads, bull-like, bent grim towards their saddle-bow. The Cid upon his gilded seat rode first and cried afar, 'I am Don Ruy Diaz, the Champion of Bivar!' (Twang-twang-dillo-trillo-twang)——"

"What, is that all?"

"Oh, no, that is only the beginning; but I must get back and look after that devil's limb of a boy. I dare say he is pelting my casts with lumps of model-

ling clay, or drawing caricatures of me ballad-singing, or some nonsense."

"That sally from Alcocer is by Fulano, of course?"

"Oh, no!"

"Who then?"

"By myself—I, Don Balthazar, varied it from a well-known and rather flat version of the Cid's 'Chronicle,' by Don Fratello, of Toledo; a man who cannot play the guitar a bit, as I'm a Christian."

Here we reached the studio.

Don Balthazar, looking through the keyhole, suddenly burst open the door, crying, "Why, I'll be hanged if that rascal of a boy is not painting at my princess! I'll give it him."

At the table-d'hôte dinner, an English colonel from Gib asked me in English to tell him candidly what I thought of the Spanish guitar. I, still sore from Don Balthazar and his interminable playing, replied candidly, "Well, Colonel, I must say, I think it is but a *tin-kettle business, after all.*"

CHAPTER XI.

MURILLO AND HIS PICTURE CHILDREN.

We are going to the Merced, once a convent, now the picture museum of Seville. We, that is, I, *egomet*, and Herr Schwartzenlicht, who is, I believe, an agent of the English Royal Academy, a German gentleman, as I soon find out, very blind to the nature and beauty of art, but with a lynx-eye for the oils and varnishes such and such a painter used, or abused. He will tell you, on the smallest provocation, everything you do not want to know: on how many inch thick oak pannel Da Vinci painted, and how many yards long Gainsborough's brushes were. If you are pleased with the Titan-strength of a Zurburan, he tells you that there is a dreadful want of balance in the second finger of the left hand; if you stop to admire Murillo's harmonious depth, he desires you to observe that the painter could never get real tone, and that his motives are never ideal. I turn with unpedantic desire to enjoy the reds and browns of the Andalucian school, its skilful drapery, swan-breasted

clouds, stern ascetic sierras, lavish flowers, and, above all, its serious religious feeling. Seeing my German friend, at the very first sniff of the picture gallery, put on a grand, patronizing, and encouraging air, pull up his shirt-collars, stroke his Judas beard, and in truth visibly swell and become larger and higher, with the intense desire of imparting information to a zealous but ignorant picture seeker, I contrive to shunt off down a siding, and leaving him for a time, at least, entangled with the curator, thirsty for shillings, pursue my own way, fancy free, obstinately staring on everything he despises, and keeping my back carefully turned to him; for of all bores, a learned bore, and "an authority," is the most intolerable. I look at the pink tickets, which are Zurburan's, and at the green, which are Murillo's, and pursue my devious way, up and down the lofty, bare, dreary room, once, I suppose, the chapel of the convent, the east end being elevated and approached by steps, and a grand massed out picture by Zurburan serving now, not unfitly in the eyes of art votaries, as the altar-piece. From here, through a lonely churchyard of a cloister, hard, rude, bare, yet trellised and tapestried with trailing flowers, wandering and licentious in their joy of youth, we mount to the refectory and the long-tiled corridors, that once led to the dormitories where monks dreamed of the world that they had left. I seem to be wandering over the house of a painter newly

dead, examining his masterpieces; and even the sly touters, who pull out of their sleeves daubs of copies and sham originals, do not thoroughly awake me.

Spanish art was born in a convent cell, bare and stony, and cradled either in the squalid market-place, where the brown gipsy children sleep under the green melon mountains, or at the black stump of the charcoaled stake. It was not a prancing, can-clinking creature, like Dutch art; nor a naked giant, chained with flowers, like Flemish (after Rubens); not a saintly Madonna-contemplating votary, like Italian; nor an opera fan-painting posture-maker, like French. No, it was a wrung, withered bigot, wrapped in brown sackcloth, girt with a Jew-strangling cord, hid in a cavern of a cowl, cast on its horny camel's knees, before a bleeding image crowned with thorns, and above the thorns with a starry glory. It was a thing that beat its skeleton breast bloody; that tore its priestly ring of grey hair; that kissed skulls, and lashed itself with thorny thongs. It was essentially a slave of the Church and of the Court in Spain—ever the twin upholders of bodily and spiritual slavery. If it sneered at a ruddled court lady, it was whipped into the Inquisition; if it smashed up with a mallet the Virgin's image, whose price the mean noble haggled at with the proud sculptor and painter, there was the same certain terminus of independence or rebellion—the Inquisition. If the man with the pallet shield, blazoned

and ringed with colour, refused to paint an insolent grandee—the Inquisition; if he painted too crude, or not flattering enough, or too strong—always the Inquisition. No wonder, then, that Spanish art grew up a monkish, dusty-faced fakir, with no sunshine on his face, and the red reflection of hell ever shining in his cruel, yet frightened eyes. No wonder, as the snakes round Leonardo's Medusa, its background darkness teemed with threatening and awful shadows breathed up from Tophet.

No wonder that we longed to get away from the ghastly Saint Jerome of Torrigiano, at the Seville museum, who has been for two centuries beating his bony breast to a pulp with a round paving-stone; or Saint Dominic, opposite, who, having torn his back to a red-currant jelly, is left like an angry schoolmaster with only the stump of the scourge in his hand. Fortunately for me, as I stand in the long hall of the Museo, once a convent, gaping at these austerities of fire-lighting faith, it suddenly strikes me that Saint Jerome looks exactly, as some traveller used to say, like a man preparing for his cast at skittles; and Saint Dominic like a rival player, shaking his fist from over the bowling alley, and challenging him to come on like a man. Having discovered this bit of rough humour about the two saints, I instantly break into a merry laugh, harmless enough, but highly offensive to the irritable and sore pride of the curator, whom I have to pay

two pesetas to for worrying at my elbow, and dogging me with ridiculous comments on the pictures, and at whose attention and condescension in taking my money I am brutal enough not to be grateful for, having once ascertained that the Murillo pictures are all marked with a pink ticket and number in the corner, and the grand, gloomy Zurburans with a green. At the receipt of this and other information, I am always expected to solemnly bow to the mechanical insolent wretch thirsting for my shillings. I soon see that if the curator has one prejudice in the world it is to these accursed Murillos he gets his shillings by showing. He has a peculiar way of snubbingly pointing at them with his chin, and patronizingly alluding to their merits, that, as a personal friend and lover of Murillo, exasperates me. But what is there to do? I could not flatten his bump of self-esteem by even a three weeks' beating.

But, before I begin my ramble through the old deserted convent—the choicest nest of Murillos in the world; at least, his religious pictures, for his children have wandered away from the earth hovels of Seville—I must just paint you the chief Spanish painters as they struck my dull eyes collectively in the various Spanish galleries. Let me begin with Velasquez—Don Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez—born in this very city, that, if I were a Moorish king, I would at once go and bombard

with oranges till it surrendered, black-eyed beauties, church-plate, and all. Let me take this handsome son of the Portuguese exile lawyer, the pupil of the fiery, dashing Herrera, who was born in 1515, the very year Vandyck opened his eyes in half-Spanish Antwerp, and took his first blinking look at the sun. Was it not this very day I saw his portrait, in his tight doublet, plain white collar, buckled belt, long dagger, with the celebrated cross (hanging by a gold cord to his neck) that the Spanish king admiringly added to the portrait of himself (Velasquez) the bushy-haired, gipsy, swarth man had newly painted? There he is with his short, stubby brushes, his stately mahlstick, and bag-shaped pallet. There he is, with his waving mustachios sweeping almost up to his eyes, his fine oval face, and swelling bumped-out brow. Have I not seen almost all the rustic drinkers, and rouged infantas, and sturdy dons, and boy horsemen, and young queen-wives, he ever painted, and know their dark charm and the Spanish magic of their strong grace?

And then there is Zurburan, whose majestic Saint Peter — a divine anger on his swollen, prophetic brow—quite knocked me backwards, when I suddenly came on it yesterday in a side chapel in the murky cathedral of Seville; and Cano, and Roelos, and Pacheco. Can I recapitulate them all?

Herr Schwartzenlicht, the travelling agent of the Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square, who has been

for some minutes grubbing on his knees, smelling at the right-hand corner of the Saint Thomas of Villanova, suddenly rises, and pronounces, in an oracular voice, that the third toe on the left foot of the brown beggar with a bandage round his head is decidedly "out of keeping." Now, the peculiarity of Herr Schwartzenlicht is a love—which he shares with the learned picture critic, Doctor Waagen, and, indeed, several others of the unbiassable craft—that of flourishing perpetually, like the glittering swords of a juggler, phrases such as "lofty in feeling," "good motive," "subdued tone," "want of balance;" conventional phrases which I have generally found, though much used by dealers and other destroyers and manufacturers, to take the place of sense. Now he springs at the hapless picture, rubs his nose against it—to prove, I suppose, the texture—makes a leap back, rolls his hand into the shape of a spy-glass, smiles, and then all at once turns away disgusted, exclaiming, "Harmoniously broken tones: but the execution note—no; not plastic enofe!"

I look at the picture, but not quite knowing what the German critic means by "plastic," or what "broken tones" are in a picture that seems an emanation, not a building up of slow thought and hand labour, I turn from the Herr, who is absorbed now in what he calls the "broad and solid execution" of a grim black-visaged saint by Clavijo, to the wonderful napkin-picture, a little square Virgin and Child, called

by the Sevillians La Servilleta, because it was painted by Murillo for a cook or servitor of the Capucin convent (where he drew dead saints for living sinners) who had been attentive to him at the refectory-table, and who begged a keepsake of him at parting.

"It is in his second manner!" roars Schwartzenlicht, jealous of my praise of the divine mother and the happy crowing child struggling on her lap, as if longing to be petted by the painter, just as the model-child probably did as the dark, keen-eyed man eyed its little kicking limbs, and struck them in on the napkin. "Too realistic," says Schwartzenlicht, making a face at the picture; "of too predominant a hot tone—quite fiery in the browns."

It certainly is a little hot, and Murillo has used, perhaps from haste or the mannerism of the moment, too much of that brown which the Andalucian painters, then and now, make by burning the bones saved from the olla, just as the Valencian school imitate the purple of their mulberry-gardens. But, then, who but a pedant could avoid being charmed with the sweet temper and divine suavity of the expression, the homeliness, and yet the religion of the whole scene?

"The flesh tones too red!" shouts Schwartzenlicht, storming about before the picture. "Mein Gott! you should see Cornalioose—that, sapperment! vos a bainter!"

Leaving him busy taking notes of "A Dead

Christ," with corpse face and grinning yellow teeth, showing through the mirk midnight of a more than Caravaggio horror, I roam on to the nosegay of pictures of this compound of Greuze and Raphael, this last religious painter of Europe, passing through all grades of Murillo's three manners—the Frio (cold), the Calido (hot), and the Vaparoso, or vaporous. Presently I and Chiaroscuro, as I call the German, will go on to the Caridad, or hospital almshouse, out on the walls near the river, to see the great Seville painter's great pictures—"The Thirst" and "The Loaves and Fishes," all, but the two little panels of Saint John and the Infant Saviour, left by the French robber, Soult, of the eleven great pictures painted for the chapel by Murillo.

I am entranced, as I look on the "Saint Felix de Cantalicio," a vaporoso picture—Schwartzenlicht, breaking out every now and then with phrases such as "full and marrowy execution," "harmonious tone," "speaking action;" alternating with a perfect hailstorm of critical abuse, as "bad in motive," "no silvery tones," "no juiciness;" so that you really do not know at first whether he is talking of a pudding, a piece of plate, the coachman who drove us from the hotel, or a currant-pie.

This Saint Felix, the Spaniards say, was painted with milk and blood, "con leche y sangre;" if you prick it, it would bleed; the child has fed on roses. The old saint, if I remember right, is on his knees to

the little unconscious child, who is innocent and playful as any little bantling can be. And while the little creature, about whom there is an air of divinity and command expressed, we know not how, is painted with such evident tenderness and love, the aged saint, whose flesh is sunk, and ribbed, and grey, is a model of intellectual, worn old age. The features, though wrung and storm-beaten, are most refined and beautiful—good for such a man have been the warm summer twilights spent in the cell, and the pacings in violet-scented convent-gardens. We take this as the type of the good and intellectual monk, and we honour the brave private soldier in Christ's army. This vaporous, melting manner of Murillo he took up late in life—just before his fatal fall from the scaffold, when he was hurried by want of time, and was induced to imitate.

I admire Murillo's two Spanish maidens, Saints Justina and Rufina, the guardian saints of the Giralda, standing at either side a model of the tower, like our street vendors of little illuminated cathedrals and inns; after all, they are merely those clear, brown-faced, black-haired girls, you still see in the Seville streets, or nursing children at hotel-windows with red roses stuck coquettishly over their left ears. As for the pipkins, green and buff, lying at their feet to show they were a potter's daughters, they are perfectly painted, with such clean, gritty, creamy texture, and such sharp cut shadows, as would have entitled the

French traveller, not yet quite cognizant of our degrees of comparison, in calling out, "Grand, magnifique, sublime, PRETTY WELL."

Except as a picture of two pretty peasant-girls, this work had no interest for me, but my German backer-up told me (he never cares about subjects) that it was a grand Calido, forcible yet tender, and, mein Gott, vary, vary (he shook his fore-finger before his nose to express the subtle meaning of this) —blank. There certainly never was a painter who, without much imagination and telling no story, could yet vision his eyes with such pure love, and make lips so parting with words of prayer, as Murillo. After him Quaker West seems a poor, vapid old woman indeed, and Martin a mere juggler, with rosin lightning and stage thunder packed in a barrel.

On I went through the Murillo room, leaving my critical friend, Kiaroskooro, to revel in seas of Polancos, Valdez, Zeals, Varelas, Vasquez, and other unknown nonentities, including the rather hopeless Juan de Castillo, Murillo's master, who, compared to Ghirlandajo, the goldsmith painter, who taught Michael Angelo, or Perugino, who taught Raphael, is, as I heard a jocose English traveller colloquially observe—"A poor ha'porth of cheese."

Leaving all sorts of gloomy pictures unnoticed behind me, I soon learned to see the thoughtful, yet happy, innocence of Murillo's virgins, though I thought the golden, perpetual sunlight of the "nap-

kin" picture rather "*foxy*," and too much of a hot chestnut tone of brown; but I suppose, to the end of time, lovers will call red hair auburn and golden, and one cannot be severe on a critic who suffers from a short delirium of good-nature.

For my part I prefer the little picture (though it is an allegory), which I saw yesterday over the altar of the small chapel, of the Guardian Angel! in the dim cathedral of Seville. The angel, in a yellow girt-up robe and purple mantle, points to heaven with one hand, and with the other leads on a little lively, tripping, yet sturdy child—emblem of the human soul. I was walking round the little episcopal den of chapels, reading the frontispiece pictures that are panelled above their entrances, when I saw this divine picture.

"Too much cold colour," says Schwartzenlicht.

It is true the angel looks rather like a Roman hand-maiden leading an infant Scipio to school; but how watchful and tender is the Guardian Angel's face—how full of spiritual love that knows no sorrow. The broad white pinions seem always to throb for the flight, sunwards; and the little one's feet seem longing to tread the saffron-coloured clouds, true, as I can testify, to that Andalucian daybreak with which Murillo delights to glorify his coroneted virgins. It quite took away all my appetite for the Virgin by Cano, which at any other time—("Black in the shadow," groans Schwartzenlicht)—

I should have thought as beautiful and calm as Raphael.

Now the picture, where is a covey of thirty-three cherubim, who continually keep flying, probably because they are unable to sit, and who shower down on Saint Francis the red and white roses, picked from the briars with which he has been scourging himself, I have never seen; nor have I the picture of the child telling Saint Augustine that he will no more explain the mystery of the Trinity than he could put the sea into a finger-hole in the sand-pit; but I never hope to see a finer picture than the Charity of the Thomas of Villanueva, the pearl of the gallery—the most ambitious and inventive in composition, the work most refined and varied in expression, which Murillo used to call fondlingly, "Su lienzo (his own picture)." It is merely the Saint, in sharp white mitre and black robes, stooping at the door of his cathedral distributing alms to a crowd of Spanish beggars.

It took Bartholomew Stephen Murillo a long life, with his black cataract of hair streaming down from the broad full bumper of a forehead over his shoulders, before he could paint these lean-limbed bandaged Sevillian beggars so well. He could not have quite done this painted argument for Charity when, for covering his school books with saints and virgins, he was first sent to his kinsman, Juan del Castello, to look at art afar off, while rinsing brushes and grinding

colours. He appears here grown somewhat, we think, since, by the red brasier in winter, or under the court-yard awning in summer, he copied Torrigiano's Mano de la Teta, or stripped his brown arms that his fellow-students might copy them in conjunction with pots and pans, melons and peaches, quails and herons. He has grown since, with a burning brow, when, his master's school removed to Cadiz, he had to stroll about in the Thursday markets amid stale fish, fruit, old iron, and pottery, with muleteers, gipsies, and mendicant friars to sell his cheap daubs of Saint Onophriuses, Saint Christophers, our Lady of Carmels, to captains of ships and South American exporters. Think of the poor painter, now an orphan, starting to Madrid on foot to petition the court painter Velasquez to help him on the road to Rome, whither he is never destined to go. Now we see why he, who sometimes painted an archangel playing the fiddle to Saint Francis, San Diego blessing a basin of soup, and the soul of that villain Philip the Second ascending to heaven in a globe of fire, loved these naked cripples that he has here strewn round the gentle prelate with the starched mitre, and we see where he sat to notice that happy knavish beggar-boy, not much warped from his first innocence, who runs to his care-worn mother to show her the maravedi which the good almoner of God has put into his hand.

And that this is one of the old market-place re-

collections we know, because the original sketch of the same good Archbishop of Valencia dividing his clothes among some poor children, was actually picked up at the Seville Feria by an English collector. Murillo was not an imaginative man; and his real subjects are simply street children, virgins, and saints. Of art-learning he had but little; but then he had what no academy can give—heart. He painted from that, and not from his head. It was with the heart Correggio and Raphael painted. Of head painters we know many, but only one heart painter in all England, and he is a young scarcely known man,* whose name would set the gentle learned men who wrote on oils and varnishes in a polite sneer for I do not know how long. Was ever love for mankind and contempt of self painted as it is here? Why, this is the Wakefield Vicar with the intellect of Saint Paul. It is Bunyan's Christian grown a gentleman, and just a trifle conscious of his episcopal dignity.

How deliciously the rosy flesh of the children contrasts with the soft ascetic darkness of the prelate's robes and the rich transparent browns, deep without being clotty or glutinous, of the background! What a bright serene nature shines through this picture that preaches so loudly of charity! There are seventeen Murillos in this nosegay room—the tall maiden saints of the Giralda, with their palm-branches, pip-

* Joseph Clark, the painter of the "Sick Child."

kins, and architects' model, we have already viewed; so we have the Italian Capucin friar, Saint Felix of Cantalisi, who, a few hours before his death, is embracing the Child Saviour, and replacing him in the arms of the Virgin Mother. Murillo, indeed, himself a father, loved to paint the Child Saviour in conjunction with thin-faced saints, who have shut themselves out from so large a branch of sympathy with the world as paternity implies, for in this same room he has twice painted Saint Anthony and the Infant Jesus; in one picture, standing divine yet almost playful; in another, still more exquisite, sitting on the open red-leafed folio which the unhappy hermit, who needed the purging of so much temptation, has lately been annotating. Murillo has achieved the difficult task of making the Infant Saviour beaming with a divine intelligence, and yet a perfect child. Whether painting the angels, cooking the Franciscan's dinner, the good Queen of Hungary healing the celebrated scald head, or the jar of white lilies in the Saint Andrew picture that church-going sparrows have been known to peck at, Murillo never painted children more beautiful than these. The only excuse for Mr. Ruskin's sneer at the low vice and dusty feet of Murillo's beggar-boys, which were mere portraits, is, that he has never been to Spain and seen any Murillos worth seeing.

I must not recapitulate all the charms of the picture of San Augustin, Saint Joseph, or the Dead

Christ, or I shall be thought a greater bore than Schwartzenlicht, the intelligent agent of the intelligent academy, whose forty members are bound by rule not to agree in admiring any painter till he is dead and safely beyond the reach of envy—out of the hearing of damning biographies and contradictory eulogies. Else should I like to learnedly inflict on you the beauties of that best Conception (for Murillo is called, *par excellence*, "the painter of conceptions"); the glory of that blue robe; the singularity of the crescent-moon the Virgin stands on; the rapture of that burst of saffron sunrise that brings out the pure, pitiful woman, with her arms meekly crossed upon her bosom, and her serene, adoring eyes turned exultingly heavenward. It is the vision of a child betrothed, dead on the eve of marriage.

And now, having seen the pictures in the old convent, we troll off with a guide—in fact, our old friend Rose, who assures the "gentlemens" that if we give ourselves to him, he would show us all the wonders of the world for four dollars—to the Hospital of the Brotherhood of the Charity, where there are more Murillos, particularly that truly Spanish picture, "The Thirst." This building was revived in the seventeenth century, by Don Miguel Vicentolo, a knight of Calatrava, who was converted by a great light from heaven on his way, in a fit of anger, to scold a toll-collector at the gates of Seville, who

had refused to let some hams of his pass. A few crowns left him by a beggar began the work, which is at once a soup-kitchen, a refuge for the houseless, an almshouse, and an hospital. For the church of this hospice Murillo painted for his friend, the charitable Don, no less than eleven pictures. The ceiling is a forest of ornaments. The dome is like a gold cup hung up to serve as a bell. The altar is a pile of twisted pillars and carving. The pulpit is a little gilt goblet, with a flower-stalk base. The two great pictures of Murillo still hang facing each other with quiet critical approval under the cornices and window beneath the dome, and above the side chapel, where priests all day bow and kneel, haloed with golden breaths of yellow stage-fire incense, sweet as the myrrh of the Magian kings. They are sketchy, low-toned pictures, not very luminous or brilliant, but full of nature and of the thirsty passion of a hot, drouthy country. The huge brown rock divides the "*sed*" picture in two. Moses, in a violet robe, thanks the Almighty for the copious torrent splashing down its music-water among the fifteen bystanders, among whom is Aaron, grateful, yet amazed. Those sixteen jars and pans show a passionate thirst of which Englishmen have only read—thirst become a lust and desire, which destroys even a mother's affection. There is a mother draining out a jug, and straining back her head to keep the child in her arms from the coveted treasure.

There is a less suffering mother giving her youngest and more helpless child to drink, and restraining the elder Esau from the cup he so ravenously desires. Then there is the mounted boy, and there are the children holding up their pitchers entreatingly to be filled. Then come camels and mules, dogs and sheep, all parched and pining for the draught; and, in the distance, winding down among the rocks, more thirsty people and more thirsty animals. The miracle of the "Loaves and Fishes" is as badly composed as its fellow is admirably put together ("Quite cut in two," grumbles Schwartzenlicht, delighted to find something to condemn, because praise is elevating another man, blame lowering another man); but still admirable for its old women, young women, and children.

And while we look at these pictures in the silent church some "paups" (so the German calls contemptuously "the nasty old mens," the paupers, in their blue hospital dress) are playing dominoes with stolid eagerness on a bench in the porch, and the sister of charity in the blue robe and white starched cowl, who has silently led us into the chapel, is praying on her knees by the pulpit, the round ebony beads running through her thin fingers as with rapt eyes she stares vacantly at the curiously carved and coloured Crucifixion which forms the altarpiece. And now that we have seen the two little panels of our Saviour and Saint John, and the carrion

bishop in his cloth of gold, which Murillo said to the arrogant painter Valdez Real, requires you "to hold your nose as you look at it," we snatch one glimpse at the midnight view of the angel helping San Juan de Dios to carry a sick man on his shoulders. The good woman rises, slips the key from her belt; receives our fee with a silent bend of the head—as much as to say, "He who giveth to the poor, giveth to the Lord"—and lets us out once more into the quiet cloister.

I feel better that night as I sit in my red-tiled bedroom at the hotel, and read at my little iron table slabbed with marble, thinking of the gentle, generous painter of Seville—the alms-giving, heaven-taught painter of heavenly things, of whom it was recorded as the noblest eulogy upon his tombstone—long since ground to pieces by the ponderous wheels of bullying French cannon—that he ever lived as if about to die.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SEVILLE DANCING-MASTER.

If from the neck of the long, transparent, green bottle of Manzanilla I was this day week drinking, a golden-haired fairy had suddenly emerged, and offered to convert me into one large eye, so that I might take in all that is beautiful and strange in the City of Oranges, I should at once have waived all right to the use of every other organ, have felt grateful, and gone out to look about.

I had nearly been put to an ignominious Juggernaut death by stopping to stare at the meek brown-eyed oxen, with long red-tasselled taras jutting up for the sake of ornament between their horns: I had sat down entranced under orange-trees, and gazed myself stupid, looking up at the great Moorish tower of prayer: I had thrown myself into appropriate attitudes of meditation over Columbus's grave, afterwards finding that it was his son's: I had boated on the muddy Guadalquivir, and had visited the Moorish Palace: Charles the Fifth, in moonlit armour, had chaperoned me by night up the Serf's

Street, and round the site of the old mosque: Pedro the Cruel, arm-in-arm with a sultan who carried his green turban under his arm, because he had had the small misfortune to lose his head, chatted with me in the old Alameda, as we passed the shop of Figaro, or looked in at the door of Don Juan's old house: the coloured darkness of the cathedral, the sunny twilight of the veiled streets, shaded by striped tent-like awnings; the sombre, monastic streets, hot at noon as the desert sand; the dusty, scorched suburbs, brown and barren, were all known to me. I had sucked the city of Seville like one of its own oranges, and only the peel was left. A long hot day remained, and how was I to spend it?

I look round my room at the Fonda de Madrid, Plaza Magdalena. It wants ten minutes to the table-d'hôte dinner. What do I see? A bare white-washed room, the floor paved with large, red, glazed tiles; the walls hung with theatrical prints of Mazeppa, with a good deal of white horse, and a good deal more gymnastic struggling. The broad, tall glass windows are wide open: for it is burning, fiery-furnace hot, though it is now half-past four o'clock, and the tumbling, tippling fountain, that is always trying to empty its Danaë bottle, splashes and trickles in the great hot square, coolly and pleasantly enough. Not that I see the said frolic-silver fountain; because, to keep out the heat, there is a tent-like awning twisted over my iron

square window-frame, and tied down all round to the railing of the balcony. I am just up, hot and steaming, from a short but pleasantly sottish siesta, after a tiring walk in search of the house where Murillo, the last great religious painter of Europe, was born. My bed, in that corner, is a dry, bouncing sort of bed, built on a frugal and ascetic principle suited for hot climates, where a feather-bed would be a mild term for asphyxia, and is stuffed, I suspect, by the mouldy smell, with maize straw. The green mosquito-curtains I have rolled up round the iron frame of the top of the bed, because I usually get helplessly entangled in them, and resemble a mariner in a mermaid's tangle of sea-weed. I lift my red, damp cheek from the pillow, which bounces up after me in an obdurate and unfeeling way, being by nature singularly unreceptive and incapable of soft impressions. I look round at the wall, for fear of scorpions, and with a dreamy sense of that pleasant serenade from a distant guitar that lulled me to sleep last night.

A bell rings. It is the dinner-tocsin. "La comida e pronta; dinner is ready, gentlemens," says Rose, the waiter and guide, in a double-barrelled proclamation, he being one of those split-tongued sons of Gibraltar who act as guides and waiters all over Spain.

I shuffle off my yellow slippers, that I bought of Yoosoof Yacoob, the Moorish Jew, in the street of

oranges, hurry on my boots, brush my beard, twiddle my mustachios into dagger-points, and hurry down.

Always the same company: the Gibraltar Colonel Martinet, and his pretty, satirical-looking wife. They are too proud to speak, though they are dying to know how to get on to-night to Cordova; so he chews his mustachio, and tries to joke at the Spaniards with his wife, in a playful and superior way. Then there is a priestly-looking man, of a rich Murillo red brown, with shaved blue head, who is soaking golden slices of apricot in his wine; a far-German baron, all spectacles and beard, who wears an immense gold ring on his dirty thumb; a young olive-coloured Don Juan, who I suspect is a billiard-marker; several Englishmen, who are cursing the mosquitoes and the heat; and a fat canon, who has just tucked up his gown, ready for action, and has hung his black shovel-hat, which is at least a yard long, on the wall behind him. Rosy apples bedded in orange-flowers are on the table, and half the company are soaking their Muscatel grapes in water, ready for dessert. The dishes come in in that peculiar succession common to Spain. Soup, all alive with twining threads of white vermicelli; then some mysterious little sweetbreads, fried, the exact colour of a new-laid gravel walk; then delicate red mullet; then slices of savoury veal, smothered in orange-coloured tomato-sauce; then a small repast

of endive-salad alone, much to the insolent amusement of the English bagmen, who laugh till their great teeth show like so many sharks' mouths rising at a bait; then quails and partridges, carefully dismembered; and, lastly, giant slices of a huge Valencia melon, that melts to nectar and sugar in the mouth, green figs, citronized by the sun, musk-grapes, ratafias, more wine, and a light sifting in of sweetmeats to fill up the chinks.

No wonder the canon crosses his hands on his butt or stomach, and turns his eyes heavenward, I trust in thankfulness. No wonder Don Juan leans forward to the central stand and selects the longest toothpick, that he may display a glittering paste ring on his lean, sinful little finger. No wonder the conversation so lulls that the chatter of the white-jacketed waiters in the hall, where the fountain dribbled and trickled, grows more and more audible. There is a dreadful noise of nothing, as Horace said of the country. I bow to the company, thrust back my chair, and stroll into the hall, where the landlord, cigar in mouth, is entering the visitors' names in the police inspection-book. The doors of the bath-rooms are open, gaping for air; the great apocryphal maps of London and Paris, on the walls, have no air to fan them up and down; the huge banana-tree, with the broad, split lined leaves, here and there spotted with whitewash, is silent, and shakes not with any fear. Drip, drip, drip, goes the fountain. I look at the

notices on the walls. "Great bull-fight at Cordova;" a chocolate bull, leaping at a man mounted on a black Leviathan.

"That won't do. 'Steamer to Cadiz, Miercoles-Domingo?' That won't do. 'Ball to be given to-night by the celebrated dancing-master, Pepe Blanco, Street of the Mulattos, near the house of Pilate. Opens at nine o'clock.' That *will* do. Rose (my guide), we will go."

"Very well, gentlemens."

"Will there be any gipsy dancers at Pepe's?"

"Yes, my gentlemens."

"Fandango?"

"Yes."

"Bolero?"

"Yes. Yeas, Signor, Cachuca; everytings, my gentlemens. Pepe is first dancing-master in Seville. Perea Nina came through his school; he prepared the muchachas for the opera; he is good dancing-mans, my gentlemens."

It is nine, and we are on our way, by starlight, to the Street of the Mulattos and the dancing-school of the filles d'opéra. As we go along the narrow, paved street, we are delighted with the beautiful interiors that we see through the painted iron-work of the hall-gates. The dark, unglazed, grated windows, with the rolls of red matting hung over them; the flat roofs and watch-towers, are strange and Moorish enough; but they have no charm, in com-

parison, with these family pictures—so beautifully framed, and so carefully guarded within their chapel-like screens of iron (like so many twining flower-stalks turned to metal), that seem sometimes to be the geometric cobwebs of spiders of the Tubal Cain period—so lace-like and sharp and tender are the knots, the twistings, and the intersections. Here is a house-door in the Street of Jesus, number seventy-nine. We disregard the great blind, yet jealous-looking outer street wall, which might be a prison—may be a convent—and we look through the one passage or marble-paved porch, which opens to the street; at the end, some ten feet up, is the gate of cobweb iron, wreathed and scrolled as if the design had been flourished in on paper by some Arabian master of complete penmanship. The curves are as of the waves and the clouds, or are stolen from the flowing roll of flower-cups or of vine-tendrils. They present no impediment to the eye, and—though safe and strong, to keep out thieves and lovers—are only seen when looked for. Inside is the hall, the Patio, or small quadrangle, which is the lungs of the Spanish house. The bedroom windows and the balcony leading to the upper rooms look down upon it. There may be a central Arabian fountain of melting silver, of flowing music, of singing water; where marble basons seem scooped out of melting ice, and brimmed with fluent pearl. There may be a little pensive marble statue like the Roman Penates, guarding the lavish,

generous water which gushes as freely as good actions do from a good man's heart. It has been the honest mirrors where dear, dead Dolores has seen her fairy eyes glistening a thousand times. It is the refreshing bath where the bouquets, warm from her bosom, were laid to lap and drink. It may now be a little green and mildewed, and oozing about the joints; it may have been a proconsul's bath, or a sultan's place of ablution.

There is a small grove of glossy-leaved orange-trees at the corners on one side, or there may be a huge banana-tree, like a thing of Paradise, flinging abroad the generous arched leaves over the family circle below. And the happy circle consists of an old Don, with head yellow and shiny, who broods over a cigarette; a comely mother, with black face, languidly busy; and perhaps one or two black-eyed daughters, Immaculata, and Rufina, with lace mantillas trailing from their hair-knots over their shoulders, who are listening with meaning smiles to a mellow, merry voice and guitar in the next garden, that are calling upon all the saints in heaven to bear witness that he, Juan (chwang) loves Inez (chwang-twang) and Inez alone (chwang); or perhaps there is only a single yellow light near a window on a back table, and an old duenna nurse is playing with some children, and laughing at Pedro, the waiter at the Café of Julius Cæsar, next door, who is smoking his cigarette outside the gate.

Once we look through the enchanted gates of gold wire, and see a dark courtyard filled with a thick odour of orange-blossom, or behold a small forest of slender marble pillars, each no bigger than a palm-tree, and marvel at the white glimmer of their reflections. Another time, an empty courtyard with only a glimpse, through the dark, of a winding marble staircase, up which Don Quixote or his duchess may have just passed. Passed or not, I don't see Sancho Panza—not even a grinning Maritornes—sweeping up the place.

I pass the Street of the Sacrament, and reach the festive house of the dancing-master. I go up with a small crowd, what the Scotch call "a common stair." The next door is a lottery shop, and the doorway is covered with printed sheets of numbers. I pay at the door and enter. There is confusion in the passage—a spirt and crack of matches—which is unremitting. A Spaniard, when he is silent or looking on, must smoke. The men are evidently shopmen and clerks, a few decent mechanics; but there is no vulgar impudence or noisy bashfulness about them; no strut or stare—they are unpretending and self-possessed, grave and almost dull. Are these the men who cap you in proverbs, who knife you in quarrel, who are the dandies and bullies of Spain? Are these the far-famed Andalucians, who are half Moors, and are the dread of the more stolid north?

They are dressed in short jean and gambroon jackets, brown or grey. A few wear buff or white linen. They are all grave and brown, and have neat feet, and thin but shapely limbs. They all carry sticks, and wear the Andalucian cap—a stiff black cap, with a low conical centre, and a high, round, stiff brim, which curves up round it like the walls of a burnt pie. Every one has a thin paper cigarette between his scorched thumb and forefinger. Every one has the end of his handkerchief sticking from his outside jacket-pocket. They seat themselves gravely along the wooden forms, which are placed round the room, at the end of which the royal arms of Castile and Leon are rudely painted, underneath a tawdry canopy. There are few women, and they are plainly dressed in black, with mantilla, and the inevitable fan. The cigar-smoke is as the smoke of a great battle, and the red sparks shine through the blue vapour like frosty stars on a foggy autumn night.

The gipsies—the chosen dancers of the Macarena, the ragged quarter, whence Murillo drew his dusty-footed, melon-eating beggar-boys—are there all by themselves, away from the Busné in a corner near the two guitars, who are burning to get at it; and near the half-dozen red-tasselled castanets who presently will go off together like so many hundred dice-boxes, shaken by mad gamblers in a drunken tavern.

There are six of them. First, their great singer, a half-idiotic paralytic boy, who, writhing in a big

brother's lap (big brother is a kind fellow, but a horse-stealer and farrier), sings Las Canas, which he drawls out in a melancholy, low, passionate voice; so that it seems partly a love-song, partly a dirge for an exiled Indian race, partly an Eastern incantation for some Cybele or Isic ceremony. He reminds me, with his staring eyes and outstretched neck, of the demoniac boy in Raphael's Transfiguration. He sits on the farrier's lap, a sorry sight for cheerful people's eyes. He helps in the low monotonous burden of hand-clapping (palmeado), the beating of feet, and the palmeado, or final chorus. On the whole, it is awful to see him, for he writhes like a person possessed.

His big brother keeps looking on with a sort of knavish pleasure, while some Leporello in the corner sweeps the tinkling and wedded strings with his hand, and beats the guitar-board with his thumb. Another brother who, though of royal Romany blood, looks distressingly like a sweep—having a grimy, mean, sordid face—stares dully at the opposite wall, for he is blind. As for the sullen big brother, his little, weazel, black-bead eyes, are always smiling out with hard suspicious cunning from underneath his depressed and bumpy brows. There they go, the whole happy and ancient family, shuffling their feet in time, beating with monotonous and unceasing regularity their horny hands, sweeping the guitar in rapid rasqueandos, flourishes, or floreandos, and

drum-like golpeandos. Ten to one it is the barber of the street, Figaro himself, who now sings. There is an intense air of conviction about the whole group that they are essential to the night's amusement; and there is a twinkle of the eyes that seems to say, "O ye Busné, how soon, if we chose, could we clear every pocket, and slip off to dear Macarena," the snug beggar's quarter.

As for Pepe Blanco, he, in his loose, unbuttoned jacket and staff of office, is preternaturally busy. He bows to me, he jokes with the gipsies, he condescends to Rose and the guitar; he seems a shrewd, busy, rather pompous man, who presumes on old saltatorial skill.

And where are the performers? Oh, here they come. That black-browed, hard beauty, is Pepe Blanco's eldest daughter (and manager, too, I should think). Her short, bouffèed balloon dress is striped, horizontally, with red and blue; she struts in it, with toes out, like a reduced Lady Macbeth. She shines with bugles and tinsel bobs. She is all black bushy dots, as if she had adorned herself with stubbly tufts, made of the beards of dead lovers. She is a little painted; her blush would be natural were it not perpetual, and were there not an unfortunate telltale spot of whitewash in the midst of that hard red that ascends to her lower eyelid. I should not like to say her eyelids were not darkened, but certainly her black hair was wet with liquid grease. On her stiff

GIPSY DANCERS.

white hands are several rings set with sparkling rubies from the Philippine Islands: her large feet twinkle in white-satin slippers, and her leg is a miracle of robust shapeliness. Her poses are masculine and abrupt, her recoil has the flexibility of steel. Her younger sister is a much prettier daughter of Eve. She is charming in pink silk and black lace, a piquant mixture of colours, and her complexion, though of the unhealthy-looking pale olive, is crystal clear, though no flash of rosy red glance across her cheek, be she pleased, surprised, or angry. She waves a glittering sceptre of a fan, and looks on everything with that jaded, lifeless, mechanical look peculiar to public performers. Her fat father's jokes she takes as mere professional matters of course: she knows the peculiar joke for each peculiar hour. Sometimes she gives a rueful smile at her sister, or, oftener still, a sickly ogle, which is the mere result of theatrical habit. This is a sorry life, Dolores. This is poor work compared with Perea Nina, in her gilded rooms; or that favourite of Seville, La Campañila, the daughter of the keeper of the Giralda bell-tower. It puts one out of patience, Dolores, does it not, to think of dancing before a set of clerks and tourists? What does Lady Macbeth think? Saint Apollonia! how like a Jezebel she looks, as she stretches her feet or crosses them softly as if they had on Cinderella's glass slippers, one over the other. The guitar gets more like a tin-kettle than ever.

More running up and down the buzzing rigging of the strings, more rat-tat of the castanets, as if the room were full of cats, with walnut-shells tied to their feet.

I fell into a musing eulogy of the dance. I thought with gratitude of how it brings lovers together, and welds firmer love's half-forged chains; how it quickens the blood of society; how it makes the poor for a time happy as the rich, and how it makes the rich natural for a time as the poor.

"You seem as if you was going to sleeps, gentleman," says Rose.

"No, no, not at all," said I, crying "Encore!" out of place, to show I was alert, and not to be caught.

Then began the Bolero, the Jezebel and Pepe Blanco's assistant joining: the painted Jezebel, stately in her parti-coloured dress, her waist tight and buckramed with a breastplate of bugles, her white-satin slippers twinkling like flying ermines over a Siberian plain, her strong blanched arms swaying round her head in perfect and harmonious balance. The assistant is a leopard sort of Pierrot, who wears a brown cloth jacket, a dark red sash, and light canvas shoes, which, intended to checkmate the heat, look like slippers, and give him an undress, reckless air. He is one of those thin, oval-faced, young old men one sees in Spain, with dry brown hair, and no beard or mustachios. He may be a barber, but at all events he has a serious air of intense devotion to

his amusement, which savours of chivalry, and is amusing. I, who go everywhere through Andalucia looking for Don Quixote, thought I had a descendant of him here; but no, his name is José-Maria, and he is waiter at the café next door, which bears the great name of Julius Cæsar; though Julius Cæsar certainly never took coffee next door. He is a small thin man, with no great gift of muscle, is José-Maria, the lithe waiter; but how he leaps and bounds and comes down, as if through the ceiling, like Mercury, on the top of his elastic toes! He is this moment seated next the guitar, discussing a dance tune. Now he springs forward, meets the smiling Jezebel, and seems determined to dance her down. Their hands do not meet, but they turn and encircle, and dos à dos, each with the clicking castanets, which are answered by half a dozen other pairs scattered through the room. Even phlegmatic Pepe Blanco rattles a pair, and so does a little muslined-out sister of Jezebel, whose name is Lola. The gipsies work on with their droning chant and sleepy, unceasing hand-clapping, and the guitar tinkles and chimes, in threading the pattern of the dance. Now they end suddenly, with a clash of the castanets, which sounds like a smashing of targets, and everybody laughs at the vivacious vigour and surprise of the ending, which leaves the dancers standing, like statues.

Now they dash off again, as if disdaining and ashamed of rest; José performing miraculous feats

of skill, turning as if his back was India-rubber, and his feet spring-heeled. Herodias-Jezebel is quite a match for him, and stands up to him manfully, her great coloured dress swaying and tossing like a dahlia in a high wind. The canvas-slippered men with the black turban caps fan themselves, as if seeing other people red-hot made them red-hot, too. They shout some sort of Brava, and Ancora, and Bis, that sounds like "Se repeta." They hark on the tiring dancers with encouraging "Jaleos," such as the contrabandistas use to their flagging horses. José flings about his legs as if he were a Fantoccini, ties himself in knots, springs up in the air, and comes down in a step that instantly wheels him on round Jezebel; he pursues her, she flies, wounding him, Parthian like, with her great gig-lamps of eyes. She wheedles him with her wanton and swaying arms; now she follows him, he turns and bends to kiss her; now she again flies, and so winds the cat's cradle of the dance, that the castanets emphasise and punctuate, like the rattle of so much summer hail. The horny, dry click-click goes on in a loud cricketing as of a woodpecker's tapping, cheery, shrill, and loud. A man next me, with black velvet embroidery about his jacket sleeves, and with brass tags down the front of it, can hardly keep his feet still, so suggestive and stimulating is the sound of castanets to the Spanish ear. It is as a trumpet to a soldier, or a gun-fire to a sailor. How the gipsy girl laughs and shows her great white

horse teeth! How the possessed boy screams! How the big brother works away at the suffering guitar, as Jezebel and José-Maria seesaw at the Cadiz Cachuca, with its merry grasshopper accompaniment. Is not this better to Englishmen than the dull rites of a quadrille, or the giddy, but unvarying waltz of Germany? What a pity the old Zarabanda, that James the Second's Court indulged in, before the vulgar romp of the pillow dance set all in confusion, is now forgotten, except by retentive yellow old music books; but still we have the Bolero and the Fandango, with their staccato steps, and their abrupt, clashing pauses. As for the Bolero, it is a complete dancing-duel,—graceful and agile as the gambols of leopards. How beautifully the hands seem to sympathize and join in the dance, compared with our English performances, where hands seem mistakes and superfluities intended to hamper and embarrass shy people! How the feet run, and match, and pair, as if they had separate wills to the joined and bending bodies! Beautiful expressions of superabundant joy and youth, hope and fervour; beautiful similitude and pantomime of love; free, healthy, agile exercise, which really is dancing, and not walking to pattern. No wonder, then, that as the castanets cease to shake, and the hard dry hands to beat, the whole company of Pepe Blanco burst out with universal cries of "Orza! orzazas, punalada!" Jezebel strutting to her seat with toes rigidly out, and José-Maria sitting down, and light-

ing a cigarette, with not a hair turned. What wonder that since Martial's time Spain has supplied the world with dancers?

Make way for the gipsy-girl, who is going to show us how the Egyptian ghawasses and the Hindoo nautch-girls dance. She will dance the Romalis, which is the dance which Tiberius may have seen, and which no one but a gipsy dances in Spain. She will dance it to the old Oriental music of hand-clapping, and to an old religious Eastern tune, low and melancholy,—diatonic, not chromatic, and full of sudden pauses, which are strange and startling. It will be sung in unison, and will have a chorus, in which every one will join. Ford, the great authority in Spain, says these tunes are relics of the old Greek and Phœnician music. Even their guitar, of that strange calabash shape, is Moorish; it is worn and played just as it was four thousand years ago, before King Wilkinson came to Egypt and unpotted the old Pharaohs.

The dancing-girl is, to tell the whole truth, not romantic: no antelope eyes; no black torrents of overflowing hair; no sweeping fringe of eyelash; no serpentine waist; no fairy feet; no moonlight voice. No. She is rather like a sailor's wife at Wapping. She has ropy black hair, drawn back behind her ears, in which dangle heavy gold earrings. She wears a large, red, cauliflowered-pattern gown, and her small neat feet are protected by strong

high-lows; she is stout and thick-set, and by no means a sylph. I don't think the harebell would ever lift up his head again, if her strong foot had once come on it. She rises to the incitement of that quivering nasal wail that the wriggling cripple doles out from his straining throat, and, amid cries of "Jaleo," and various exclamations of delight, sways herself slowly with balancing arms and shuffling feet that hardly seem to move. Gradually, as you get accustomed to the dance, you learn to distinguish the dull thump of the heel from the lively quick one-two tap of the toe of her shoes, as, like a young witch of Endor, she seems to swim and float along the room, as if her arms, with their balancing—right now up and left down, then left down slowly and right up—propelled her through some invisible medium of sea or cloud. She might be a sea spirit, or a daughter of Lucifer, who is prince of the powers of the air. On her face there is no appearance but a beaming glow of quiet pride and smouldering excitement. Every now and then the girl lowers her arms, and begins to beat the palms of her brown hands together to the same low incantation tune that stirs you strangely by its supernatural and untiring ceaselessness. Her arms, when they sway, move in curves of perfect harmony; and her hands, when they beat, beat in low unison like a muffled drum. As for the recitative song, it is more fit for Irish wake-singers or Arab serpent-

charmers than for festive dancers, who dance to the pulsation of their own heart-music, and what other extraneous help Heaven may send them. The perpetual hand-clapping is exciting, just as the perpetual low beat of the Sioux calabash-drum is exciting. It keeps the mind in a state of fevered tension highly stimulating to the imagination—tap, tap, tap, tap, it goes, like the perpetual drip, drip, of a wet day. Now the witch-dance grows fiercer and faster, now the lady of Endor wriggles from side to side, backing and sidling like a shy horse, and the double-shuffle going on all the time in a way that no sailor could equal; and now, to our extreme horror, Endor suddenly twists up her pocket-handkerchief, and, as the solitary dancer sways nearer to me, flings it in my lap, and closes the dance, her eyes laughing, her earrings bobbing. She sits down amid shouts of applause and cries of "Jaleo!" the paralytic boy wriggling like a scotched snake to express his delight and patronizing approval. The big brother is also ultra-cunning and much satisfied. The guitar bends forward and bows his personal thanks. José-Maria looks not pleased. José-Maria thinks the Romalis nothing to the Bolero, and is evidently jealous.

Rose comes to me, after much dumb show and unsuccessful telegraphing. I get him to understand that I want to know what I am to do with the Witch of Endor's handkerchief. Did not sultans

sometimes fling ladies' handkerchiefs for Mormon purposes? Could I have won the witch's heart at a glance? I, who never won anybody but old Miss Truffles, who is always falling in love with quiet, unresisting men? Rose answers me (in spite of all my signs that he should speak very low) in a loud, unfeeling, vulgar voice, evidently despising Jezebel, who smiles stiffly through her paint, and fat old Pepe Blanco, who pretends he is not looking my way, engages in conversation with the guitar with unmeaning and spasmodic earnestness. Rose tells me in a blustering voice (to show everybody that he is my chief adviser, counsellor, and friend) that this throwing the handkerchief is a regular custom, and merely means that, as a stranger and foreigner, I am expected to make her a present. I must roll up half a dollar in the handkerchief, and return it with a careless bow (as if she had shown me a favour) to the lady. I do not much like the ceremony—am afraid of giving too little, not too much—and grumble like a true Englishman at paying twice over. I do it with a bow worthy of the roué young Duke of Richelieu, and, defying Jezebel, return to my seat, falling over my own walking-stick, and disregarding all stares and whispers.

Then comes a Malaga dance and various Sequadillas, Boleros, Manchegas, Malagenas, and Rondenas. There are romances sung on the true Figaro

principle, that "what they did not think worth saying they say."

"Now then, gentlemens, they are going to do the Malaga dance, describing the bull-fight."

It is not Jezebel, nor the Witch of Endor, nor Herodias, who dances the Malagena, nor that little five-year old puppet who, with side-curls, fan, and castanets, apes the woman with grave accuracy. No; it is Lola, a baker's daughter, a neat little quiet girl in black, who laments her want of the short dancing dress of a real Maja. She misses the waves of rose-colour and silver from which a Maja floats in the dance, like Venus rising from a sunset sea; but still, with a smiling face and brave heart, being the only Malaga girl present, and not without views of the stage, Lola, nodded on by an encouraging mother, passes from stately walk into stately dancing positions, and, crescendoing by degrees, rises to the full free dance, which is of a measured minuet character, and seems to need no partners. It is a performance, in fact, of grave beauty, rising to swiftness like a fire that fans and waves itself into wider flame, and resembling the court minuet that cost John the Baptist his head. Her arms are Diana-like in their curving sway and balance. But now, passing a small scarlet flag over her left arm, she waves it to and fro in time to the dance. Then, putting on a black montero cap, she archly cocks it, and trifles with it, and finally places it in the bend of

the arm on which the flag was, and goes through all the ceremonies of the bull-fight—the flag and hat passing for her lover, and she herself tossing and fretting with her head to imitate the action of the bull. Now she beats with her pretty feet, or apes the pawings of the king of the herds that chase each other through clouds of dust in the low earth-banks of the Guadalquiver. Then cap and flag pass away, and she ends with the Oriental beating of hands and the low, monotonous chant which is rude and simple, yet impressive.

We tear ourselves from the perpetual motion, and with bows to the company and Pepe Blanco, pass down the rude stairs out into the street. What a contrast from the hot glare and noise! How quiet! I can hear the crickets discussing the price of flour down in the baker's cellar on the other side of the way. The image shop is shut; the slippers, and plaids, and scarfs are all put by for the night. The pedlar is gone from the blind church door, where he used all day to sell castanets, old bottles, books, small-tooth combs, knives, and worm-eaten flint guns. There are no porters or Doloreses round the tumbling fountain. The church doors are shut, and the paradise smell of incense, that puffs out all day far into the street and into the market-place, is gone up to heaven like an exhaled prayer. The strings of mules no longer trip, and clink, and patter, and stumble over the slippery trottoir. The band is hushed in

the Square of the Constitution, and the fuego (match) boys are gone to their straw. The fierce pagan-looking herdsmen, with their long pike goads and their strange rough sheep-skin jackets and leather gamashes are not yet coming into early market. The great pyramids of pot-bellied and toad-speckled melons are all eaten or rolled away. The great green peppers, and the terracotta-looking pomegranates, are hidden behind those gratings, and so are the chumbos and the prickly pear fruit. I see no one but a sturdy watchman; who, with a clear voice, calls out "Sereno!" (fine) as if it was a cathedral response, and he were minor canon. I observe he wears a broad yellow leather baldrick, and has a sheath on the spear blade from which his lanthorn swings.

Rose, addressing "my gentlemens," bids him look at a man eating iron. I ask him what he means by such ostrich-diet, and he tells me, pointing to a dark slim figure clinging to the window-bars, that it is a lover having a secret night interview with his Juliet, his Lola, or his Katinka. He is clinging like an angry parrot to the tall window-irons, pouring his delicious temporary insanity through the bars into her ear. That gleam of white is she, and that distant guitar that sounds so pleasantly up the quiet street is some securer lover, serenading. Why, if one choose to be fool enough to pick quarrels, one might soon be, as Don Quixote promised Sancho,

up to one's elbows in adventures. A finer city to get one's head broken in, I never saw.

I pass the Alcazar, with its horseshoe-gate, type of Arab conquest and their conquering cavalry. I tread the broad steps and terrace round the cathedral where Shylocks and Antonios once used to meet as on 'Change, cheered by whiffs of anthems and breaths of incense; now, white and bleached in the moon, it is lined with shadows of the great chains and broken Roman temple-pillars that fence it in. I steal a look through the Moorish gateway—the old court of purification—where the orange-trees are all black and silver with the moonlight and the shadow. I pass under the great Giralda Tower, the work of the pyramid-builders, its sharp brickwork, its faded frescoes, now all silvered out by the moonlight, and I reach the Fonda-Madrid. A sleepy porter receives me with a blessing, that sounds to me like an inverted curse, and I jolt up to bed, fastening my folding-doors with those long primitive bolts peculiar to Spain. Rose I hear under the balcony, expressing to the porter his doubts as to whether I shall eventually give him more than twice as much as his proper courier's hire per day.

I shuffle off my husk, my disguises, my properties, and cunningly slip under the green mosquito-curtains, leaving the little winged monsters thirsting for my blood outside the thin fence, like devils outside the walls of Paradise.

A great dark curtain of cloud lifts up, and I am in the fairy region of sleep. Hark! here rises old Seville; and from the gilded minaret comes the cry of the followers of Mohammed, "Come to prayer—come to prayer! Prayer is better than sleep—prayer is better than sleep!" Floods of white turbans roll by, in the midst Yoosoof, surrounded by his black eunuchs, with their golden breastplates. Suddenly, the train stops, and from a plumed litter a sultana, with eyes of the gazelle, hails me. She says—

"Time to get up, my gentlemens!"

It was Rose. Seven o'clock? Why I have not been asleep five minutes.

CHAPTER XIII.

MY TURKISH MASTER AT SEVILLE.

I HAD been out from noon till dusk in Seville, picking up the fragments that remained of my great eye-feast in that city. I was hurrying home to my hotel, to take my first Turkish lessons of Monsieur Achille Vielleroche, an old French officer of the Napoleon times, who had lived a long while at Stamboul as dragoman to the French Embassy. I was bound, I knew, shortly to the seven-hilled city of Constantine, and I wanted to pick up some of the Infidels' language, that I might carry it in my hand as a shield and as a sword against the knavish Moslems of the caravanserais and the bazaars.

Besides, I had a little time on my hands before the boat started for Cadiz, and I felt a sort of foolish pleasure in learning my first Oriental language (for I cannot say much of a smattering of Hebrew) in the old city where a Moorish king had ruled so long.

Now, Seville is a place that it requires no effort to realise as Eastern, blood and bone. It was only this morning I was upon the turret roof of the Cathedral,

high up close under that weathercock statue of Faith on the very apex of the Giralda, at whose bronze feet the whistling falcons build, and I had looked down on the city beneath me, as Satan once did on Jerusalem from the pinnacle of the Temple, and I saw the houses spread below me like a ground-plan or a vast map. Those winding dark veins were streets. They did not run straight and headlong like the Roman roads, which seem made for the straightforward rush of the legionaries, but they wound, like fickle brooks or errant streamlets, shunning the sun, narrow and deep, under shadowy cliffs of houses, where the striped awnings passed like sails from roof to roof, winding with subtlety and craft, and seeming to stop to run into the harbours of shadow, devious and crooked as a tyrant's policy. The windows of those houses were so near, that Osman the Abencerrage must have been able to have tossed a love-letter—full of quotations from the Koran and allusions to Mary, the Coptic girl beloved by the Prophet—to Zuleika as she sat opposite, with downcast eyes, intent on her golden cushion, and thinking of the too much beloved Child of the Saddle, whom she had seen that morning riding in from Granada to the Games of the Jereed in the Sultan's bull-ring.

As I cling to the great flying buttress of brown sunburnt stone that arches over the cathedral nave, thinking of Quasimodo and all the Victor-Hugo clamberings on church roofs, I strain my tired eyes

down to observe the perpetual flat roof that in Seville indicates the Eastern origin of a house, the blue-tiled domes of the old mosques, and the high watch-towers, with roofed-in arcades, open at the sides, that the Moors built as traps to catch the wind in this burning climate. I see the flat desert plain and the brown river, which from here seems to be mere liquid sand—a horizontal simoom, rolling through a Spanish Sahara. Yes; there can be no forgetting the Moors in Seville, and as I cling to the slant bar of the buttress, I repeat to myself the beautiful first chapter of the Koran, and almost wish that my head was shaved, till I remember what that is a sign of in England. So, like a true Spaniard, I curse Mohammed, spit at him figuratively, and cross myself to reassert my Christianity. It is so hot now that I long to turn hermit and bury myself in a cave of strawberry ice.

Well, but to get back to my twilight walk and my Turkish task-master, Monsieur Achille Vielleroche. I had just been a long walk through the suburbs, looking everywhere for Moorish houses and Christianized mosques. Now, just as America is a delightful place to travel in because, with your own language, civilization, and comforts, you have a new race and a new world, so, in Spain, you have the delight of safely and at your ease—under a sun that does not quite fry your brain—tracing the inerasable Orientalism of the old Moorish cities. You

can trace out how ineffectually the Spanish Christian endeavoured to blot out everywhere the word Moor, that time had graven so deeply in the very soil of Spain. It was no mean civilization that wrote its name in such eternal characters; yet how different Moorish art is from Roman—different as the ponderous fourteen-feet pilum and the massy short double-edged sword of the legionary from the light cane javelin and brittle crescent sabre—different as the surface filagree of the Alhambra, that time cannot corrode, from the Titan arches of the Colosseum. Here was mind almost feminine in its subtlety and minuteness, yet reaching the perfection of all mere geometric ornamentation. There was a mind gigantic and strong, that wrote Empire and Eternity on all it touched.

I had had a long hot stroll in the deserted old Alameda—the Alameda of Le Sage's times, where Don Juan must have ruffled it in his ribands and satins, now the mere playground of ruffian gamblers, muleteers, horse-dealers, and naked urchins. Then I had worked round the old fortifications, in and out the yellow stuccoed gates. I had amused myself by staring from the dusty deserted walks, where the carob-trees hung their shrivelled kidney-bean fruit; at the old walls with their sharp, broken, vandyked battlements, where, here and there, a bush or bramble grew, like a tuft of hair on an otherwise bald face, and fancying myself a Christian knight

parleying with the lines of turbans on the parapets. I defy them; I cut crosses in the air with my sword; I ——

"Arce—señor—a thousand pardons," says a muleteer, riding me down with his string of donkeys, laden with charcoal, covered with faded green boughs—fodder, as I suppose, for his animals.

"Omen of the age," I thought; "the dreamer, mumbling over his mediævalism, narrowly escapes being trodden under foot by the donkey of progress." I bow to the Moors, who, in the shape of a sentinel, and a girl hanging out clothes, are laughing on the walls, and plunge scuttling through the eyelet-hole of the gate again into the city.

I cannot say with Titus, "I have lost a day!" Yet I am thirsting for new sights, my eye having an appetite that seems insatiable.

"I have lost a night!" said Spanker to me, at breakfast this morning, when I alluded to Titus, across a chocolate cup.

On investigation, I found he had gone to bed early, at the end of the first rubber: a waste of time, produced by a momentary laziness, which I believe he has ever since regretted, and never since indulged in. If Spanker worked only half as hard at drill as he does at billiards, he would be, I think, soon a great military authority; for he is full of a quaint sort of chivalry, has a latent energy, and his brains are "of the first water." I don't say this to

flatter him. He will never read this; for, though not dead yet, he is buried at Bermuda; and what is worse ——. But I must not forestall.

I was toiling down a hot street, with no side-rivulet of dark wall-shadow to run to, feeling not unlike a hunted mad dog that has just distanced his pursuers, and almost wished he had not, when I spied a great open gate, to what seemed a splendid example of the old Moorish houses, and ventured in, for I thought it might be the House of Pilate, that curious old Oriento-Roman house, built by some Spanish enthusiast who had been on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there seen the apocryphal palace of the Roman, whose ghost still haunts Switzerland, and whom you talk of there at table-d'hôte dinners, between the fricassée and the salad.

I seemed like the intruder into the fairy story, who comes to fulfil old prophecies, and to wake the enchanted princess with a kiss. I expected to find the father asleep, the chancellor, the page, and all the councillors, seated round the royal table; but all I really found was a cat asleep on a wall, and when it heard me it did not turn into a golden-haired princess, but stared at me for a moment with phosphoric eyes of a glowworm green, and ran in at a door, where a porter was taking his siesta, for there is no fear in Spain of being robbed or murdered while you take your siesta; for this simple reason, that at this time in the day, every respectable murderer and

decent thief is asleep too; so not waking the man, who slept the sleep of the just, and snored just like them too, I did not thieve anything, but only stole quietly along the shady side of the large quadrangle I had entered, and admired the curious Moorish ornamentation on the walls — the old Alhambra kaleidoscope of delight, and the well-remembered wainscot of blue and brown and green tiles, in their rich vitrified enamel of unfading colour. I revelled in the Jonah gourds, swaying with pumpkins of coppery yellow, that clung round the pillars of the quadrangle; and having completed my inspection with the noiseless foot of Time, I repassed the sleeping curator, who gave a sort of staggering snore, as if I disturbed his dream, as I passed out, and got again into the street. This time I struck out bolder and more resolute; and passing through a street, where the little square projecting windows above my head looked jealous and close as a nunnery, and where almost to whistle was dangerous, and passing several quiet, iron-gated doors, where men-servants smoked and lounged, I passed through a pompous city gate, guarded from persons of angry good taste, who would like to have pulled it down, by two bored-looking sentinels, and got out into the dusty track leading to the river, towards which the rows of suffering-looking, jaded trees all pointed.

I had to pass the bridge—the new iron bridge—to get to my hotel. This is the bridge that the poorer

Sevillians call the Devil's Bridge, partly because English heretics built it, and partly because it seems in their sluggish eyes so swift and wonderful a work. For a long time after it was erected, there was an insane objection to cross it. It was almost at first feared that there would be a dead set made against the unoffending, unpretending bridge, and that the people, *en masse*, would refuse to go over it. But the suspicion and dread passed away, unlike other national nightmares, and lo! now the bridge, whose approaches are still unfinished, was black with people. There were quiet, chatting, inoffensive groups on the iron seats at the side bays. There were types of all classes of Spaniards passing over in one long ebb and flow of a procession. First, the great ox waggon, with its yellow rush-matted sides and its ponderous oxen leaning towards each other, followed by the driver, with his spear-goad slanting warningly across the horns of the off beast. Then a gay mozo in a jacket and sash, riding with one hand stuck on his left thigh, trooper fashion. Then a postilion-driven barouche with four Spanish ladies in their grave evening dress. Then some woodmen's mules; then a charcoal crate, and a donkey laden with water jars. I look over the bridge, and see the lights in the barges starring up and down, and casting golden columns of reflection in the water beneath them. Here and there a fire in one of the charcoal barges casts a strange red and yellow light on the

faces of the rough fishermen and watermen sitting round it eating their olla.

But all this I see very hastily, and am soon at my hotel. Monsieur Achille, the waiter says, has just gone up with some books under his arm. I am at the door of Number Twenty-one very quickly, and Monsieur Achille I find in ecstasies over a vile portrait of Napoleon hanging on the walls. This is one of his great topics. He talks of the great Emperor as a father, as a dear dead friend. The tears come into his eyes when he talks of the great Corsican, with whom he fought at Austerlitz. He is a brave, faithful old fellow, and a gentleman to the back-bone. I know he would rather cut off his thumbs and sell them to the surgeons than do a mean thing, much as I am afraid he wants money.

There he is now at the table drawn up to the window, with Turkish dictionary and grammar ready, and stories of Napoleon breaking out, like forget-me-nots, through the iron-bound, desert region of syntax. I feel lazy to-day, and shall draw him out about his old life, and let the Turkish mysteries alone: they will not hurt for keeping. I know the old soldier is in a good mood for talking, for he is feeling the palm of his hand, which he glories in being hard as wood, and not dimpling on pressure any more than an oak plank would. He does not boast about this, but smiles, and says, "Dieu merci, I am very hearty for an old man who fought at Austerlitz, and saw Moscow burning."

"What, were you at Moscow, Monsieur Achille? I never heard that." (I trust I shall be forgiven this assertion, which was not strictly true.)

"Tête de Dieu, that was I, and should never have been here but for three pounds of chocolate Major Fourgeon shared with me, when the rest of us were living on birch bark, which is bad eating even for bears."

"And dreadfully, I suppose, those swarms of Cossacks stung and worried you?"

"Monsieur loves to hear an old man talk. We ought to be getting on with those irregular verbs. Those Cossacks? Bah! They were mere robbers—pouf!—blow at them, and they are gone. I should not care with two dozen men for a hundred of them. You English always make such a—what you call fuss with these Cossacks. Bah! I have cut off the heads of dozens of them. What has a Cossack to fight with?—a lance—he thrusts—you pull your horse round—he misses you, and you cut the spear-head off with your sword as he rides by. What has he then left—this Cossack?—only a stick of de broom—a broom-steek."

Having nothing practical to reply to this, I covered my retreat by ringing for coffee.

"You served under Le Beau Sabreur, did you not, Monsieur Vielleroche?"

"I did, and under Vendamme. You should have seen Vendamme at Austerlitz. He was one of the

old Republicans, and cared for nothing. The soldiers used to say nothing but a mine would kill him. Over and over again they sent to tell him to retire, but he would not. 'Every man might fall,' he said, 'but I remain—tell the Emperor so.'"

"Were you at the great military school?"

"I was. We slept on iron beds, ate ration bread, and drank out of iron jugs. Tête de Dieu, monsieur, we were tough as young lions. We would walk to Fontainebleau, play about in the forest, and then walk back. Our very games were building up redoubts, and then storming them; but peste, I had had bombshells for playthings before I could walk."

"As how, monsieur? Vous badinez."

"No. I jest not. My father was mayor of Lille, and died on the walls there when Prince Coburg was driven back in the early revolution, for I am old now. My uncle died of fatigue in carrying on the same defence. The first thing I can remember is seeing the stones of our courtyard taken up, and the square strewn with dung to deaden the shells and shot. I remember on Easter Sunday, my mother taking us down into a bomb-proof cellar out of the way of the rain of fire. I did not care much for a cannon-ball then; since then—bah! Well, at the military school we were divided into two strong parties, one in favour of Mademoiselle Mars, and the other in favour of Mademoiselle George, who then, with Talma, divided the stage between them. On special

nights I used to scale the walls, to get to the theatre, and swell the ranks of my party. Ah! it is a long time since. It is so long a road to look back, that it is easier to look forward to the dark door through which I shall soon with a bow return into space."

Monsieur Achille was a sceptic. I said nothing; his reminiscences amused me so much.

"Ah! Talma, mon Dieu, what an actor!—what an enthusiast! He told me he would not wear a shirt as Pharamond, because at that age shirts were not known. I remember seeing him in Cinna, monsieur; in that celebrated speech of the great Corneille, where he draws so powerful, yet horrible, a picture of the miseries of the civil wars. He used to quietly take off his helmet and hold it behind him. Then, when he came to those terrific lines,

'Le fils tout dégouttant du meurtre de son père,
Et sa tête à la main demandant son salaire,'

he would suddenly thrust forward his hand, and shake the helmet in the face of Emile. At first, the ladies thought it was a real human head, and, ma foi! they fainted by dozens. The boxes remind me of a field of battle."

"You seem in pain. I trust no ——"

"Oh, it is only that English bullet I got in my hip when we took Capri from your Sir Hudson Lowe, whom we caught napping. I was early on the ladders, and got an English bayonet, too, through the fleshy

part of my left arm. I never cared much about wounds, but that terrible fièvre de suppuration——"

"What is that, monsieur?"

Monsieur Achille was too absorbed now in old recollections to hear what I was saying.

"I remember," he went on, "when I joined my regiment at Amsterdam, just after mess, the second day, a friend coming to tell me they were going to feel my pulse; it being then the custom to try the courage of a new comer by a duel. So out I went, but luckily ran my fellow through the arm, and after that they left me alone. Our great amusement at night there was to get hold of the old klappermichels, or watchmen, and tie them up in their watch-boxes; but if half a dozen got together, and sprang their rattles, we had a hard fight to escape the Rasphaus. I think in all Europe I never knew so vicious a people as the Dutch were at that time."

I asked Vielleroche if he was at Waterloo. Vielleroche said he was not; he did not think much of that victory. He was with Grouchy, and broke his sword over his knee when that old General refused to attempt to join Napoleon. The army then broke up, and he and some other officers skulked about till they could seize a fishing-boat and escape to Italy.

Had he ever spoken to Napoleon?

"Yes; he had been examined in mathematics by the Emperor when he was a boy at the military school; and after that in Champagne, where he

helped to save the Emperor from the onset of a pulk of Cossacks. As aide-de-camp to Murat, he could assure me that Murat's outbreak in Italy was a prearranged thing with the Emperor; if he had wanted him at Waterloo, he would have come, and his fiery storm of horse would soon have broken our squares."

"Were you ever taken prisoner, Monsieur Achille?"

"Twice: in Russia, by those barbares the Muscovites, who were mad enough to burn Moscow over our heads, and, by the help of a hard winter, compelled us to retire with some discomfiture into France —a repulse made too much of by your historians, but such is the way of your writers. Yes, three times was I taken prisoner: once in Austerlitz, when they sent me to the rear, and finding no Austrians there who cared to retain me, I quietly walked off and rejoined my regiment; then at Borodino, where they put me into a waggon with four Russian soldiers to be taken to the nearest town; but I gave them so much brandy at the first roadside inn that they forgot all about me, and in the night I gave some gold to a peasant to drive me back to the camp in the waggon that brought me."

"Difficult to trap an old fox."

"The next time was at the Beresina, where there certainly was some confusion; but, mon Dieu! nothing to the fuss you English make about it. This

time I was fairly done, and was sent to the rear with a Russian dragoon, who was civil enough, but I could see had as many eyes as there are eyes in a peacock's tail. I think he must have had one in the back of his head, for I swear he seemed to guess my very thoughts all the time he pretended to talk about the genius of the Emperor and the good practice of Druot and his artillery. About Murat, too, my old master, he was very curious, and wanted to know why he liked fighting single-handed with those greasy beasts of Cossacks. Well, I was, you may be sure, not going to be behind him in gaiety, so I laughed and sung; and the more I saw him shrug his shoulders, the more I talked, of every country being the brave man's country, and my desire to see Saint Petersburg, the great city of our brave enemies. Gradually, as we rode on, I saw that his suspicions began to relax; he thought himself sure of me—he thought that I had relinquished all hope of escape or return to my own people. On we went, laughing and chatting, and telling our mutual soldiers' stories. I soon saw that he let my bridle go, and said nothing when I gathered it up in my own hand. I then began talking of the sword exercise, and of the singular difference which existed between the way the French and Russians used it. Our cut number four was done in a way that they never seemed to understand, though they sometimes parried it. Upon this, the fellow, getting nettled for the military skill

of his countrymen, drew my sword that hung at his side, and began throwing through the Russian cuts and parries, trying to imitate those our regiments use. Whatever he did I laughed to scorn, whether he cut right or left. At last, in a pet, the fool did just what I expected—I had laid the trap well. It was with difficulty I prevented my eyes glittering with delight, as in a pet he thrust my sword into my hand, and desired me to show him what I meant. Then I thrust my feet deep into the stirrups, adjusted my reins, drew my horse a little before him, and, suddenly wheeling round, my arm at full swing, I gave him number four across the teeth, and he dropped. I did not look back to see if he was dead or not, but (here M. Achille's breath quickened, and his teeth clenched in a sardonic and almost cruel smile) I know HE NEVER ASKED FOR ANY MORE. Then I spurred my horse, and got safe back to the eagle of my regiment. I had a narrow escape too after that, in Calabria, soon after I had seen Fra Diavolo and his gang executed at Naples."

"What was that?" I said; "never mind the verbs for to-day."

"Why, I and a brother officer were riding through a chestnut wood, followed by a small detachment, not suspecting ambuscade. I was a little way on, and my friend had stopped the other side of a brook to light his cigar. Suddenly I heard some shots, looked round, and saw the brigands break out and cut him

literally to pieces. The men were all slain or taken prisoners, as the Calabrians were too many to render resistance possible. I, having no spurs, drew out my sword, and banged my horse with it, occasionally, if any impediment came, pricking him with the point, and so I escaped the wretches' hands."

"And had you never revenge on the brigands?"

"Surely had I. I instantly got a handful of men, drove the murderers into a cave, and when they kept sallying out and robbing the neighbourhood, I did just what Pelissier was afterwards execrated for doing in Algiers: I rolled down gunpowder casks on them, with the fuses burning, and then stormed in directly the hot smoke had blown over. I will not tell you how many bodies we dug out of that cave, but this I will tell you, that the villains deserved their fate. Poor Strelitzki!"

"Was that your friend's name?"

"It was. We had been together at the military school, and had there sworn that whoever died first should appear to the other. I used for months after his death to awake at night with a start, expecting to see him. His mother, a beautiful Polish lady, called upon me in Paris, to see if I had any memorial of her son I could give her. I had nothing but his sword, and that she took with thanks."

I do not know what more revelations I might not, at the expense of my Turkish lesson, have heard, had

not at that moment the door flown open, and Spanker entered breathless.

"I say, old fellow!" he exclaimed—"beg pardon —good evening, Monsieur Achille. What, studying to try your memory with those gallows difficult books shut? Come along and take a hand at whist. There is Driver and I, and old Duberly from Xeres: you will just make up the contingent. Your hour's gone, and Monsieur Achille looks as much shut up as the books are."

So I bowed out Monsieur Achille, fixed an hour for my next lesson, and went a suffering victim to Spanker's whist party.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY SPANISH KALEIDOSCOPE.

It is my certain belief, and I am prepared to kiss the Koran on it, to sign any amount of affidavits, to take the Hamlet (old Danish oath) on the blue keen crescent of a yataghan blade, that all the old talismans mentioned so pleasantly in the Arabian Nights, and other fairy books,—to wit, the purse of Fortunatus, the seven-league boots of Hop o' my Thumb, the Sultan's carpet, that conveyed him wherever he wished,—in fact, the invisible cap, the sword that could cut through stone, and other supernatural trifles,—are to be found in some of the marine-store shops that one meets with in the Moorish cities of Spain. The logic is this:—if they are indestructible, how—and I pause for a reply—could they be destroyed? Here I have you in the purse-net of a syllogism; you are knocked down; you are beaten. No man of sense for a moment can think, therefore, that I was at all imaginative or too sanguine in spending several days in Cordova, looking for these invaluable curiosities, among heaps of rusty bits, notched rapiers,

dinted breast and back pieces of soiled steel, Moorish cushions worked with embroidery, old cocked hats, ragged pack-saddles, cracked muskets, and dagger-knives big as scythe-blades. I turned over a great many greasy religious books, such as "The Garden of the Soul," and "The Ecstacies of Saint Barabbas;" piles of prints of victories won by the Spanish against the French, cigar-cases without number, but all in vain. The boots, the carpet, the purse, the cap, it was not mine to find, though my greedy and too sanguine hand literally leaped at every old pair of jack-boots, piece of faded matting, worn-out nightcap, and soiled money-bag, I saw in the vaults of faded vanity.

"Curses on the infidels that possess the treasures," I exclaimed, under-breath: "may their graves be defiled, and may their fathers' name be a byword in the mouths of the just!" It was vexatious, because I knew that I should find out their whereabouts. Yet there they were, in the hands of blind unbelievers who knew not of their value. No, no more than the man who made an omelet of the phœnix' egg. Yes, thought I, there, up in that balcony, that oleander bush in the red oil-jar rests on the magic carpet, that when the great word Shalabala is pronounced three times backwards by a Scotchman who was never known to wish to leave his country, will transport him, before he could wink five times or add up five rows of figures, from Arthur's Seat to Cape Horn.

The wishing-cap, perhaps, its enchantment half gone, wraps the ears of some rheumatic canon, whose gouty feet are reclined on rose-leave pillows, which he declares are as hard as the nether millstone. As for the boots, some diligence-driver wears them unheeding, cursing his slow horses; or they are already cut into candle-boxes at some roadside inn. The purse, for all I know, hangs up as a fly-trap in some hotel dining-room, and the starved landlord curses his poverty, with the "potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice" dangling over his aching head.

But one thing I did bring home was a treasure scarcely less magical than those which I in vain searched for in the dusty marine store-shops and curiosity warehouses of Cordova. This was a simple kaleidoscope. Don't laugh. Yes, a simple telescope-looking tube, covered with a sort of Indian orange mottle of paper, with the usual tin peep-hole, the black valves inside, and the little dark jeweller's shop of jingling glass tumbling about inside in a sort of harlequin puzzle of dazzling colours, just as if a magician, reduced in old age to go about in crimson robe and yellow slippers, and to keep a stall in the Lowther Arcade, had manufactured a new toy by cutting up half a dozen rainbows into a salad, seasoning the dish by slicing in a sunset cloud, two dozens of Rowney's best water-colours, and serving up with a garnish of fricassed summer-flowers, particularly

tulips, adding a sprinkle of jewel-dust and some layers of butterflies cut small "to liking."

Now why I bought a kaleidoscope, it would puzzle a Dutchman to tell. I suppose, for the same reason, I sent my maiden aunt, Dorcas, a caricature of herself, and got "scratched" out of her will the same evening—for the same reason I spent the five hundred pounds my father left me, in buying an elephant, that I got four hundred pounds in debt for in removing and feeding, and which I had to erect an enormous greenhouse to keep in—for the same reason, when I had only fourteen pounds in the bank, in a fit of reckless enthusiasm, I offered my friend, Daubway, two hundred pounds for his great picture of Gloucester's eyes being put out, a lively subject, painted entirely with treacle and indigo for the high lights. I did it as I did everything, as I pulled Snapper's nose, and borrowed the butcher's horse the other day for a country ride (he stopped at every door, and would not go on under ten minutes)—from impulse. I am a creature of impulse, as Blacking said the other day, when I asked him for a small debt he had owed me these five years.

The fact is, I am still boy at my heart, and like what I liked as a boy, particularly cricket, hardbake, foxhunting, the *Times*, marbles, and kaleidoscopes. So, seeing at an English store in Cordova—that ancient Moorish city, the city of Cordova—a kaleidoscope stuck up, looking low and forlorn, like

a deserted and orphan obelisk, among a row of pink hair-oil bottles with some fairy-like French name on them, some bootjacks, and white Spanish slippers—for black boots, or, indeed, leather boots at all, are seldom worn in burning Andalucia—I bought it, because on those wet days in London, when as a child I used to rummage my toy cupboard in the back parlour, after dismembering the musical cart, unmaking the toy carpenter's tools, and beating my pasteboard shield with the great vermilion cross to a jelly, I used to always fall back to that untiring, delicious, magical kaleidoscope—the optical wonder that did not set me to dissect light, or settle scientific laws, but made me an artist's colourman till death do us part.

But this Spanish kaleidoscope is not the old toy quite; no, it has a spice more of magic and the black art about it. The old London toy was a mere shake up of geometric flowers, of rainbow crystals, jostling and shuffling with regimental haste into budding stars and radiant mosaic wheels, a sort of angelic pattern book in fact, such as an artificial-flower maker might use in Elysium—a catalogue of fossil flowers of the first suggestions, skeletons of the blossoms that broke out with purified beauty after the Deluge. That was the London toy. But this is a kaleidoscope of Spanish scenes and Spanish people, painted on glass with the juice of liquorice root and of orange fruit. Every time I shake it when I am in the mood, and have

taken my medicinal sherry tonic, by some singular inner machinery, a hidden spring clicks and clicks, and a new scene and a new province meets the introspective eye applied to the touch-hole. I shake, and they change. How many slides there are I know not; but this I know, that I have not yet seen them all. The old toy may have suggested, as it is said, new patterns to the feeble imaginations of carpet weavers and ribbon designers; but there, mine has suggested to me a whole volume of travels—think of that, Master Brooke. I want you to run round the dark binns of my little diorama kaleidoscope with me, and look in at the little doorway every time I shake it. It will show you, in a bright, illuminated *coup-d'œil*, all at once, better than I could describe to you, Spain, with all its varieties, plain, mountain, sea, and river, the contrasting dress of the peasantry, and the varieties of hot and cold, light and dark, temperament and climate.

Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, stand aside, and don't breathe upon the glasses; walk up—walk up, we're just going to begin. I shake the instrument lightly in my right hand, thus: you hear the glass jingle—there is no deception, no deception—look in, and tell me what you see.

FIRST SHAKE.

A region of sheep and swine—it is Estremadura; those silver threads drawn across its slate and granite

rocks, its turfy sheep walks and aromatic wastes, are the two great rivers, the Tagus and the Guadiana; in other countries they would be peopled with ships, here they serve but as ditches for draining. Once a land of corn and oil, under Moor and Roman, Estremadura is now a sheep-walk desert of grass and thyme. That man you see under the cork-tree sounding his horn is a swineherd; that horseman wrapped in a sheep-skin is a smuggler and in winter a wild-duck shooter in the oozy swamps on the banks of the Guadiana. No fear of robbing here; the people are too poor, and the travellers are scarce. That dull city on the hill above the river yonder, close to the Portuguese frontier, is Badajoz, where much English blood, and French too, was once shed. That white ring of road winds from Badajoz to Madrid, and from there to Seville. Here in that heap of gray ruins, where the wild fig grows, the frog croaks, and the stork snaps his bill, is the once famous Roman city of Merida: and not far off is Medellin, where Cortes was born. You may know it, though it is but a speck in the kaleidoscope, by the castle on the hill and the bridge below. You can only see, you cannot hear, through the kaleidoscope; it is no ear trumpet, or you might distinguish from the wild olives of the desert tracks there to the right the perpetual soft cooing of the Barbary turtledoves, who dispute the sovereignty of the woods with the crested hoopoe, the bee-eater, and the blue pie.

Observe the shepherds who pass across our picture chamber; they wear leather jerkins open at the arms, and the women short green, red, and yellow serge petticoats, with cloth mantillas and silver clasps; there are sandals on their pretty ballet-dancing feet. They all wear crosses; and under chestnut-trees covered with white flowers, or tripping about at vintage-time, look very romantic, pleasant, and unnatural. But you must not expect this small kaleidoscope circle, though it does seem to widen and widen, will show you all Estremadura, the old Duke of Alva's palace, for instance; the oak-wood where Pizarro drove his swine, or the white belfry and cypresses of the Carmelite convent: no; what I see is two sorts of country, both desert, lonely, and barren; one, sheep-track, thyme, cistus, and crop-eared grass; another, oak-woods and swine-walks.

If your eye could pierce those beech-woods there to the right, you would see the countless herds of swine that at night thunder back to the dirty villages of the kind-hearted, lazy, pork-loving, sausage-eating Estremadurans. As for the lower plains out of sight, they are noisy with the incessant droning, chirping of the locust and cicala, which the peasant burns in heaps, and even institutes religious processions, with bell, book, and candle, to exorcise. And as the kaleidoscope can only play its own set of tunes, can only show you one aspect of the year, I tell you that in April all the country is dusty, and alive with thou-

sands of sheep returning in flocks of enormous extent to the cool hills, from whence in October they had come with great bands of shepherds and dogs to seek the warmer plains. The great festivals of Estremadura are the sheep-shearing in May, and the pig-killing in November: always something to do; in winter, the lambing; in March, the marking and tail-cutting; and in September, the daubing the sheep with red ochre, to make the wool fine. But I must not stop all day basking in the purple thyme of the Estremaduran sheep-walks, that plague and the sword have, since the Moor left, all but reduced to desert. I shake the kaleidoscope again, and the scene changes to Leon.

SECOND SHAKE.

I am staring on the green wooded hills and fiery dusty plains of Leon. Those little toy towns of stone are the Leonese cities. Leon, Salamanca, and Valladolid. Recollections of Moorish and French storming forays of horse and foot rise around me. I see the great whirlpools of corn, and the slopes where the sour wine grows. I see the pastures where the herdsmen direct the cattle with stones from their slings, just such as knocked out Don Quixote's jaw teeth when he mistook a flock of sheep for an army of infidels, and rode down among them lance in rest. I see the tepid trout-streams, hot enough to boil the fish, and the great golden seas of corn, that roll in

summer round Zamora. Again I hear the creaking wooden wheels, and see the mules toil at the simple plough. Shall I forget the simple, hospitable Leonese, who still talk of Wellington as "the great lord," and love Englishmen for his sake. Shall I forget their clean, comfortable farmhouses, where the herdsmen were centaurs, and the cattle-branding was a feast of good things, where castanets, and fifes, and drums, set the peasant feet dancing. Shall I forget the strange dress of the charro, or country beau, that is to be seen about Ciudad Rodrigo—the low, broad-brimmed hat, large as an umbrella; the rich embroidered shirt, with the gold bossy brooch; the low, square waistcoat of pounced and figured velvet, cut low to show the wonderful shirt even below the waist; the square silver buttons, too, of that marvellous waistcoat, and the quaint cross ribbons; the jacket, open like a South American's at the elbow, and edged with black velvet, rich and soft; the broad belt instead of the red webby sash; long, dark cloth gaiters, embroidered below the knee; large silver buckles in his shoes; a javelin, patriarchal stick, in his right hand, and a cloak over his shoulder? And here, too, even in the mud hovels, in the plains near Valladolid, we see that enchanted creature, the charra, or Leonese belle, the caramba in her black shining hair, which is covered by the square cloth mantilla, fastened by a silver brooch; the hood richly embroidered. As for the little red velvet bodice that clasps her round, it is

adorned with a patch-work of patterned bugles, which run about in flowery knots all round her bosom; her wrist-cuffs are worked with gold thread; her sash ties behind; her petticoat is scarlet as a geranium, if it is not purple as a pansy; her apron is like an old-fashioned sampler, starred with quaint birds and flowers; her handkerchief is embroidered with gold; and she wears chains of coloured stones, which have come down to her as heirlooms. For all that, he and she are honest and simple as heart could wish them; and if you sleep in the charro's cottage, though it be but of unbaked brick, and you are weary of the dusty plains and dreary bare hills of Leon, and long to pass over even to the cold damp Asturias, still you will not easily forget the good people's hospitality, their towers of four-post beds, the clean, fringed sheets, and the regal pillows, embroidered with lions and castles. Again I fancy myself riding through the salt dust-smoke of the Leon plains, and see the herds tossing their horns, and bellowing as the stones from the herdsmen's slings turn them left or right. But I must on to Gallicia, the rainy coast country of Gallicia, whose ports, Vigo and Corunna, have often listened to the voice of English cannon.—Shake!

THIRD SHAKE.

Yes, this is Gallicia, the country that the Minho divides from Portugal, and whose shores run down to the Bay of Biscay. It is from the snowy moun-

tains, green meadows, and chestnut forests, which bears and wolves still haunt, that the Madrid porters and the Lisbon water-carriers come. Here you see the women ploughing or turning the distaff under a hedge, hard, rugged, and ugly; the men, strong, hardy, boorish, and rude, you meet in every coasting-vessel, with bundle in red handkerchief and green umbrella, returning home with their Portuguese earnings. This is the country of contrasts—from the wretched inns without chimneys, where no one but a muleteer can get anything to eat, to the smiling valleys and rich farms of the lower Minho. Here the cottages are mere stables; their gojas run over with corn and wine.

No one who has ever been to Spain will forget the stolid, litigious, stubborn groups of emigrant Gallicians whom he meets on the decks of the coasting steamers—whom he sees land at Corunna, or disembark at Vigo. They look like Irishmen without their sparkle, fire, or wit—Irishmen with the soul out—Irishmen stupified to helots—Irishmen grown prudent, churlish, and industrious. There they sit silent and absorbed, leaning on their great black-handled umbrellas, the crooks under their beardless chins, wrapped in their heavy great-coats: they sit dismal and forlorn, their penury and hard frugality not unalloyed with selfishness, the black shadow of prudence. How glad we were to clear the decks at Vigo and cart them off—blankets, bedding, and all—in that little green bay of Vigo.

Now for the Asturias, the Wales of Spain, leaving Compostella, the shrine of Saint James, Corunna, and its fertile coast, even the old thin egg-merchant from that city, I have before mentioned, who told me he helped to bury Sir John Moore, and, hey presto, with my kaleidoscope to the Asturias.—Shake!

FOURTH SHAKE.

I see a tract of cloudy mountains, where once the Goths took shelter from the Moors, high up among the eagles. I see the barrier of hills that divide it from Leon, and the northern range that borders the Bay of Biscay, and serves these Asturians for another frontier. I see fir woods and green turf, and breathe again after those dusty plains of Leon, those fiery hot valleys choked with orange-trees of Gallicia. I see hill and dale, meadow, wood, and river, spread out as on a map. I see mountains ten thousand feet high, helmeted with perpetual clouds that make the country mild and damp as England.

No turbans of Andalucia or open jackets here, but white felt caps, turned up with green, and close, warm jerkins. No Gallician clumsy sabots, but leather shoes. No Gallician ponies, but stout, hardy cobs. No red velvet bodices for the women, but yellow and green ones; dark serge and black mantles, with garnishings of coral necklaces and gold lacings. No bull-fighting here; but sturdy skittles and single-stick; more cider, too, than wine. These are the

kind, civil people, who emigrate to become the cooks and valets, and penurious, cheating, small traders of Spain. They are active, hardy, honest, industrious, and mercenary as the Swiss. Like them, they have the goître and home-sickness. Like the Welsh, they are proud of their cheese and their pedigrees. There is no road in the Asturias; and there is not one good one in Gallicia. Here you can fish and shoot till you are satisfied, for there are no game preserves, and no gentlemen poulterers.

But I long for another shake of my toy, and want to get to Castile, where all the bluest blood of Spain is, and must leave the chestnut woods, maize-fields, babbling torrents, and stormy sierras of the Asturias. What we want is the mountain-girt table-land of the Castile.—Shake!

FIFTH SHAKE.

I am aware of mountains, and barren, dusty, treeless table-land. All Castile is like the bit the kaleidoscope shows you, for I am not going to shake the toy again, to bring up Madrid. The hamlets are all mud houses. Nowhere do you see hedges, enclosures, or landmarks. You hear no bird. You see no crops, but patches of corn, peas, and saffron. The men, wrapped in rugged brown cloaks, are proud, unobliging, not so chatty and witty as the quick Andalucian or crafty Valencian, less stern, but less wrathful and treacherous. As one who knew them

well said: "The Castilian is not addicted to low, degrading vices, although proud, ignorant, prejudiced, superstitious, and uncommercial. He is true to his God and king, his religion running often into bigotry, his loyalty into subserviency."—Shake!

SIXTH SHAKE.

I am in the Basque Provinces. Here is Bilboa; yonder San Sebastian; and I see over there the mountains where neither Goth, Moor, nor Roman could ever keep foothold. These Basques are poor, proud, fiery people; intensely national, and quaint enough, with their strange hats, their sandals and brogues, cudgels, curious dances, and strange Tartarian language. Whether on mountain, valley, or seacoast; whether on the slopes, where the oak and chestnut woods are, or in the orchards and maize-fields of the lower plains; whether in the green hills above their town, or the castle, fortress-looking, barred-up houses with shields over the doorways, I observe, as I give the glass just the suspicion of a shake, those blue-capped men with queer bandages round their legs and rude sandals, fresh from the iron mine perhaps, wending up to that little village with the domed belfry and whitewashed houses, half hid in green copses and groves of chestnut. "Going home from work, I suppose?" say you. Oh, no; I see it is Sunday, and there is going to be a wedding and a feast. Here comes a man with the national

bagpipe, and here others with fifes, tambourines, and flageolets. Jubilant will be the harmony, hideous the clamour. There will be street dances and firing off of guns, as the Moors used to do. There will be offerings of corn and bread (in a pagan way) to the bride's ancestors' manes. Here come the men in brogues: here the women with the hoods and long plaited hair. To-morrow there will be hill pilgrimage; and to-night much sour wine will be drunk. There go the guns—bang, bang. Oh, my poor ears! let's go out of this.—Shake!

SEVENTH SHAKE.

What do you see? Don't be all day—what do you see? I see a troop of stubborn-looking men in knee-breeches and broad-brimmed, slouched brigand hats. They wear wide silk sashes, and the colours they most affect seem to be red and blue. They look, as they wind up that snowy pass of the Pyrenees, vigorous, brave, hardy, simple men, but obstinate enough to realize the old proverb against them, which says that they knock nails into walls with their heads. They hate the French and the Castilians; and though slow to learn a new idea, never forget it when it becomes an old one. It is a wind-swept, craggy, rock-girt country is Arragon. Its hills full of game, its hill streams of trout, its deserts of gnawing barrenness; in spite of the Ebro and Saragossa, I had sooner be out of it. Eight thousand

feet high in the Arragon Pyrenees there is perpetual snow. Land of the bear and wild goat, of the wolf and eagle, again I look at thy crags and glaciers. I hear the shepherd's whistle, or the smuggler's song as his loaded mules come feeling their way down the crumbling path. Again I see thy royal Maladita, the sky-pinnacled battlements that divide two kingdoms, thy passes, thy torrents, thy valleys, thy basins, thy amphitheatres of rock, thy dens of guerillas and smugglers.—Shake!

EIGHTH SHAKE.

I know now, by the long red caps, jackets hung over the shoulder, and long dark breeches, that I am in harsh, saturnine Catalonia. I see by the large ugly women, neither graceful as the Andalucians, nor sumptuously beautiful as the Valencians, by their immense amethyst Moorish earrings, supported by threads, by their tight bodices, handkerchiefs, and serge mantillas. I know their rough, independent manner. They are frugal, honest, brave, and obstinate, but not courteous or lazy, like the Castilian. Sailors and democrats half of them; traders and smugglers the other half—rough and ready. I see now its wooded hills and snowy peaks; its evergreen valleys and smugglers' roads; its plains and harbours. Why, that city on the sea is surely Barcelona, city of nuts; and yonder is Tarragona. What are those mountains? Why, Montserrat to be sure, rent,

as the monks say, the night of the Crucifixion. The throne of the Virgin, as the Catalonian thinks; a nest of hermitages and lies, where you may hear the gun-fire from the next fortress-tower break through the intoned monotony of the vesper-bell. Adieu to Catalonia. The horses beat their feet for us at the door.—Shake!

NINTH SHAKE.

We are in fertile, damp, melon-bearing Valencia—the Moor's lost paradise, the Cid's country, the wet region of canals and rice that sallow men dig and dung—and where the mulberry stains everything purple. These men you see in hempen sandals and footless stockings, white linen drawers, gaudy jackets, with open shirt-sleeves, plaids, and gay sashes, are the muleteers of Spain and the hackney-coachmen of Madrid. Observe their lank black hair bound with a silk handkerchief. As for these women, who, at Madrid, would be selling iced drinks in the streets, and here are washing in the doorways, they have their rolls of hair pierced with huge silver pins, big as daggers, and wear silver-gilt combs with the Virgin's image upon them. Those ornaments and little silver idol-saints that they wear are talismans against the evil eye. I cannot say much for the Valencians; they are sullen, cruel, cunning, and revengeful; gay, yet treacherous; plausible, but suspicious. Region of balmy air and tropical

fertility, with thy low sandy shore, from which the Mediterranean shrinks away like a wearied lover, with thy watch-towers and thy perpetual carob-trees, thy water-wheels strung with jars, and thy vine-dressers and silk-winders.—Shake!

TENTH SHAKE.

This is over-dusty Murcia, the Bœotia of Spain, roadless, waterless, hopeless, and lifeless—all garden or all desert; where palm-trees grow round the farm-houses, and church-towers rise from level plantations of oranges, mulberries, golden maize, and fiery red pepper. Those mules laden with snow are driven by gipsies from the mountains of the Sierra de España. The Murcian's mouth is always parched. Where there is water, there spring tall canes, huge aloes, and great yellow sunflowers. The brown men wear handkerchief turbans and white kilts. The women are marvellous in blue petticoats and yellow bodices. This is the dreary country of mines and salt-marshes, around Carthagena, where the (mat) rush spreads in great uncultivated crops.—Shake!

ELEVENTH SHAKE.

In vain I shake the glass for smuggling Ronda, still I look through, and find Andalucia. Here is real Spain again. Yes, there is the brown Guadalquiver, and the tower of Seville, the desert banks, the purple mountains, the orange-grove, the bull-

ring, the sugar-canes, the land of the gay, buzzing, witty, strutting Andalucian in his velvet jacket, knee-breeches, turban-cap, tags, and tassels, his coloured sash, and frilled shirt, land of the bolero and castanet, of Moorish rivers, and wild goats. Like all Spain, a land of contrasts—of beggars in blankets cowering at church doors, and of bull-fighters, gay in opera silks, strutting by, the very kings of the causeway—of black-eyed beauties, hidden in lace mantillas—and of half-naked gipsy women fighting with knives for half a prickly pear. This is the hot land of the melon-eater, mule-driver, and water-seller, the land of priests and asses (I mean mules), of desert and ruin, of orange-grove and maize-field, of aloe hedges, and prickly pear walks.—Shake! Shake!

* * * * *

Now once more I shake the kaleidoscope, and to my horror, whether my brain is affected or my eyes tired, I see nothing but a rubbish heap of broken glass—fragments of yellow, blues, and reds, of purple browns, and red oranges, of greens, &c. No trees now; no hills, no shape.

"Why, the fact is, old fellow," says my friend Fluker, the artist, snatching up the kaleidoscope, "you've been and done it. The thing is shaken to pieces."

END OF VOL. I.

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